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DOT VITE UND TAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY GUS. PHILLIPS.

In Greenvich street avay up shtairs
Dere leafed a old Dutch Jew,
Hese hair vas ribe like a dree cent biece
Ven der dree cent biece is new—
He vas a very shmall olt man,
Und vensher he valked around,
Hese back vas higher as hese head,
Und hese eyes vasbon der ground.

Hese peard vas so long like a Villyiam goats,
So vas hese vite mustache,
Und hese shickypickle classes vas bood der size
Of dwo fifdeenny blates of hash.
Und some dey said dot "he vas rich,"
Dot "he vas boor," some dold,
Bud (on der Kwiet) der Jew vas vert
Bood a barrel und a half of gold.

Some said dot "he vas not a Jew,"
"Dey knowed dot by hese gloze,"
Bud he vas a leasd easy nuff,
He hat der dastop on hese nose.
He owned a leedle Vite und Tan,
Hese friend name dot vas "Yook."
Bud der boys dey called him "Ninety"—cause
Hese dail curled on hese back.

Moses (dot vas der Dutchman's name)
He vas brount of der hound,
Und he use do visit "Ninedy" ond,
Und dook him all around;
Bood dwice a veek der Jew vood go
By der market for dings do ead,
Und "Ninedy" he vas round den shure
Do git hese shlice of mood.

Und der butcher's dey vas down on him
Cause he vas on "der shteal;"
Und dey shvore "of dey oney ketched him vonce,
Dot dey vood mashe him shqeal;"
Bud "Ninedy" vas shark, he looked out shmard,
Und of a butcher he seed
He vood cart hese dail up mit hese back
Und skydoodle mit all his shpeed.

Ven day der Jew he dook him ond
Do hafe a leedle valk,
Und he geme agross a friend of hese
—Und dey shtopped do hafe some dalk;
Und dey dalked und dalked a awful vile,
Und forgot all bood der Hound;
Und ven dey shtarded do veal home
Dot "Ninedy" vasn't around.

Moses he runned up her shtreet,
Und der oder man he run down,
Und den dey visited all round der block,
Bud dot "Ninedy" vasn't found.
Und Moses begin do veal kwite bad—
He vas sorry bood hese Jack—
Und of he had der feller dot dook him vonce
I beleef he'd kick hese back.

Moses vent home a veelin baid
Abood der Vite and Tan,
Und oney he vas a *Gristian* Jew
I guess he vood say "tam;"
Ven all of a sudden Moses dought
He can hear a awful noise,
So he rushed him do der Vindow place
Und he see a growd of boys.

Und dere vas "Ninedy" goin' along,
Und tied ride on hese dail
Dere vas a kettle bood der size
Of a dwo-binta Millicek bail.
Und "Ninedy" he rushed up der shtairs,
Und chumped ride on der Bed.
Und Moses cut der kettle off—
He dought der hound vas dead.

Bud der shtrangest of der hole ding is—
(Und so heilup me dot is drue)—
Dot der curl dot come all oud hese dail,
Und Moses didn't know vat to do;
So he vent next day by der Doctor-man,
Und he dook der Tan und Vite,
Und he says "Chust dwist hese dail around
Some bapers every night."

Und every nide boud dain a glock
Dot Moses takes dot hound,
Und holds dot raskel by hese lap
Vile hese dail he dwists around;
Und of you oney cood see him vonce
He makes such vunny capers,
Und hese as broad as anyding
Of hese dail done up mit bapers.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XX.

TWO STORIES.

Gerald lifted up his insensible wife in his arms when Eugene was gone.

"Soh!" he said bitterly, "here ends my life's dream of love and happiness. Father, I would have *died* sooner than seen what we have beheld to-day."

"I think you are wrong," his father said, in a trembling voice. "I don't believe any blame can attach to Alice; you were too rough with her; see, she has cut her forehead. Take her up-stairs gently, and, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself before the servants. Hear what she has to say before you condemn her. I repeat, I don't believe any blame can attach to her."

"No blame when I find her in another man's arms, lip to lip and heart to heart; no blame when she must have sought him here of her own free will, when, with one movement of her hand, one sound from her lips, she could have summoned her servants to protect her from his insulting touch! You must be blind not to see that I have been fooled and duped by them, God only knows how long!"

"I am bewildered and distressed, my son, but I cannot think as you do. Take Alice up-stairs, tell your mother all, and let her comfort you. For me, I will send after that poor fellow and see what has become of him; I believe he is mad."

"Only a cloak to hide his villainy. Do as you will, so that he comes here no more."

He took Alice up-stairs, and Lord St. Aubyn sent for Duncan and dispatched him to Fairy Villa to inquire whether its master had returned. The poor little child, quite forgotten in the tumult, crept into one of the soft easy chairs and cried himself to sleep. He was found by one of the servants, hours afterwards, tear stained and hungry, and carried off to the servants' hall to be fed and comforted. Gerald obeyed his father's behest and told his mother all, and she took Alice from him, and did not reproach him by word or look for his hasty judgment of his helpless wife.

"She will tell us all when she comes to herself," she said soothingly, as Gerald hung in terror over his unconscious wife. "And it will be all well; I feel sure of it."

But the day dawned and Alice did not revive, but lay in a moaning stupor very terrible to see—and the doctor was sent for and informed that Mrs. Stanley had had a fall; and he bound up the cut forehead and pronounced that wound but slight, throwing out most uncomfortable hints that there were other causes for her indisposition. Gerald felt very guilty as he encountered the doctor's eye, and listened to his somewhat stern injunction that his patient was not to be harassed or excited in any way, and he went into the darkened room, and watched and waited, with terrible self reproach for his hastiness, to hear what Alice would say. There was nothing said that long, weary day; she lay in a semi-stupor, speaking faintly, and smiling when they spoke to her, but seemingly quite prostrated by the shock of the morning. Strange tidings came from Fairy Villa, too, during the day; Eugene had not returned home, and the terrified servant—left by the sick nurse who had been employed alone with her mistress' body—did not know what to do or whom to apply to for orders.

"Send your wife to stay with her," was Lady St. Aubyn's mandate to Duncan M'Shee, who brought the news; "and let everything be done, so far as it can, neatly and properly. Orders had better be given about the coffin at once."

"I see you feel as I do about it," her husband remarked, when Duncan had left to execute her orders. "Gerald could not see the mad glare in the poor wretch's eyes; but I did. I believe that we shall never see him again!"

"Do you think he is dead?"

"I fear the worst. It was not feigned distraction in which he rushed out of the house his morning; but we shall know nothing till Alice is able to talk to us. What passed between them will be the best guide for our actions."

"It is an utterly miserable affair from beginning to end; and then that poor child, what are we to do with him?"

"Where is he? Did he not go with his father this morning?"

"No; Jeames found him, cold and hungry, in the library, poor little fellow. He had been in the house for a

voice of the gardener said, "It's me, my lord—Duncan."

"Come in, Duncan, we are alone."

"I made so bold, my lord, to come up myself," he said in a strangely tremulous voice. "I hardly liked to tell them below stairs what I hae to say till you. Deed, I diana ken if it be true or no yet."

"Out with it, man. Has anything happened—any news of Mr. Dubois?"

"That's just it, my lord, I hae news o' him, if it's to be relied on; ony wae I hae his hat."

He held out something he had in his hand, and Lord and Lady St. Aubyn at once recognized the somewhat singular head covering worn by Eugene.

Before the days of wide-awakes and all the different species of the race which now exist, the author had chosen to go about in a *chapeau* so decidedly foreign in appearance, though becoming to his handsome face, that he had been quite a man of mark whenever he went abroad—and there could be no mistaking the crushed and battered article in Duncan's hand.

"Where did you get it?" his lordship asked.

"From where he flung it, sir, by the mill dam yonder."

Lady St. Aubyn shuddered. The mill dam was a deep and dangerous piece of water, the terror of all the mothers in the neighborhood. It was said to be full of deep pools round the edges, into which anything or anybody falling it was impossible to get them out. Several children had from time to time been drowned in it, and in one or two instances no amount of dragging or searching could recover the bodies.

"Do not look so pale, my love," the peer said, trying to smile. "This may be nothing after all. Eugene may have wandered off, and his hat have been left by accident; such things have happened before now."

"Not this time, my lord," Duncan interposed respectfully. "He's lying stark and stiff below the water yonder; it was a' seen."

"Seen, and not prevented! Who saw it, and what were they about?"

"It was the wee bit laddie at the mill, my lord. I canna think but he's speaking the truth, though there's nae evidence to back him. Anyways, he's had a sair fright."

Another knock at the door and Lord St. Aubyn's valet presented himself.

"I beg pardon, my lord, for intruding," he said; "but the servant girl from Mr. Dubois' house is in the servants' hall, come to know if anything has been heard of her master, and will not go until I have asked your lordship."

"No, we have heard nothing; that is nothing definite; but what makes her come just now?"

"She says they have had a fright, my lord. I can't quite make it out; either seen Mr. Eugene or his ghost. She isn't very clear in her story."

"Seen him! You had better send her up here; we will speak to her."

"Yes, my lord."

The girl was ushered upstairs, looking not a little abashed to find herself in the presence of my lord; but not so much as would have been the case had she not been oppressed by an overpowering terror—a terror which had blanched her usually ruddy face, and dimmed her bright eyes till she looked quite inanimate and stupid.

"Am I to understand you have seen your master?" Lord St. Aubyn asked when she was a little collected, "and that he has again left the house?"

"Oh, no, my lord, it was not him," she replied, shivering, "it was——"

"Was what?"

"His spirit, my lord."

The girl spoke in a low tone, almost a whisper, and it was plain to be seen that her terror was genuine and unfeigned. She glanced around the brilliantly lighted room as though to seek assurance and protection in the warmth and coloring, and his lordship strove to reassure her.

"Tell us all about it," he said. "Things that seem very mysterious often turn out simple affairs after all."

Thus encouraged, the girl told her story: Mrs. M'Shee and herself had been sitting alone in the room below the one where her mistress lately lay, when suddenly they heard a [illegible]

see her master, as she imagined, leaning over the bed, and talking in a low, murmuring tone, to the body upon it.

"It was your master, of course," Lord St. Aubyn interposed at this juncture.

"No, sir—my lord, I mean," replied the girl, shaking her head; "'twas not him; my poor master never looked like that. His eyes were glaring and his face was white, with great red patches on the cheeks, and the hands worked and clutched as I have never seen his do."

Further questioned, the girl declared that, terrified at what she saw, she had run down-stairs and told Mrs. M'Shee, and that they had gone up-stairs together, though how long they had delayed, in their fright, she could not tell, to find no trace of any intruder save a slight disarrangement of the bed covering, and no sign of her master's presence anywhere in the house. That they had sought all over the garden as well as in doors without success, and then sat together till the gathering darkness had frightened them so much that they had called in their nearest neighbor to sit with Mrs. M'Shee, while she had come to Stanley Hope to see if she could get any tidings of Mr. Dubois. There was none for her, poor girl; she could only go back to her sad watch and wait and hope that her master might come back safe.

"Do you think it was fancy?" asked Lady St. Aubyn, very pale.

"I diana think see, my lady," said Duncan, "'twas just a wraith—a warning; the laddie at the mill dam saw a' that happened there. Mr. Dubois is dead as surely as I stand here to tell o't. Wad your lordship and my leddy like to hear *his* story?"

It was no easy matter to get the boy to enter the room; he seemed possessed with the idea that he should be incontinently accused of murder and then and there taken up, and he fell into a fit of blubbering and howling which it was some trouble to stop.

"Haud yer whist, mon—haud your whist," said Duncan, "and just tell my lord what ye telt me."

"Oh, I couldn't help it! I didn't do it!" sobbed the lad in terror.

"Nacbody said ye din, ye daft loon," granted Duncan. "Nacbody's gaun to hurt ye; speak out, mon, and dinna waste time."

Fragmentary and disconnected as the boy's narrative was, they could not but believe it true. He stated that, being on the edge of the mill dam about two hours before, he saw Mr. Dubois come up on the opposite side. He knew him well by sight, and thought maybe he was going to fish. But he had no rod or basket with him; and after looking at the water for a little time, he began to talk and wave his arms, as though he were speaking to somebody, though there was no one in sight. The lad thought it odd, he said, and watched him closely, and while he looked, "the foreign gentleman," as he called Eugene, threw up both his arms and plunged headlong into the water. Terrified in the extreme, he shouted to him to "hold up," and ran to the miller's house, the mill being locked up, for assistance. No one was there, and he next ran round to the side where Eugene had disappeared, hoping to be of some service. But he could see no trace of him, and seizing the hat, crying for help, he ran towards Stanley Hope, meeting Duncan M'Shee by the way, to whom he told the terrible tale.

"And I went back, my lord," Duncan added; "but there's no trace, no trace."

"We must have that place dragged; but he may have got out; time was lost before the boy saw'you."

"There's no getting out of there, my lord. He's dead, and what was seen in his own house goes to prove it."

Both stories were true. Eugene Dubois *had* bent over his dead wife and touched her lips with kisses ere he left the home where he might have been happy for ever. He had thrown himself into the water, which never gave back alive those who fell into its depths, and before midnight all the neighborhood knew that the master of Fairy Villa had left his unburied wife to seek a suicide's grave.

CHAPTER XXI.

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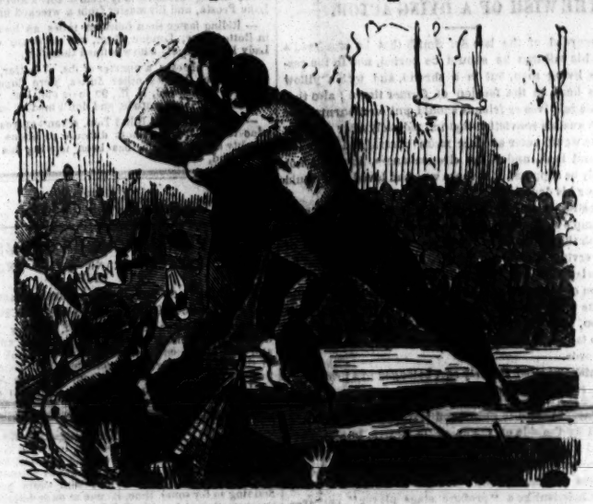
THE CHAMPIONS OF ALL NATIONS.

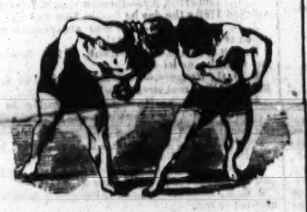
Introduction of the Champions—Reading the Rules of the Ring.

A Champion to join modesty to merit is to have two crowns.

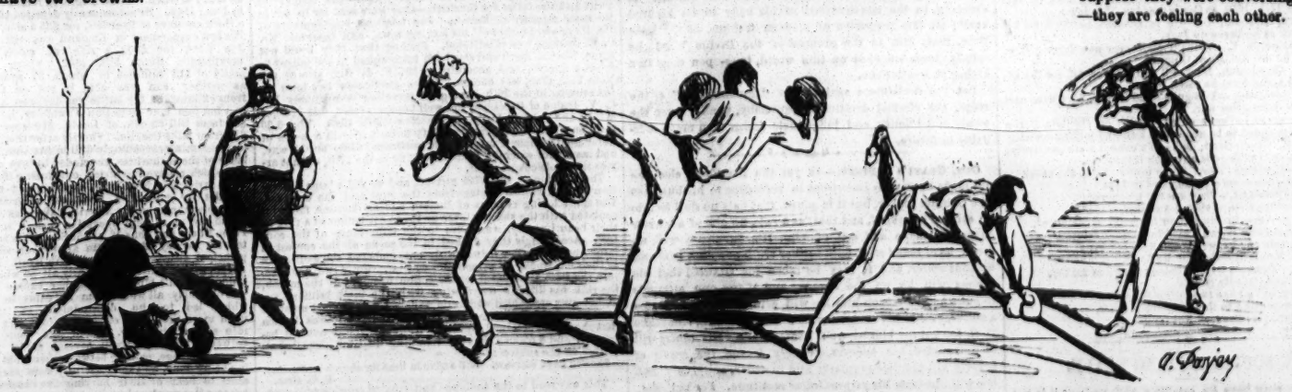


Advantage of Reserved Seats in judging of Blows and Receiving them.

Strength and Loyalty.



Two fine flies (sharp ducks); you might suppose they were conversing. Not at all—they are feeling each other.



He's down! No! he's not! He's down! He's not! All right! They are beginning again. Interlude. Fencing Shoes and Stick. Touch me—now it is my turn. Touch!

branches were pointed, and they restored it to the place of honor, and could look upon its still features without a sigh. And with the forgetfulness of the past came happiness, and a new life and love to Alice; and a little daughter made a bright link to draw her husband to her with a nearer tie. And so ends the second epoch of our tale; but little remains to tell, and many a year must roll over the heads of those who have endured joy and sorrow, light and shade together ere the end of our story is told. Years of change and chance, whitening the heads of some and laying others to their eternal rest under the green sod of the churchyard, making infancy youth, and youth stalwart manhood, bearing with them all the joy and sorrow, suffering and happiness that each fleeting season brings with it to this lower world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE OAR.

Hints On and Instructions in Rowing.

The following instructions in the art of rowing are from the pen of E. G. Banks, of Worcester, Eng., who evidently knows of what he writes. His opinions may not be endorsed by all the professors of Beatology, but they are to the point and well put, and therefore we give space to the appended quotations, which, we doubt not, will be read with interest by early students:—

"The best style, both for speed and last, is a long, slow reach forward, and a quick dash backward. These are the essentials absolutely and indispensably necessary. And yet notwithstanding the science being so simple and natural, how few are the clubs which sincerely follow its principles! And the evil gets confirmed by success; for after all strength and practice win many a race, and the style, be it as vicious as possible, is lauded to the skies, whereas the victory may be solely due to physical strength, and habit of rowing together which has become a second nature. This is the case with the generality of professional oarsmen, their rowing being characterized by a vigorous jerk in the middle of the stroke. Nor is this style void of specious defence! For theoretically an oar will have most effect on a boat when at right angles to the keel, but the evil of not working until then is the tendency to jerk at the end of the stroke, and the withdrawal from the body of its natural work at its natural time. The difference between a stroke begun at the beginning, i. e., when the body is farthest forward, and one commencing at right angles to the rowlock is that the one tells at once until it is past the middle of the arc, the other pays only at one point, and that point slips away so fast when the boat has any pace on, as to degenerate into a vicious dig at the end. The one brings the whole body into play, the other can only be pulled through by the arms. For [illegible] never succeed. [illegible] sionals it may; simply because the men are used to hard labor all their lives; but if the same strength and the same perfection of time and regularity were brought to bear on a good style, they would not only win the same races with far greater ease, but also be the nearest approach to the ideal standard possibly attainable. It has been doubted whether, after all, the 'catch at the beginning' is so desirable, whether the Canadians at the Paris Regatta of 1867, did not establish the pre-eminence of their style which certainly had not the orthodox catch. But the success of this celebrated Four was simply due to their carrying no dead weight as coxswain. Their rowing was certainly the perfection of time—they were a model of machine-like regularity—but that is all. The work of each stroke was slight, what they did was in the middle, and the arms had to bear the whole brunt of the exertion. Such a style could never have succeeded had their competitors been accustomed to dispense with a coxswain. It was a handicap race throughout, just as the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley this year with the B. N. C. Boat.

"Having spoken then of those styles which work the one at the beginning, the other at the middle of the stroke, there remains but that whose chief labor is at the end; nor need much be said on this. Its vices are self-evident, work where the body cannot be brought into play, and a dig which makes the boat dip her nose down instead of rising out of the water. It is the very worst possible style, especially for light boats.

"But although the main essentials of a good style have been thus pointed out there remain numerous details all highly necessary, not only in themselves but in the help they afford for preserving the important essentials. And foremost, even above all principles, theories and styles, stand time and swing. These are not so much parts of any particular system as essentials of rowing, without which no boat can possibly prosper.

"On their importance, then, too much stress cannot be laid. Often has victory rested with a crew inferior to its competitors in everything save in these two essentials. The oars dipped in the water at exactly the same moment, and taken out again with the same perfect uniformity; eight men swinging backwards and forwards with the same ease and regularity; so will the boat be transformed to an accurate machine—whereof, while each member performs his own special share, he also preserves the general regularity and harmony.

"The beauty of rowing consists in this harmonious working of one detail into another. The transition from each motion to its successor being so smooth and gentle that any rough action instantly shows its own vice by its ill adjustment with the general system. One fault corrected frequently cures, one fault acquired frequently produces many cognate vices. Of the subordinate details we may notice how they all tend to preserve the main essentials. First, there is the distance the body is to go back; and about this even the best authorities disagree, the one advocating a little beyond the perpendicular, the other making no restriction whatever. The best rule would seem to be to stop as soon as an inch further would cause the body to relax its stiff uprightness. And in light boat rowing this point will be found to be just past the perpendicular.

"Another reason for fixing on this point is, that it will be the best medium whereby uniformity of swing may be preserved. For crews are composed of different sized men, having therefore different lengths of reach; and the best point, therefore, to fix upon will be a medium distance which will suit all the crew. Another important detail is rowing with the blade well covered throughout. This is only possible if the oar is square to the water, and can only be done at the beginning of the stroke by a slight raising of the hands when the body is furthest forward; nor is a 'catch' possible with a half covered blade or an oar dipped down deep towards the bottom of the river. And yet it is astonishing how very few honest blades are to be seen, even among men reckoned good 'oars;' and as for the generality of Eights and Torpids, all the blades are either ridiculously light or monstrously deep. Perhaps the prettiest motion is the getting the hands quickly off the chest and shooting them out straight immediately, before the body begins to move forward, but first the oar must have been well brought home at the end of the previous stroke, and the wrists must have been dropped so sharply that the oars rattled again in the rowlocks. And this motion is as useful as it is pretty. There is nothing like it to steady a light boat when inclined to roll; and the rattle in the rowlock will be a great help in measuring the time, than which few things are more important, a marked measured stroke and swing being highly needful.

"The celebrated 'catch,' at the beginning, has been already alluded to. In itself it is no individual and separate motion, it is rather the result of others, depending.

1. On the forward reach being long and slow.
2. On the hands being raised when the body is furthest forward.
3. On the blade being instantly covered.
4. On the stretcher being vigorously kicked against.

"But motions 2, 3 and 4, must be done almost simultaneously. A crew may make sure of this catch by poising themselves by a momentary stoppage when furthest forward, when a tight pressure of the oar against the rowlock will balance the men for a bit on the water, and all 'catch' depends upon steadiness. This stop is very different from the objectionable hang unfortunately so marked in the Oxford crew of 1868. The one is a real cessation and actual dead loss of time, the other but a momentary thought of rest, so to speak. The catch, then, is the index and perfection of [illegible] rowing; not much in itself, but as being [illegible] which a good stroke is impossible, [illegible] point of all the main essentials. As for [illegible] merate them would be as endless as [illegible] is but one way of rowing well, but [illegible] numerable! Faults, then, would be [illegible] negative. The positive would include [illegible] ing to interfere with the due working [illegible] with each other; e. g. the having the [illegible] militate against the 'catch;' or the [illegible] would be the absence of any of the [illegible] of time or swing on account [illegible]

2. There the hands to be slightly raised that the blade may be lowered to the water.

3. A momentary balance and the body to dash itself backwards from off the stretcher until a little beyond the perpendicular.

4. The oar to be brought well home to the chest by bringing the elbows well past the ribs.

5. The wrists to be dropped sharply, and the hands to spring forward immediately till they are perfectly straight before the body commences motion No. 1.

"All these motions, though they may be separated in thought, in practice are but part of one and the same act. The body must always be working—its rest will be found in the varying nature of the different parts of each stroke. Any actual cessation, such as a hang before getting the oar into the water, is so much dead loss. Each stroke is an equable whole in itself, its parts blending into one another with the most easy transition.

"In conclusion, this, the most attainable style, must necessarily be equally suitable for all kinds of races and for all distances; and yet how often is the remark heard that such and such a course requires a short, quick stroke, as if a long one were incompatible with a quick one! It is perfectly true that different races require different plans of rowing, but this is entirely distinct from different styles. In a 'Varsity course a slow stroke is the most paying because it best enables a crew to distribute its work over the whole of the long distance, and in a short bumping race a quick stroke pays because the course is too short to prevent the crews spurting the whole of the way. But the quickness of the stroke has nothing whatever to do with the length and other requisities of a perfect stroke. So long as the proportion between 'going back' and 'going forward' is observed—so long as there is time left to carry out all the five aforesaid motions, the number of strokes per minute may be decreased or increased at discretion; the speed of the boat, of course, depending on the number of these strokes taken.

"It is because Oxford invariably moulds her crews after these principles that she now so invarably wins over her sister university. It is no question as to whether her style or that of Cambridge is superior. Cambridge has no style. Her characteristics are synonymous with faults; a rapid rush forward, a slow one back, no catch, no vigor, no use of stretchers. It is high time that both Cambridge and the general public should cease to believe in trashy newspaper articles, periodically reproduced in almost the same terms, whose empty, senseless disquisitions about 'styles' thrust aside the naked truth that there can be but one style and one alone—that Oxford wins because she follows—that Cambridge loses because she does not follow this one perfect method."

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NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Dan Simons, "Tarr Farm," Pa.—A loses. Meerschaum is not the foam of the sea, as many suppose, but is a hydrated silicate of magnesia, but as the compound is not crystallizing, its constituents are variable, and silicate of iron and alumni occur with it; these effect the color of the meerschaum, which, when pure, is quite white. The presence of silicate of iron imparts a tint varying from yellow to deep brown, and the best is soft, yielding readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. It comes mostly from Asia Minor, and is dug principally in the Peninsula of Natali, near the town of Coniah, but is also found in Spain and Greece; the articles found in the latter sections, however, are of a veinous nature, and are not used in manufacturing.

Josephus, Louisville.—1. She is living in this city with her son, Edwin. 2. Edwin Booth first appeared as a star at the Metropolitan (afterwards Winter Garden) Theatre, this city, on May 4, 1857. You will not see him again in the west for some time. 3. Thompson and Riggs, dramatic agents, of this city, prepare novices for the stage. 4. They possess very little outside of their own profession. 5. Doran's Annals of the English Stage, in 2 vols., will give you biographies of those parties. 6. A History of the American Stage will be published next spring by Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city. 7. Mrs. Charles Kean was born in Dec., 1805; Chas. Kean, Jan. 18th, 1811; Junius B. Booth, May 1, 1796.

Show Man, Lowell.—Our opinion is that by law a manager cannot stop a person from gaining admittance to his theatre because he demands admission on a check that has been given him by another party who has bought his ticket, came out, and receiving said check, does not want to go in again but gives it to a friend. None of the checks have "Not Transferable" printed on them. That managers do refuse admission to all such persons when they know them, is a fact, but whether they would be sustained by law is another question.

W. W., Chicago, Ill.—We had not seen an official document until yours was received, but gave the returns according to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, *Tribune* and *World*, all considered authorities, and, as both extremes agreed with the one on the fence, we took it for granted that they were right. They have taken Slocum and Roberts' returns as the basis of their calculations, because they were electors at large, we understand.

R. M. W., Watertown, Wis.—1. Phelan's Hand Book of Billiards," price thirty-five cents, at Dick & Fitzgerald's, No. 18 Ann st., N. Y. 2. You will find the addresses of dealers in game fowls in our advertising columns. 3. Perhaps we may. 4. Some prefer them, and they are generally considered equally as good as any other breed.

40 Thieves, Baltimore.—1. Lucille Western was at last accounts in the Mountain towns of California, and was about to start for this city *via* the overland route, stopping at Salt Lake City and other towns. 2. See our Dramatic Summary about Lotta's first appearance. 3. Irma will probably visit your city at the close of the present Philadelphia season.

Button Bay, Boston, Mass.—As you bet upon the match as originally made, and said match has been declared off, the stakeholder is in duty bound to return you your money. The bet does not hold under different arrangements, nor even in case of postponement, unless provision therefor was made at the time of drawing up articles.

Old Subscriber, Cincinnati, O.—1. Gallagher informs us that he stands 6 feet 1½ inches in his stocking feet. 2. Howard's 29 feet 7 inches is the longest recorded jump. 3. It will be time enough for that when you send on the challenge with a deposit to back it up.

Clippereite, New Rochelle, N. Y.—1. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of insanity in the case of Johnny Broome, who committed suicide May 31, 1855. 2. There are very few for sale. 3. Gallagher stands 6ft. 1½in. in his stockings. Iles is 6 feet in height. 4. Not that we know of.

X. Y. Z., Andover, Mass.—1. If, by a square deal, you mean to ask whether the dealer must give each player the same number of cards at one time, we answer, yes. 2. We cannot understand the meaning of this query. 3. In poker three aces, nine and ten, beat three kings, queen and Jack.

F. W., Bridgeport.—1. Marietta is a married lady. 2. It is a matter of opinion. 3. When properly produced they take as well now as ever. 4. Your chirography is good enough for the position of book-keeper. 5. We know nothing about the Gift Enterprise.

J. C. S., Fort McPherson, N. T.—C. was entitled to two points only for the "thirty-one." No sequence was made by the last six. Had the cards being played 10, 6, 4, 5, 6 instead of 10, 4, 6, 5, 6, then the sequence would have been all right.

Cherokee, Baltimore.—1. In Washington. See our dramatic summary. 2. Cannot say when Mr. Jefferson will re-appear in your city. 3. Kitty has never crossed the Atlantic to our knowledge. 4. She is residing in this city. The interesting event occurs in about six weeks or two months.

Youra, Cincinnati.—1. Stadt Theatre, 3,385; Old Bowery, 3,345; Academy of Music, Philadelphia, 2,572; Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, 15,000. Opera House, Chicago, and American Theatre, Philadelphia. 2. The Theatre Imperiale de l' Opera is the leading one in Paris. 3. Mrs. Scott Siddons was born in 1844.

J. M., Oswego.—Double timing watches are so termed, because they have independent movements by which time can be measured in seconds, quarters and fifths, without interruption to the the regular working of the watches. Repeaters are those watches which strike the hour, halves and quarters.

Albany Pet.—1. It was Prof. Bill Clark, not Nobby, who sparred with Joe Coburn with blacked gloves. 2. Do not know exactly; he was but fifteen years old at the time, and looked like a lath.

A. M., Wheeling, Va.—It is no bet. When A first proposed the wager no amount was named, and his second proposition to bet $50 was not agreed to by B. A has no right to name the amount of the wager. B also has a voice in the matter.

Subscriber, Charleston, Mass.—You lose your bet. The man who first threw 39 when three others threw 40 each, has no claim to the second prize, and cannot shake off with the thrower of 39 in the throwing off of the tie.

Derby.—The Heathwood strain of game fowls has been produced by judicious crossing of the Derby, and other native and imported breed. We shall be glad to hear from you on sporting matters at any time.

H. B. S., Boston.—You lose your bet, for your wife being born of Dutch parents in New Orleans, is not a Creole. Webster defines a Creole as a native of Spanish America or the West Indies, born of European parents.

R., Detroit.—The odds of discount is equivalent to anything less than 50 per cent. The precise value of the odds is of course determined by the number of points made by the player discounted, which number varies.

Toledo, Ohio.—Your sketches for "Our Jim" came to hand safely, and Jim desires us to say that if he has *his* way, they will be engraved for the Clipper shortly. They are certainly very amusing.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The population of the United States has increased considerably since 1860. Emigration and native births has more than made up for loss of life during the war.

O. B. Collins.—"A and B are playing at cribbage. B plays a tray, A a five, B an ace; A a six, (making fifteen). B a deuce, A a four, and claims a sequence of six. Was he right?"...... Yes.

Clipper, Richmond, Va.—1. About twenty-five pounds each. They are made much heavier, however. 2. The balls used by cannon ball professors weigh from eight to twenty pounds each. 3. He did.

B. F. P., Pittsburgh.—1. Susan Denin was married March 28th, 1853, to F. Woodward, of Syracuse, from whom she was afterwards divorced, and married Harry Huntingdon, who has since died. 2. Kate Denin was married to Sam Ryan.

A. C. Derby.—Aaron Jones informed us that he was born March 1, 1833, instead of March 3, 1831, as stated in "Thespus."

P. C. Pleasantville, Pa.—The American Hoyle says "that the ace counts both ways in a sequence, but its value is different. When with the King, Queen, Jack, and ten, it makes the highest straight; when with two, three, four and five, the lowest.

Blue Jacket, Boston.—1. Fifteen dollars a week and his expenses of traveling paid by the manager. 2. One of the sisters is married. 3. Silk ones would cost you about $9 and cotton ones $4.

Lenox.—1. Gladiateur made the fastest running time upon record, viz., 1 mile and 17 yards in 1 minute and 39 seconds. 2. Bill Lang ran ten miles in 51 minutes 26 seconds, which is the quickest time upon record.

W. A. B., Cleveland, O.—1. Thanks for items; we will be pleased to hear from you whenever anything of interest transpires. 2. You can order it through Wilmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, this city.

Rooty, Boston.—1. A motion indefinitely postponed or laid upon the table can be reconsidered at any time, at the motion of any party who voted in the affirmative. 2. There is no motion that will prevent a subject ever being brought up again.

Lover of Fair Play.—The game is a draw, and neither wins. Your opponent must not be permitted to profit by his unfair play.

Jackson.—The hands stand as played. B should have seen that his hand was foul before allowing the game to be played out.

E., Fall River, Mass.—George Martin filled the triple offices of referee and time keeper at the time of the dead heat between Richards and Lang.

Kate, Boston.—1. The leading lady commands a salary of $125 per week, and the leading man $100. 2. Kate Denin first married C. K. Fox and then Sam Ryan.

P. C. P., Detroit.—1. Edwin Booth was married to Mary Devlin, who died a few years ago. 2. Johnny is not as scientific a boxer as the other party.

Constant Reader, Louisville.—The lady's husband accompanies her on her traveling tour. We already have a correspondent in your city.

Old Reader.—"In a four handed game of euchre I deal; my partner orders me up, saying, at the same time, he goes it alone. Is he entitled to go it alone or not?"...... He is.

C. W., Hamilton.—1. Julia has married and retired from the stage. 2. Five dollars a year is the subscription price for the Clipper, and one dollar extra for postage to Canada.

F. J. W., Terre Haute.—1. F. S. Chanfrau was born in this city Feb. 22d, 1824. He has been playing "Mose" over twenty years.

Cook County.—1. B cannot be deprived of his deal, and must take his turn next. 2. Send to Wilmer & Rogers, No. 45 Nassau street. They are the agents.

Soldier, Philadelphia.—We cannot inform you who is the publisher of the work. Inquire at Peterson's, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

J. W., Pleasantville.—The quotation of manilla on March 1st was 11¾c and not 21a22c as per the slip you forwarded. Some difference between 11¾ and 22.

Pin Pool.—It is inconsistent to charge for the game and "bursts" also. The custom is to charge for pin pool so much per "life."

Brooklyn Boy.—As B didn't rob with his ace, A was entitled to the trump for his king, he having discarded in his proper turn.

G. G. T., Philadelphia.—At auction pitch, the dealer always has the sale, and the deal goes round the board in regular rotation.

336, Williamsburgh.—Such a work has never been published, although there are several in the market that profess to reveal the secrets.

J. E. S., Boston.—1. He is 40 years of age. 2. Selwyn's has one of the best stock companies in the country. 3. The Salt Lake Theatre, Stadt and Tammany.

Morris, Washington.—1. She is the mother of the ladies. 2. One was born Dec. 9, 1850, and the other May 16, 1852. 3. Morrissey was never whipped in a prize ring encounter.

H. A. B. Jr., Boston.—He is with the San Francisco Minstrels in this city.

G. F., Rockford.—They command a salary of from $35 to $75 a week, according to their abilities.

E. D., St. Louis.—You will find the movements of the party chronicled in nearly every issue of the Clipper.

Hussey, Chicago.—McCoole and Aaron Jones only fought once.

C. H., Washington.—The card being turned makes it a misdeal, and B cannot claim it.

Euchre.—If trumps were led, you must follow suit, and play the "Ku Klux," but not otherwise.

A Constant Reader, Albany.—Last season was his first in the business and he is considered a promising performer.

Jake, New York.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue is not a member of the cabinet.

C. C., Houston st.—J. H. Ogden died August 11th, 1864, in Philadelphia.

F. V. A. S., Cincinnati, O.—Obliged to you. We will be pleased to receive items of interest.

Reader, Newburyport, Mass.—We cannot furnish either of the numbers you desire.

P. C., New Orleans.—Jack is the highest in cutting for deal at euchre.

F. L. B., Schenectady, N. Y.—A should have stopped playing and let B take the cue.

Tom.—The Florences produced the "Ticket of Leave Man" at the Broadway Theatre during their last engagement there.

R. O. McD., Boston.—C cannot raise A after the latter has called him.

Lady Enquirer.—Henry Rolland has not returned from Europe.

H. G., Louisville, Ky.—Heenan stands 6 feet 1½ inches, and weighed 178lbs the day he fought Tom Sayers.

J. B. F., St. Louis.—The firm always deals squarely with us, which is all we know about them.

Marah, Chicago.—R. B. Kent, of 282 Bowery, can furnish you with the articles.

R. B. C., Roxbury.—They are published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Addie, Portland.—He is not performing in this city, nor can we inform you where he is.

C. B. K., Monroe.—We never heard of the lady's arrival in this country.

Story Farm, Venango Co.—It is published by Ford & Co., City Hall Square, New York. Price $2 25.

A Newark Policeman.—Taking up one card is not a legal cut, consequently H should have cut again.

J. C. T., Boston.—Cannot inform you whether the lady is married or not.

Velocipede.—If you need one now, of course it would be folly to wait till next summer.

Minstrel, Terre Haute.—Jenny Lind first appeared in this country Sept. 11th, 1850, at Castle Garden, this city.

Four Fives, Macomb, Ill.—He is entitled to "two for his heels" as soon as he turns up Jack.

W. L., Palatine, N. Y.—William McKeever was driving Gen. Butler when he lost his life at Chicago.

Excelsior, Charleston, Mass.—B and C throw off for the silver watch; D and E have no claim to it.

J. F. L., Providence.—Two guns of 30 inch calibre were cast in Pittsburgh during the war.

H. M., Newport.—The reputed wealth of the late Baron Rothschild was stated to be about two hundred million dollars.

Jack Slack, Cumberland, Md.—We cannot state positively, but we do not believe there is any such trophy.

Amateur.—Opinions differ. Some prefer one to the other.

C. P. W., Dayton.—Born in England in 1846.

A Reader, Cleveland.—They are not brothers.

Enquirer.—Vieuxtemps visited America in 1845.

H. A. W., Akron.—He must show his hand to the board.

H. P. U.—See John Bogan's card in another column.

T. A.—Scarcely one in twenty can read music.

C. W., U. S. Vandalia.—See our Music Hall summary.

J. B., Ilion.—Dexter's fastest time on record is 2:17¼.

A. H. Cleveland, O.—He is dead.

Frank Swift.—We have two letters for you.

E. P. Weston.—Send to this office for a letter.

Wilbert, Dubuque, Iowa.— Not for Joseph.

THE SOCIAL SLIDING SCALE.

Good society must have its satellites, and perhaps it is not a little owing to the absurdities committed by these human barnacles that it is so frequently brought into ridicule. It is only the small fry who, as the saying is, "put on airs." Really tonnish people who have a *right* to be tonnish, pride themselves upon doing nothing to attract attention, the gentler portion hanging silks and laces, and gems and diamonds upon their persons, as if a part of themselves and nothing worth the making a fuss about, and the sterner sex wearing their broadcloths and their valuables like persons native and "to the manner born." There is nothing they abhor so much as "a scene," and the exhibition of surprise or agitation is regarded as unworthy of people in their station. Their very names are not to be breathed above a whisper. These people never patronize any but first class entertainments or churches; they never "applaud to the echo;" they walk through a quadrille or cotillion, but never dance; they belong exclusively to "our set," and are inaccessible to the vulgar. A hearty laugh is never heard in their halls of light; they would sit through a performance of the most ridiculous pantomime without so much as a smile. They have their congeners, nevertheless, in what may be termed the rank and file of the great *beau monde*, who, while making as much of the possession of wealth as knowing its value and the advantages it confers, enjoy all the pleasures of life with true Sybaritic gusto, and usually crowd half a dozen existences within the small compass of one, while seeming to run through a career more rapidly than their neighbors. They float on the surface of the stream as long as its course lies between flower-clad banks and under the glowing skies of odorous summer, but when the placid tide draws near the ocean and the white caps are gleaming beyond, disabled by the first gale that blows, they lose the helm and are cast, an army of crippled weatherbeaten hulks, upon the strand, whose sands soon cover them. Gaiety is their predominate characteristic, to enjoy the hours as they fly a part of their philosophy, and their motto, "*vive la bagatelle*." Some sort of compromise they make with fate by dispensing a portion of their abundance to the needs of the poor and unfortunate, and but for them, it might not be too much to assert, that art and fashion would be unknown, and even literature and science would be cramped within a narrow range. Their very follies redound to the common advantage, and keep the ball a rolling. When, in a disastrous season of bygone years, so many thousands of workingmen and women were thrown out of employment, their younger branches, with hosts of discharged sempstresses, were set to covering "hoops," which had just come into fashion, and which the ultra moral were endeavoring to discountenance, thus saving many from starvation or crime during one of the severest winters ever experienced. The true regenerative force is the respectable "*bourgeoise*," the "middle class" of other lands, but here, in reality, the head and front of society, whose exertions sustain the entire fabric and whose influence is felt on every hand. These detest shams of every kind, and are content to pass for what they are, paying as they go, exacting from their fellows no civilities or benefits which they are not willing to confer in return, and enjoying themselves fully as much, in their own way, as their more pretentious competitors. There is the "Brummagem" element, a compound of ignorance and affectation combined, and there is its antithesis, the low and shockingly vulgar, who are animal in their appetites, have a fondness for dirt, and affect the tawdry in their personal decorations, being, in some sort, the second-hand goods of society. Then comes the "*demi-monde*," for whom the can can was invented; then the "cheap-and-nasty," and lastly the roughs and the fast men, who are the aristocracy of their class, who never read the papers, who live as they can, and for whom the world, so to speak, is one huge oyster. As for the paupers—but they can hardly be said to belong to society—so let us stop here.

At Last.—According to a Boston paper the common council of that city is about to settle by resolution the long-mooted question where Homer was born. We were not aware before that the discussion of such subjects was common to *Common Councils*; but everything seems *Common* to Boston.

THE COMING SEASON.

The lapse of several days will bring to us once more the fleecy skies and tempered airs of genial, balmy spring. The season through which we have just passed has not been without its pleasures; but few, we imagine, will regret its departure, notwithstanding it has been the mildest known here for several years. The establishment of skating rinks and the inauguration of skating as a recreative science have done much to encourage the festival spirit with which our people get over the little disagreeabilities of winter, having at least this effect, that they renew the youthful spirit which would otherwise die out for want of fuel, and prevent us from becoming old fogies before our time. The ball season has also been rendered additionally brilliant by masquerades, and other sources of amusement and recreation have been numerous. While the generality of these have been well patronized, a revival of the standard drama richly deserving of the name, has attracted crowds to Edwin Booth's new Theatre and to Wallack's, prompting a similar essay at Fisk's "Grand Opera," if all we hear be true. We are promised a series of these choice reproductions, Booth alone having, beside himself, a powerful magnet in Edwin Adams, who surprises no less by his consummate ability than by his taste and judgment. A review of Wallack's repertory for the quarter confirms the opinion of the intelligent public in the capacity of the manager to provide for them the requisite kind of intellectual pabulum. We hear also of new matches at chess and billiards. The leading spirits in the sporting world are arranging their plans for the spring campaign, anticipating, doubtless, a stirring time. As one of the latest novelties, it should be mentioned that courses are to be established in both Central and Prospect Parks for the use of velocipedists, and Mr. Jinkins, who can't bear to ride horseback for fear he might fall off, will here be in his element, and challenge small boys and girls to compete with him for the prize. There, too, are the great Boulevards, whereon very soon equestrians and crack drivers will have abundant opportunity to display their skill and test the bottom of their respective horses. Extensive preparations are also being made at the various grounds devoted to the game of base ball, the facilities for the enjoyment of which favorite pastime are to be much increased. Amid all the various modes of recreation patronized by our citizens, it has seemed somewhat strange that the genuine *cafe concert*, so prevalent in Paris, and years ago successfully attempted here by Palmo and Pinteux, should have been permitted to die out among us, while beer cellars and beer halles flourish by the score. There is talk of at least one such innovation, for the use of the down town *habitues*, during the immediate time to come. Everywhere there is a general process of furbishing up and regeneration, and even the persevering gentleman who remembers the first performance of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic (he is getting grey haired now, and there is a decided stoop in his back), takes a cheerful view of the prospect. Drop in at the various *modistes*, and you will find them preoccupied in opening their assortments of spring treasures—the new patterns, we are assured, affording ample opportunity for display, while diversity of styles is ever more extended. In a very short space the town will be overrunning with visitors from every section of the Union, bent upon business or pleasure, or both combined, and the recollection of old animosities will be lost in the emulation aroused by the competitive spirit of our go-ahead race.

THE WISH OF A DYING ACTOR.

It is recorded of the late Sol Smith that he expressed a desire in his will that he should be buried, not in the costume of a living man, but in a shroud, and with a pillow under his head, in the fashion of former times; also that none of his relatives or friends should put on mourning for him, as it was his conviction that immediately after quitting this life he would enter another more blissful and more enduring, and that, under the circumstances, it could not reasonably be supposed that those who had loved him would grieve over his departure.

This desire, so simple in itself, and expressed as it was, in the simple strength of Christian faith, was only in harmony with the whole life of the deceased actor, as troops of his unswerving friends can attest. To say of him that he was a Christian is not to say all. Many are Christians in profession only—lacking the deeds that give the true substance due to all religion. But Mr. Smith united art with profession, and lived and died as best became a follower of Him who taught the most sublime virtue and wisdom in the fewest words.

Mr. Smith, we need scarcely say, belonged to a profession too often reproached as an immoral one—immoral in its tendency, as well as vitiating to those who practice it. This cant has been retained in public and private assembly, in the pulpit and by the side of the domestic hearth, but most absurdly and most outrageously in the former by men of the Ward Beecher stamp. It is, therefore, a task of double pleasantness to refer to this recent instance of how really good and Christianlike a "profane stage player" can be—how fearlessly he can look death in the face, and when imminent, submit himself to its embrace—desirous of avoiding, in the consignment of his body to its kindred earth, all the fripperies of modern fashion, at the same time, that, firm in the promise of the Divine Word, he calmly closes his eyes on this world, to re-open them in a higher and better one.

Let the declaimers against the "immoralities" of the stage, the clerical declaimers especially, ponder over the words of Sol Smith, and judge their fellow men more charitably in future.

Gen. Grant's Cabinet.—As yet the President elect has not made known his intentions in reference to his business as a Cabinet maker, but it is *plane* that he's no dull *tool*, to be *chiseled* or *gouged*, and that, as a *rule*, no one of a narrow *guage* will make *awl* out of him. His furniture will, no doubt, be of *sound stuff*, with neither *crack* nor *flaw*, *solid* and without *veneer*, and it may be taken for Granted that his *designs* will be on the *square*; and if any one attempts to put a *hand-screw* on him he will come down on him like a *mallet*, reduce his *measure* with a *cross-cut saw*, and make D. C. too hot for him by we'll heated *cauls*. His *chairs* will be well stuffed, his *bureaus* strongly *framed*, the *cradle* of Liberty will oscillate regularly and in order, and his *plumb line* will illustrate his *perpendicular* rectitude. *File* in! For-ward! March!—4.

Moyamensing Hose Company's Ball.—The grand annual dress ball of this well known organization, of Philadelphia, is to take place at the Academy of Music, in that city, on Easter Monday evening, March 29th. It promises to eclipse all previous receptions given by the Moyas, and will be attended by many in this city, Baltimore, Washington, and other sections of the country. Those who desire to be present would probably save themselves some trouble by securing their tickets early.

The Cuban Ladies' Association "for the relief of the sick and wounded in the patriot army of Cuba," have their rooms at the St. Julien Hotel, Washington place.

England seems fated to endure many great hard-ships. Her last iron-clad is now the greatest.

Dry Facts—Greece has disarmed, and the *current* news seems to indicate that we are to have no more *raisins* for the present.

Are Pugilists correct in calling "first blood" a "claret punch?"

A Bull-y Boy—A verdant exile of Erin.

Leg-al Tender—A challenge to a foot race.

Gymnastic Exhibition at Albany.

A very interesting entertainment was given at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., on the evening of the 27th ult., the performers, with a single exception, being members of the Albany Gymnasium, of which Charles Troester is proprietor. The entertainment began with club swinging, by Prof. James O'Neil, of the Troy Gymnasium, and F. Townsend and Henry Troester, of Albany, who went through all the various and complicated motions in a truly artistic manner, Townsend swinging a pair of 25 pounders with perfect ease. Next came the horizontal bar exercises. Among the many noticeable features were the high single vaulting by Charles Troester and F. Townsend, giant swing, by Henry Troester and Pierce Cole, and various difficult and hazardous feats by Philip Troester, C. Combs, D. Hanney and Wm. D. French. On the trapeze, Townsend, Morgan and Cole showed great proficiency, and Charles and Henry Troester held several splendid horizontals. The parallel bars were done full justice to by the Troester Brothers, Messrs. Townsend, French, Morgan, Cole, Combs, Cunningham and Hanney. Dumb bells were now introduced, Charles Troester curling and putting up the 110 pounds repeatedly in fine style; French and Townsend doing equally well with the 90 pounds. The class was now for the acrobatic exercises, and summersaults (backwards and forwards), hand-springs, flip-flaps, &c., were given in a manner seldom seen outside of the circus arena. The manner in which Townsend, Morgan and French acquitted themselves was heartily applauded. The battoutte leaping, which was to have been the feature of the evening, was sadly marred by the breaking of the spring board as Mr. Townsend rose for a double somersault, the cross piece splitting and preventing any further performance. After an exhibition of velocipede riding by several gentlemen, the audience dispersed, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

Toronto vs. New York.—We have previously alluded to the fact that a rink from the Toronto (C. W.,) Curling Club were desirous of playing against the rink which should prove victor in the championship tourney. In reply to this offer Wm. Kellock, skip of the New York Rink, says that the only conditions upon which he will play against a Canadian rink are that the latter must have previously defeated all opponents at home and gained the title of Champions of the Dominion.

Friendship Boat Club.—At the annual meeting of the above named club, held on Monday evening, Feb. 22d, the following officers were elected for the present year:—President, James H. Morton; Vice President, Wm. Hurley; Treasurer, M. J. Murray; Recording Secretary, Ed. Bogert; Corresponding Secretary, Jas. S. Murray. Trustees—B. O'Neil, Edward Matthews and Matthew S. Farrell. The club is now in a flourishing condition, and is receiving frequent accessions of members. The club has now been organized one year, and succeeded remarkably well, we are informed. The property of the club now consists of a six oared gig 45 feet long, also two light 17 feet working boats, and they think of building a new boat house.

W. Sadler and Mark Addey, the well known English oarsmen, have signed articles to row from Putney to Mortlake, for £100 aside, on March 15th.

Sporting Squibs.

— A snow storm descended on St. Louis on the 21st.

— Five large eagles were killed by a triggerist on Naushon Island, Ct., recently.

— Two large eggs joined together were recently laid by a hen in Vermont. She evidently went in for a Siamese attachment.

— $100,000 worth of whalebone, 86,000lbs., was part of the income realised from one voyage by a new Bedford ship.

— Why are pugilists among the meanest of men?......Because, like Shylocks, they go in for the pound-(ing) of flesh.

— A resident of New Orleans, with fifteen revolvers in his pockets, has been arrested as a "dangerous man." Rather.

— A paper has just been started at Lebanon, Me., with the title of *E Pluribus Unum Clipper*.

— A private velocipede college for feminines has been started in this city.

— The yacht Henrietta sailed from Charleston, S. C., for New York, on the evening of Feb. 24th.

— Riding astride on horseback was an example set long ago to the ladies of Massachusetts by Fanny Kemble.

— Some kinds of fish are now found in the Thames, Eng., unknown for many years. The purification of the Thames is the attributive cause.

— A gentleman of Carlsruhe offers to trot his American horse, "Milwaukee," against any horse in Europe for 10,000 florins a side.

— A shark, measuring twenty feet in length, was washed ashore and killed at Ceinturon, in the islands of Hyeres, recently.

— Sleighing and snow shoeing have been more generally enjoyed in Canada this winter than for some seasons, the average fall of snow having been nearly ten feet.

— While having an impromptu wrestle at Hunter's Point on the 20th ult., William Hussey's pistol was accidentally discharged, killing his opponent, Thos. Morrissey.

— Some thirty canines have been afflicted with the rabies on Long Island lately, and several persons have died a horrible death in consequence of their bites. Beware of the K IXs.

— "There is a divinity that shapes our ends," is exemplified by the many young ladies employed in making men's boots, and they are true to the last.

— The octogenarians of New Bedford, Mass., held their annual dinner on the 17th ult., at which nine were present whose aggregate ages amounted to 741 years, 4 months, 28 days.

— A fox was shot recently by S. S. Whipple, of Cambridge, Vt., at 209 yards distance, with a rifle of his own make, barrel 20 inches long, carrying bullets 145 to the pound.

— Suett, an English actor, when drenched with rain, on being asked, "Are you Suett?" replied, "Egad, I rather think I'm dripping."

— A velocipede race for $1,500 has been made, we understand, between W. Gray and Jas. Atkinson, to propel their masheens from Hunter's to Montauk Point, L. I.

— Over a score of wolves in one drove, eight in another, and seven in another, were recently seen at Fort Winnebago, and they scared the school children muchly.

— A lady 80 years old lives in the same house in which she was born, at Darien, Ct., has been from home but once in her life, and has never seen a steamboat or a locomotive.

— A living gaselle is owned by J. D. Caton, of Peoria, Ill. It was caught in the mountains of Lebanon, and brought to this country in 1867.

— The first New England locomotive is now being repaired at Augusta, Me. It was built in Liverpool for the Boston and Worcester R. R., and was the first used there.

— Zoological Gardens in the Central Park, N. Y., are proposed. Good! Let us have 'em. They are amusing and instructive to both juniors and seniors.

— 1,700 miles, from Minot, Me., to Lincoln, Ia., were walked in 48 days, or an average of about 35¼ miles per day, by a youth of nineteen. He started on Oct. 15th.

— A sagacious canine of Dubuque has saved four human lives; having rescued a lady from a colt's hoofs, two girls from Lake Peosta, and his master from a wrecked bridge.

— Riding faster than fourteen miles an hour on horseback in Rotten Row, London, Eng., was the cause of the arrest of Lady Henry Paget, who was fined therefor.

— Thirty cheeses, a number of lbs. of butter, all the knitting for four sons, besides other duties, were done by Mrs. Polly Clark, of Hampstead, N. H., 90 years old, last year. Polly is a star of the first magnitude, and don't meddle in politics.

— A mathematical Blind Tom, seventeen years old, who, uneducated, solves the most difficult problems in figures with rapidity and precision, has been making his calculations in Richmond, Va.

SKATING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

CONTEST BETWEEN FRANK SWIFT AND E. T. GOODRICH.

Non-Arrival of the Judges—Unsatisfactory Result. SECOND CONTEST—SWIFT VICTOR!

The match between Frank Swift, of New York, and E. T. Goodrich, of Chicago, for the championship, and the diamond and gold medal, came off at the Buffalo Rink on the evening of the 27th ult. It will be recollected that Goodrich challenged Swift at the conclusion of the contest at the Jersey City Rink on Jan. 26th, on which occasion the champion defeated James C. Mead. After considerable delay on account of the mild weather the trial of skill was announced for the 9th of February at the Brooklyn Rink. The weather again interfered, however, and the match had to be postponed. While in this city, waiting for a change in the weather, both the contestants were summoned to Buffalo, and on the 23d left for that place to fulfill an engagement. As the ice was in splendid condition in that city and the cold intense, with every prospect of it remaining so for some time, it was at once determined to make another attempt to pull off this important engagement.

Messrs. Edwards and Dupignac, of the New York Club, having been originally selected to act as judges—the former for Swift and the latter for Goodrich—they were sent for to act in the same capacity at Buffalo. The business engagements of Mr. Dupignac prevented his leaving town, and therefore Mr. C. W. Jenkins was substituted. Finding that they could not agree, Messrs. Swift and Goodrich telegraphed to the judges to select a referee, and accordingly Mr. E. L. Gill, also of the New York Club, was chosen. Those gentlemen left town on the evening of the 26th, having for traveling companions Mr. C. V. Dodge of Brooklyn, the well known skater, his brother Willis, and Johnny Kelly, of the New York Club. The 6.30 train on which those gentlemen left town met with a series of unfortunate, though unavoidable mishaps while on the way, and instead of reaching Buffalo at 12.20 on the 27th, did not arrive till 11 o'clock at night.

The evening of the 27th arrived, and so did a large delegation of well known skaters from the west and the Canadas. The sport loving citizens of Buffalo having become fairly inoculated with the skating fever by the construction of a rink in their beautiful city, were alive to the importance of the contest. Accordingly they flocked to the scene of the contest in large numbers. The ladies fairly outnumbered the gentlemen in their eagerness to witness the contest. Fully two hours before the time announced for the commencement of the match, the rink was filled to overflowing with the most brilliant audience ever assembled within its walls. Up to the last moment it was expected that the judges would arrive. It was known that they were detained by the storm, but it was not till between 7 and 8 o'clock that the following dispatch dispelled all doubts on the subject:—

Snowed in at Warsaw. Will arrive in time for church on Sunday.
E. L. Gill.

This was read to the audience and created considerable merriment. In order not to disappoint the large crowd present, it was at once concluded to select the best judges that could be obtained and proceed with the match. Accordingly, Swift selected J. H. A. Hervey for his judge, and Goodrich chose Mr. E. E. Zeller. The trouble was now about a referee. Although Buffalo has the reputation of possessing a great number of excellent skaters, no one could be found to fill the important office. In this dilemma it was agreed to proceed with the contest, and if the judges could agree upon all the movements then the contest should be considered final and the result binding.

The programme was gone through with, both contestants doing their prettiest, and their efforts eliciting the applause of the spectators. So nearly matched were they on several of the movements, that the judges found it impossible to arrive at any conclusion at the finish. Out of the 29 movements they only agreed on 18. In these 18 Swift scored 26 and Goodrich 26. Before the commencement of the match both the contestants protested against the proceedings, and, in consideration of all the circumstances attending the affair, the conclusion was finally arrived at to skate over again on the afternoon of the 29th inst. This announcement seemed to give general satisfaction to the audience. The large crowd dispersed at a late hour, well satisfied with the exhibition.

Just previous to going to press we received the following telegram announcing the result of the second contest from our special reporter:—

Buffalo, N. Y., March 1st, 1869.

Frank Queen, Editor New York Clipper.—The second trial between Frank Swift and E. T. Goodrich came off at the rink this afternoon. The attendance was not so numerous as on the 27th ult., but the enthusiasm was fully as great. The ice was in splendid condition and the match one of the most interesting ever witnessed in this or any other city. At the finish, on counting the ballots, the result was found to be in favor of Swift by a score of 42 to 39.

E. L. Gill.

The Sport in Buffalo.—A Children's Masquerade took place on the afternoon of the 20th at the Buffalo rink and a knight tournament and masque in the evening. The prize offered to the knights was won by Chas. Williams. On the 22d ult. a match was skated between Nellie Dean and Maggie Elwood. The judges decided in favor of Miss E., the count standing 43 to 44. Frank Swift, E. T. Goodrich, and J. H. A. Hervey arrived there on the 24th. Swift and Goodrich appeared in the afternoon, and in the evening a race with "verlousypedes" on the ice took place between Swift and Hervey, but Frank's "marsheen" did not run well and he was beaten. A trial for skillful and graceful skating was contested by Misses. Oberest, Ehrnforth and Butler. Miss O. was pronounced the most skillful and Miss E. most graceful.

A la Demarest.—Just before the commencement of the ladies' match at Buffalo, on the 23d ult., a seedy-looking drunken man, on skates, scrambled on to the ice, and finally tumbled on the portion reserved for the skatorial queens. He was immediately pursued by several employees of the rink, whose grasp for some minutes he contrived to elude. He was finally captured, when to the surprise and amusement of all, he turned out to be none other than the well known walkist, E. N Payn, who had disguised himself for the occasion.

Reception of the New York Association.—Plimpton's Skating Hall, Stuyvesant Square, was the scene, on the evening of the 23d ult., of the monthly reception of the New York Skating Association. The company was extremely large, and the entertainment one of the features of our winter season. Dolly Bedell, Fanny Powell, Al. Howard, Jimmy Mead, and Messrs. Kynock, Smith and Walcot were among the celebrities on the rollers. Mr. Walcot's "Yankee," in costume, was decidedly the feature of the evening. In the absence of the Simon Pure, just now, floor skating is becoming quite the rage.

Presentations.—Manager Hervey was presented with an elegant gold chain upon the occasion of his complimentary benefit at the Rochester rink on the 24th ult.......The members of the Buffalo Skating Club presented Miss Maggie Elwood with a handsome gold medal on the evening of the 23d ult. The presentation speech was made by J. O. Crissey and responded to by Manager Hervey.

An International Match.—The second contest between Miss Nellie Dean, of Chicago, and Miss Maggie Elwood, of Brockville, Canada, came off at the Buffalo rink on the evening of the 22d ult. As announced in last week's Clipper, the first encounter between these ladies took place at the Rochester rink on the 19th ult., and resulted in a tie. Miss Elwood out-skated her opponent on the second trial, and was the recipient of a gold medal. The score was 44 to 43.

A Grand Fancy Dress Jubilee was to be the feature at the Buffalo rink on the night of the 1st inst., and as many persons from a distance were present to witness the championship match between Swift and Goodrich, it was expected to eclipse all former displays of a carnivalistic character.

The Detroit Skating Rink was announced to close for the season on the evening of the 27th ult., when a fancy dress carnival was to have taken place. The present cold snap may have conduced to keep it open, however.

The Practice Game.—The Eckford Club, of the Battery, are early at work this season, having had their opening game with a picked ten on Washington's Birthday, whom they defeated by a tally of 20 to 7 in six innings.

THE RING.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT FIGHT

BETWEEN

CHARLES C. GALLAGHER AND THOMAS ALLEN FOR $2,000.

Allen Knocked Out of Time.

The match between Charley Gallagher, of Cleveland, O., and Tom Allen, formerly of Birmingham, Eng., for two thousand dollars, was brought to a climax at Carroll Island, in the Mississippi river, about fourteen miles below St. Louis, on the afternoon of the 23d ult., terminating very unexpectedly in favor of the former, after two rounds had been contested in three minutes. We present below a record of the principals and full particulars of the brief engagement.

Charles C. Gallagher was born in Coburg, C. W., on the tenth day of the merry month of May, 1845, and is, consequently, not yet twenty-four years of age. Without his shoes he reaches an altitude of six feet one and a half inches, and weighs in proper condition 180 pounds. His parents removed to Cleveland, O., ere Charley had yet reached his teens, and at the breaking out of the war, though but fifteen years old, he enlisted in a three months regiment and served through that campaign. Upon the expiration of his term he "loved the military" so much—the brief period of his introductory term of service having failed to strip "a life on the tented field" of its romance—and patriotic fervor was so strong within him, that he re-enlisted for "three years or during the war," unless sooner killed. He participated with credit in a number of hard fought battles in which the Eighth Ohio regiment was engaged at Hanging Rock, West Virginia, was shot in the thigh, and afterwards in the leg while charging under Hancock on the memorable field of Spottsylvania, a brother of his, who, it is said, was a marvel of strength, being killed in the latter engagement. In the summer of 1864 he was honorably discharged, and shortly afterward received an appointment upon the police of the Forest City, which he had come to look upon as his native place, and where he had, by his gentlemanly deportment and the unobtrusiveness of his manners, gained many friends among the better class of citizens. He served as a Knight of the Shield and Locust some six months, and in the spring of 1865 was appointed Deputy Street Commissioner, which position he filled creditably until his *penchant* for arenic sports, and his desire to test his pugilistic abilities, prompted him to accept a challenge from Jimmy Elliott, when he, of course, found it necessary to resign. A match was made between them, and Gallagher commenced training, but in consequence of illness was obliged to forfeit, much to his chagrin. Late in the summer of 1867, being still anxious to try his powers, he made a match with Bill Davis for $300 a side; they fought at Fighting Island, near Detroit, Mich., October 5th, of said year, when Charley (who had the best of the hitting all through, gaining first blood in the first round, and first knock down in the thirty-fourth, besides twisting Davis off his pins pretty often), was rendered senseless by a tremendous blow upon the throat in the forty-fifth round, after they had fought 1 hour and 57 minutes. Gallagher received comparatively little punishment, while the Belfast man was terribly beaten, principally about the head. After the battle Arthur Gore, who was Gallagher's umpire, offered to match him against Davis again at the odds of $1,000 to $600, but the opposite party were too favorably impressed with Charley's abilities to risk another go, so no response was made, though doubtless William Michael was willing enough. At the time of the forfeit to Elliott, the latter had given his word that he would let Gallagher have a chance with him as soon as he (Gallagher) could raise $300, but though Charley now tried many times and oft to get the Athlonian to make good his word he did not succeed in doing so until the fall of last year, when a match was entered into for $600 and brought to a focus on Peach Island, a few miles distant from Detroit, Mich., Nov. 12th, 1868. The disgraceful character of that meeting is well known to our readers and requires no narration here; suffice it to know that fouls were repeatedly committed upon both sides, and the battle was finally awarded to Elliott, after they had fought 23 rounds, in 1 hour and 17 minutes. This was Gallagher's last appearance in the ring until the battle under consideration.

Thomas Allen is an importation from the dominions of Queen Vic, having first made his appearance in the world at Birmingham, England, eight and twenty years since; his height in his stocking feet is 5 feet 10¼ inches, and though he was wont to mill at 150 pounds while "hat 'ome," he will now weigh, in good trim, about 162 pounds. At an early age he developed a fondness for athletic exercises, especially boxing, but the sporting Brums rather threw cold water upon his aspirations to fistic renown. Tom's boxing career commenced with a brush with White, whom he defeated in 20 rounds for £5 a side, April 2, 1860; he then fought a draw with Nobby Hall for a "tenner," the police putting a stop to the sport after they had been at it 40 minutes, September 17, 1860; he next encountered and beat Clarke, for a like stake, in 29 rounds, occupying 46 minutes, April 1, 1861. His engagement with "Waggoner," of Birmingham, for £10, in the autumn of '61, contributed a third victory, and that with Young Gould, some six months later, a fourth, the last named being for £20. Allen was then matched with Dan Crutchley, who, however, was apprehended on the morning of the intended mill, and the affair fell through, when, owing to an assertion made by Tom that he could "whack" either Dan or his seconds, Posh Price took up the cudgels and administered a thrashing to Master Tom in 55m., July, 1862. It must be taken into account that though Allen was in good condition (having just trained for Crutchley), Price was fully 3st. the bigger man, and often fights a better battle straight from his "beer" than when trained. Tom's next engagement was with Bingey Rose, of Nottingham, for £25 a side, in the Home Circuit, whom he forced to succumb in 29 minutes, 10 rounds, Rose being entirely unfit. This was in January, 1864. Some six months later he fought the late Bob Smith, the Liverpool Black, when totally unfit for milling operations. Tom, however, stood the brunt for two hours and a quarter, until nature gave way. He then met Jack Parkinson, a former opponent of Posh Price, whom he "cut into ribbons" in some twenty minutes, for £25 a side, Parkinson not again turning up when wanted, for which the referee gave in his decision in favor of Allen; whereupon the backers of Parkinson sought to recover the portion of that worthy's battle money, and most unadvisedly commenced litigation, at which they "burnt their fingers." A rankling spirit of revenge towards the veteran, Posh Price, then brought about a second meeting, for £25 a side, on which occasion Allen had decidedly the best of the fight, and Price causing his own apprehension, the stakes were awarded to Allen. They fought 41 rounds, 2 hours 5 minutes, in Nov., 1865. He subsequently defeated the giant, George Iles, a third nominee of Brettle's, for £25 a side, on June 12th, 1866. His last engagement in England was with that Merry Andrew, Joe Goss, for £100 a side, at catch weight, in Monmouthshire, March 5th, 1867, when, after a desperate battle of 112 minutes, in which 35 rounds were contested, as neither man was able to put on the finishing touch from exhaustion, the battle was declared a draw. In addition to a ten pun note from Dan Crutchley, he received forfeits of $50 from Bill Thorpe, of Leeds, £10 from Peter Mailard and £16 from Mike Cocklin. Shortly after this, Allen, finding matters becoming exceedingly dull in his line, owing to the vigilance of the authorities, concluded to take a trip to this country, which resolve he carried out during the summer of that year, arriving in New York, accompanied by Peter Morris, on the 21st day of July. A few weeks afterwards he made his first appearance on the American stage, as our dramatic critic would say, at a joint reception benefit tendered Bill Ryall, Peter Morris and himself, at the Stadt Theatre, this city, setting to with Rockey Moore. He afterwards visited many of the principal cities, in company with Ryall, Morris and Barney Aaron, giving exhibitions, nearly all of which were largely attended. Tom's blustering manner caused him to gain the ill will of nearly all with whom he came in contact, however, which led to the disbandment of the quartet, and upon more than one occasion came very near getting him into serious difficulty. There was some talk of a match between him and Ryall, several cards, couched in rather severe language, passing between them, but it ended in nothing being done, and the fraternity were surprised a little while after to hear of their burying the hatchet and traveling in harness "as meek as any lambs"—an after-clap which caused it to be generally believed that their "misunderstanding" was all pre-arranged. Allen finally settled down in Cleveland, O., as landlord of the "Clipper Saloon." He was quite a lion in that section for a time, and, at the period of the Coburn and McCoole match he proclaimed his intention of fighting the winner—a declaration generally regarded as bombast, to which Tom, as above stated, is rather addicted. His first "meet" in this country was with old Bill Davis, the Unfortunate, and grew out of Allen's blustering, articles of agreement being signed and $300 a side posted at St. Louis, Dec. 4th, of last year, for a two thousand dollar match. As few questioned would be the case, superior science, strength, stamina and agility compelled Davis to cry a go, after standing up manfully through 43 rounds, with everything dead against him, at Chateau Island, in the Missouri river. This constituted his only appearance in a ring on the soil of America up to the present time.

The present match originated in a challenge from Gallagher, given at the time of the battle between Allen and Davis, and immediately accepted by the winner. Shortly after the protocol was signed both men entered upon a course of preparation, Charley taking up his quarters at George Rinkel's Six Mile House, on the St. Charles Rock Road, having Bill Blake, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," as trainer, while Allen located himself at the Eight Mile House, on the Gravi Road, Jimmy Halloran looking after him. Both men prepared themselves carefully for the fray, and when the day arrived they were in capital condition. The betting had, from the inception of the match, been strongly in favor of Allen, odds of 2 to 1 being in some instances offered—a fact due to the reputation obtained beyond the water by Tom, as well as the general impression that Gallagher was not made of the right sort of material to endure punishment without flinching, though there was really no true foundation for such belief. It was universally supposed, however, that the fight would be one in which skill would combine with determination, and thereby make the encounter well worth going some distance to see; consequently delegations from Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Louisville and other cities in the west and south, invaded the Mound City a few days prior to the fixture. These, with the resident sports and others who took the affair in, swelled the number of passengers on the boat which left the wharf about ten o'clock, A. M., of the 23d ult., to some three hundred. The chosen spot was Carroll Island, about fourteen miles down the river, which was reached at noon. The process of debarkation was speedily gone through with, and without much trouble a suitable piece of turf was found, where willing hands quickly erected the orthodox circle. It was nearly three o'clock when the principals entered the enclosure almost simultaneously, each being greeted with loud cheers by their partisans, the crowd seeming about equally divided in this respect. Gallagher was waited upon by Bill Blake and Patsy Curtin, while Jack Looney and Patsy Reardon performed a like service for Allen. The referee was James McDonald. All being in apple pie order, at about twenty minutes past three o'clock the referee called time, and the men, after shaking hands, placed themselves in position for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The eyes of the spectators carefully scanned the opposing gladiators as they weaved in and out, cautiously working for an opening, and the verdict of all was that both were in capital form, neither being burdened with an ounce of superfluous flesh apparently, while their clear, sparkling eyes betokened perfect physical health. Allen was the first to commence business, offering with his left, which landed on the body of Charley, who succeeded in planting a return shot upon Tom's mouth. In a second essay Allen was again successful, effecting a landing upon the mouth, rather light, but Gallagher instantly responded with a spanking hit on the probescis, turning on the cochineal in profusion, and in return for a counter on the ribs delivered heavily on the body. This hit riled Allen, and, rushing in, he administered a tremendous blow on the mouth, which induced Charley to scratch gravel instanter and ended the round, first knock-down being awarded to Allen and first blood to Gallagher. The fighting was very fast, and the manner in which they got to work gave promise of a slashing mill.

2. The men were at the mark with alacrity, and each was evidently bent upon going it with a rush. Accordingly they recommenced hostilities as soon as they got within distance, several hot facers being exchanged, but Allen, in stooping, after receiving just above the mark, caught a round handed hit full on the jugular vein, which immediately sent him to the arms of mother earth, limp as a rag. Upon being picked up it was found that he was insensible, and though water was dashed over him and every exertion made by his seconds to bring him to consciousness, they were unavailing, and the referee awarded the battle to Gallagher, who was as much astonished as anybody at the result of his last blow, though it is to be presumed that he was infinitely more pleased than the majority at a termination so favorable to himself. After the decision had been tendered Charley stood up in the centre of the ring, and in his statement declared himself anxious to fight any man in the country. The crowd, all but those who had bet upon the winner, sullen and dissatisfied, then "scattered" for the steamer, which was soon upon its way toward the city, where all arrived safe before nightfall. The fight lasted about three minutes. Upon the evening of the same day, at a late hour, the following challenge for another contest was sent by Allen to his accidental conqueror:—

St. Louis, February 2[illegible].

I hereby challenge Mr. Charles C. Gallagher to fight me in a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, in one week from today, for one thousand dollars a side. Two hundred and fifty dollars are left by me this date at Isaac Campbell's saloon, corner of Fifth and Green streets, as a first deposit on the match, and I hope that Mr. Gallagher or his friends will have game enough to cover it. [Signed] Thomas Allen.

To this Gallagher replied as follows:—

St. Louis, Feb. 25th, 1869.

Dear Sir.—I herewith acknowledge the receipt of Allen's challenge. In answer I most respectfully say that I have been afflicted with flux ever since I went into training for the late fight. Every day my disease became worse. I have been under the care of Drs. Rogers and Montgomery and am so still. I was not able to fight as I would wish when I entered the ring, but I knew, if I complained or offered excuses, people would make capital out of it. I am not in condition to enter the ring at the present time, but as soon as I recover from my present complaint I will be happy to meet him or any other man in America, McCoole excepted, for from $1,000 to $5,000 a side. I have entered the ring heretofore and have been wronged out of battles which I fairly won. Seeing I could not get justice at home (in Cleveland), I came to St. Louis a perfect stranger and trusted to the hospitality of her citizens for my future success. I am proud to say I met with friends who were confident of my abilities, and gave me a chance to vindicate my wrongs. I return my sincere thanks to my backers who placed their money at stake upon my merits, for I had none to back me. I herewith acknowledge the receipt of $1,909, the stakes for which I fought. Hoping soon to be able to accommodate Mr. Allen, I remain respectfully yours,

Chas. C. Gallagher.

A GOOD OLD FASHIONED MILL.

JACK DREW BEATS JEM McCORMACK.

A few patrician patrons of the ring wishing to ascertain whether a mill could be satisfactorily brought off within an easy distance of the centre of London, Eng., gave instructions to a well known West End generalissimo to select two clever light-weights, and so well did Billy Shaw succeed that in a few days his choice fell upon Jack Drew and Jem M'Cormack, who had been for some time anxious to settle the moot point as to which was the better man in the use of nature's weapons. After the usual expenses were defrayed a purse of £10 was set apart for the winner, and the men were assured that if they displayed a fair amount of courage the loser should not be forgotten. Jack Drew was born in London on Oct. 28, 1835, stands 5ft. 5½in., and scaled 8st. 7lb. His first appearance in the ring was in the early part of 1862, when he fought a drawn battle for a £10 purse, with Tommy Hogan, at Aldershot. He was then matched with Nobby Porter, for £10 a side, at 8st. 2lb., and disposed of Master Nobby in 13 rounds, 26min., on Oct. 21, 1862. His friends thought so highly of the scientific qualities which he displayed on that occasion, and were so satisfied his heart was in the right place, that they backed him against Moss, better known as Young Dutch Sam, for £100, at 8st. The fight took place down the river, on March 17th, 1863, and after they had fought 21 rounds in 47min., the police stopped hostilities by seizing the ropes and stakes. The referee ordered them to meet on the following Thursday, and although both men were at the ring side the backers of Sam refused to let him enter, and the referee awarded the stakes to Drew. Master Johnny tried very hard to find another customer, but as no one seemed to fancy him he turned his attention to teaching and illustrating the noble art.

Jem M'Cormack has just completed his 23d year, stands 5ft 4in, and balanced the scale at 8st 6lb. His first encounter was with Pickett, W. Shaw's novice, whom he defeated, for £5 a side, in 1h 30min, at Aldershot. He next fought a gallant battle with the clever Frank Wilson, for a £20 purse, on June 24th, 1865, when, after fighting 50 rounds, in 3h 40min, he was obliged to succumb. He displayed such sterling qualities in this encounter that the promoters of the mill presented him with £11. He remained on the shelf for nearly two years, when he was backed against the sturdy Alec Lawson. The fight took place in the Kentish Marshes, on May 20th, 1867, in the midst of torrents of rain. Mac had all the best of it for an hour and a half, when he was taken with the cold shivers, and was again obliged to lower his colors. The last battle in which he was engaged prior to the one under notice, was with J. Johnson (*alias* Matchett), of Birmingham, who defeated Mac in 54 rounds, lasting 1h 40min. The arrangements for bringing off the mill were conducted with the greatest caution, none but a chosen few being entrusted with the secret, consequently it was witnessed by the Corinthians with perfect comfort. A referee having been selected previous to the start, no time was lost in the formation of the ring, and the combatants stepped into it simultaneously, M'Cormack having for his seconds Bill Stebbings and Jack Hamilton, who trained Morrissey for his fight with Heenan; while Drew had for his esquires Jack Hopkins and Professor Barry. Hamilton won the toss for his man, and placed him with his back to the wind. Their toilets having been completed, the men stood up at 11 40 for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Considering the short notice they had received both were in tolerable condition. Drew had the advantage in height and reach, as well as the neatest attitude. Both, however, showed that they thoroughly understood the art they were demonstrating. Mac was the first to lead off, after some cautious sparring, but he was neatly stopped. More sparring ensued until at length Drew landed a stinger on the left lamp, raising a slight mouse. This led to some rattling exchanges, Mac on the ribs and chest, receiving on the dial. They broke ground, and Drew, weaving in, planted a heavy one on the conk, taking the bark off. *First blood* claimed and allowed for Drew. Some heavy counters were exchanged, and they rushed to a close Master Jack got his opponent's nob in chancery and cross-buttocked him. Time, 3½min.

2. On coming up both were piping from their exertions in the previous round and sparred for wind. Drew gradually worked within distance, and sent in a hot-un on the left ogle, raising another bump. This rendered Mac rather vicious, and some rattling exchanges ensued, mostly in favor of Drew, who drove his man all over the ring, and in the end fought him down. Time, 9min.

3. Neither of them was in a hurry to commence, and some pretty manœuvring ensued; at length Drew got home on the left peeper, Mac returning on the neck and chest. They fought to a close, but Drew slipped away and planted a stinger on the nasal organ; Mac cross countered on Drew's jaw and knocked him off his pins. *First knock down blow* for Mac, whose backer was excessively jubilant, and laid £10 to £5 twice. Time, 11min.

4. No sooner up than they were at it. This was a busy, rattling bout, all in favor of Jemmy, who finished the round by again flooring his man with a flush hit with the left on the jaw as he was getting away. Time, 12½min.

5. Both came up to time quickly, and Mac again tried the rushing system, but was stopped by a postman's knock on the dial; a bustling rally ensued, Jack being as good as his master. Mac now tried the crook, but was foiled, and both rolled down side by side. Time, 15min.

6. Mac was up first, and as soon as his opponent got within reach landed on the chest. Some rapid exchanges took place, Johnny again visiting the peepers, and Mac peppering the ribs. They closed and both went down together. Time, 17min.

7. Mac, who was very flushed, showed a protuberance on the snout, and his left lamp was beginning to shut up. Drew had scarcely a mark on his frontispiece, but his chest and ribs showed marks of his opponent's handiwork. They sparred for an opening, and at length Drew got on both optics, his antagonist countering on the chest and ribs. Mac rushed to in-fighting, and Jack retreating they slogged away merrily all over the ring, fought to the ropes, and went down side by side. Time, 21min

8. Drew landed on the nose and tried it again, but was neatly stopped. Mac got home on the neck. Some good counter hitting was followed by an exciting rally, both fighting in the old-fashioned style in the centre of the ring for fully a couple of minutes. Mac finished the round by cross-buttocking his opponent. Time, 24min.

9. Drew came up looking as cool as a cucumber, while Mac was much flushed. They sparred very cleverly, both exhibiting some pretty foils. Mac landed some heavy rib-roasters, but was on each occasion countered on the dial. They shifted ground and rushed to close quarters; Drew was eventually fought down. Time, 31min.

10. Both were rather slow in coming to the scratch, owing to the heavy hitting in the previous round. Jack feinted, but Mac was leary, and quickly got out of danger. Drew, however, would not be denied, and kept creeping closer until he had got his range, when he let Mac have two heavy ones on the old spot, and got away without a return. Heavy counter hitting and rapid exchanges followed, Mac eventually slipping down. Time, 37 min.

11. Drew was up first, and no sooner had his opponent toed the scratch than he let him have it flush on the ivories and drew more claret. This was succeeded by some heavy exchanges, and eventually Drew ended a rattling bout by flooring his antagonist with the cross-buttock. Time, 46 min.

12. Jemmy was up first, but, as both were very eager, little time was lost. Drew visited the bread basket, Mac returning the compliment on the ribs, throat and chest. Jack tried his favorite right on the jaw, but Mac ducked, and it caught him on the forehead, taking off a small portion of bark. Mac let go with both hands, and drove the old 'un, who was getting very weak, into his own corner, where he got down. Time, 51 min.

13 and last. Both came up quickly, and soon commenced operations, give and take being the order of the day. Mac was in the act of retreating when Drew caught him a terrific right-hander on the jaw and knocked him clean off his pins. The utmost efforts of his seconds could not bring him to the scratch in time, and Drew was declared the winner, after fighting 53 min. 25 sec.

RING ENCOUNTER IN MARYLAND.

PETER JOYCE DEFEATS NEWTON MONTGOMERY FOR $200 A SIDE.

FORTY-FIVE ROUNDS FOUGHT.

A short time ago the pugilistic rivalry between Pete Joyce and "Lute" Montgomery, of the Monumental City, led to the making of a match between them for two centuries a side. The particulars of the affair were kept very secret for fear of interference by the powers that be, consequently very few of the sporting blades of that region were aware of it in season to get to the *locale* chosen. Joyce was ushered into existence in the flowery month of June, in the year 1842, stands 5 feet 7 inches in his socks, and in trim lowered the scales at about 145 pounds, but as he had had but little training, he weighed upon the present occasion in the nighbor hood of 160lbs. He made his maiden essay within the ropes with Billy Farrel as an opponent, the battle taking place near New Orleans, for $1,000, and Peter winning in 41 rounds, June, 1866. His next and last appearance up to the present time was on March 16, 1867, when he was defeated by Jim Turner, near New Orleans, in 16 rounds, occupying 22 minutes. Montgomery has appeared but once previously in the circle, with Charley Hicks, near Baltimore, for $400, in October last, when after fighting 16 rounds, a draw was declared. He is a couple of years Joyce's junior, and weighed nearly thirty pounds more. The spot selected for the contest was but a few miles distant from the city and there those who had the office wended their way in the afternoon. Joyce was seconded by John Conway and Peter Farrell, while Montgomery was waited upon by Charley Eggleston and Mike Kielholtz. Joyce won the toss for choice but this made but little difference as far as the sun was concerned, for it was past five o'clock when the word was given and the combat began. In the first round, after some shy sparring, Montgomery aimed a blow at the nose of Joyce, but fell short, and received a severe blow in the left ribs, when they clinched and went down, Montgomery on top. In the second round Joyce led off, but Montgomery parried him and delivered a left hander on his right jaw. After some severe fighting they again closed and went down, Montgomery again on top; but the first blood was given to Joyce. In the third round Joyce showed superior skill, and by several well directed blows in the face and on the lips of Montgomery, caused his countenance to swell considerably. In all the succeeding rounds to the fourteenth, when a foul was claimed by Montgomery, the fighting was close and heavy. Montgomery got to the ribs of Joyce, while the latter delivered a number of severe blows in the face of Montgomery, and thus the fighting continued until the twenty-second round, when Montgomery expressed a desire to withdraw from the contest, but was prohibited by his seconds. They continued up to the twenty-ninth round, Montgomery all the time receiving the greater punishment. In that round Montgomery pressed Joyce to his corner, when the latter fell over a water pail and fractured his right arm; but he declined to be withdrawn. Fifteen rounds were subsequently fought, and on the close of the forty-fourth the fight was awarded to Joyce, who had fought the entire fifteen rounds with his left arm. The fight occupied fifty-five minutes. After the close of the fight the contestants shook hands and the party returned to the city. Montgomery was terribly punished, his face being severely cut and swollen. Joyce showed but few marks of punishment. A cut across the nose and a few slight bruises on the face was all that was visible, except the fractured arm. The fight was concluded by torchlight.

Ted Napper vs. Abe Hicken.—Young Napper, who has for some time past been vainly endeavoring to [illegible] a match with somebody in his native land, states through the English press that he will arrive in this country about the middle of the current month, and be prepared to enter into an engagement with Abe Hicken, according to the terms of the latter's challenge to the world. The probabilities, [illegible]

back in Britain again when Napper makes his appearance here, so that he will have to look for a match in some other quarter. Ted, it will be remembered, beat Hicken in 88 rounds, 2 hours and 40 minutes, April 5, 1864, and since then, owing to the report circulated industriously by the latter to the effect that he could have won had he been allowed fair play, has been very desirous of having another 'box' with him, but Abe has always fought shy. Taking these facts into consideration it is not improbable, therefore, that an intimation of the coming of his old antagonist, and conjectures of what would be in store for himself when he arrived, influenced Hicken to some extent in skedaddling so suddenly. It is announced that Napper will be accompanied by Young Dutch Sam, who, during his previous visit to America, appeared thrice within the circle.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF AARON JONES.

The subjoined particulars regarding the closing hours of poor Aaron Jones upon earth are furnished by a lady who was present at the time of his death, and whose kind attentions comforted him on his way to that unknown land beyond the grave:—"He died at the home of Mr. James Ostrander, in Meade County, on Tuesday morning, February 16, at twenty minutes past 3 o'clock. After being taken to Mr. Ostrander's he stated that he had been poisoned some twenty-one weeks before, and requested that his body should be opened and examined after his death. He had dropsy and hemorrhage, and his feet, legs and stomach were very much swollen. Two days before he died he had smothering spells, and did not seem to realize his condition until the day he died. On Tuesday morning, as he was sitting in his chair, he clasped Mr. Ostrander's hand and cried, 'Oh, Jim! My God! I'm gone!' He sent for Mrs. Ostrander, and requested her to write to his wife. Writing material was brought, but it was some time before he could speak. When asked for his wife's address, he could scarcely get time to breathe 'Charleston, South Carolina,' the place of her residence. Five minutes later he was attacked with a hemorrhage and fell from his chair, dead, his face to the floor. He fell so suddenly that those around him could not prevent the fall. When he was lifted back into his chair the vital spark had fled forever, and Aaron Jones knew no more of earth. Though among strangers, he was kindly watched over in his last moments, and nothing that could tend to soothe and comfort him in his dying hours was left undone. In accordance with his request, his body was opened by surgeons after his death. The liver was found to be entirely eaten up, and the lungs were much diseased. The body was interred on the farm of Mr. Ostrander." We may add, in conclusion, that the letter above alluded to was sent to Mrs. Jones, in our care, and forwarded by us to her private address in Charleston.

A Show Up-Town.—The sports of the upper districts are to be favored with a night's fun on the 6th inst., when Teddy Mahaffe will give a vocal, gymnastic and sparring entertainment at Continental Hall, corner of Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. The exercises will embrace singing and dancing by local celebrities, while the bills announce club swinging by Ed. Russell, the champion, and Mike Costello, and a wrestling match between Homer Lane and Joe Ryan. The glovical exhibitions will be by "first-class men," and for the wind-up Teddy will appear in conjunction with another scientific and popular professor.

Exhibition in Brooklyn.—Temperance Hall, Hamilton avenue and Hick street, Brooklyn, has been engaged by Billy Edwards and Dooney Harris for Tuesday evening, 2d inst., for a sparring and variety show. A number of boxers of New York and the City of Spires have signified their willingness to assist, while Billy Edwards declares himself ready to have a tilt with Patsey Sheppard or any body else, in addition to his wind-up with Mike Noonan.

Chas. A. Bennett, the well known gymnast and athlete of San Francisco, Cal., and now superintendent of the Olympic Club and teacher of gymnastics, states that he is prepared to wager $1,000 that no man in America can raise 15 pounds more in each hand than he can, or can swing a pair of 20lb clubs more motions or more times around the head. Anybody desiring to test his powers will address in care of this office.

Bob Smith, well and familiarly known as mine host of the House of Commons at 25 West Houston street, N. Y., and as original institutor of the Judge and Jury Club of Gotham, as become proprietor of a first class hotel at East New York, L. I. For more precise direction about location see advertisement.

Sport Spoiled.—A milling match was to have been decided, off hand, near Yonkers, N. Y., on Washington's Birthday, between a couple of youthful novices residing in that region, but the bobbies got wind of the fixture, and making a descent, captured five of the covies, who were fined and discharged.

Peggy White, the veteran ring commissary, was, at last accounts, laid up in King's College Hospital, London, Eng., having been attacked with erysipelas, which, it is feared, will affect his sight.

In refutation of the twaddle about the "total extinction of the ring in England," *Bell's Life* states that there has been, on the average, more than one fight in every week during the past year.

Professor Steward, the colored gymnast, had, at last advices from the Pacific Slope, opened a school for the instruction of ladies in the art in San Francisco. It wasn't likely to prove a profitable undertaking.

Mike Donovan, who lately fought Boyne, has been sentenced to three year's imprisonment in the Indiana penitentiary, disfranchised four years and fined one dollar, having pleaded guilty to a charge of robbery.

John Boyne, of Peru, Ind., desires us to return his thanks to Capt. O'Leary, John Simpson, Dan Sullivan and Billy Connell for kindness shown him at his exhibition in Indianapolis on the 20th ult.

Jem Ward is now living with his grandson, who has lately entered into business at the White Horse, Cambridgeshire Heath, London, Eng.

Harry A. Stevens, of Manchester, N. H., and Mike Burke, of Nashua, have entered into an agreement to fight for $300 a side on the 17th of May.

Paddy Rearden is requested to communicate with Mrs. Ellen Burler, of No. 3 Brunswick street, Limerick, Ireland, respecting the belt which he left as a lien in September, 1866.

We have letters for Sol Aaron Patsy Sheppard, Walter Brown and Bob Brettle, 2.

Jem Mace is still giving his statuesque illustrations throughout Britain.

BILLIARDS.

JOHN FRAWLEY vs. THOMAS FOLEY.

MATCH FOR $1,000 A SIDE.

FOLEY THE WINNER BY 298 POINTS IN 1,500.

The match entered into last October by Thomas Foley, of Chicago, and John Frawley, of Cleveland, champions respectively of Illinois and Ohio, was brought to a close on the night of the 24th ult., when, at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, the third game was played. The first game was played Dec. 2d in Cleveland. It was 1,500 points, with push, played with 2⅜ths balls on a Phelan & Collender second-size four-pocket table, and Foley won it. The second game, 1,000 points without the push, on the same table and with like balls, was played in Chicago, December 23d, Foley again being successful. Each of their games was for $500 a side. The final game, upon the same conditions as the first, was for double that amount, and consequently greater interest was manifested in it. The hall was well filled, and everything passed off decorously. Owing to a misunderstanding concerning the size of balls, the game, which should have opened at 8 o'clock, was not started until fifteen minutes past nine. Foley had the call, the current odds being $100 to $80 and $75. As his umpire, Frawley selected John W. Coon, of Chicago; Foley chose John McDevitt, of the same city; and all the parties interested agreed upon Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, for referee.

The "lay off" was won by Frawley, who shot his ball to the lower cushion, and in such position that his antagonist experienced little difficulty in effecting a carom. He continued to score until he had reached 62, when he left the balls badly for Frawley, who failed to knock them together in the manner required to constitute a counting shot. On his 68th innings, Foley had but 16 to go, which he made easily, thus winning the game by a majority of 298 points. The following is the score:—

Foley.—62, 3, 0, 59, 11, 7, 14, 0, 12, 11, 1, 1, 16, 104, 0, 2, 5, 38, 25, 0, 0, 100, 24, 192, 5, 9, 18, 54, 0, 2, 38, 59, 4, 2, 6, 3, 2, 0, 32, 0, 6, 28, 6, 3, 1, 7, 9, 5, 22, 0, 0, 6, 10, 248, 49, 6, 5, 7, 3, 63, 6, 31, 13, 2, 11, 11, 0, 16—1,502.

Frawley.—0, 1, 3, 1, 16, 26, 0, 2, 5, 75, 1, 1, 1, 0, 176, 2, 0, 51, 0, 0, 6, 74, 188, 3, 3, 3, 0, 7, 6, 35, 0, 2, 5, 44, 6, 0, 3, 11, 5, 6, 11, 1, 3, 3, 30, 26, 4, 18, 126, 6, 8, 0, 3, 3, 1, 17, 10, 19, 0, 3, 3, 6, 0, 55, 2, 81, 2, 0—1,201.

Summary.—Crosby Music Hall, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 24th, 1869.—Match game of billiards, between Thomas Foley, of Chicago, ex-champion of Illinois, and John Frawley, of Cleveland, ex-champion of Ohio, for a stake of $2,000; 1,500 points up, push shot allowed, on a first size four pocket table; won by Foley. Score—Foley, 1,502; Frawley, 1,202. Largest runs—Foley, 248; Frawley, 188. Average for winner, 22 4-68; average for loser, 17 63-67. Time of game—Four hours and forty minutes. Referee—Phil. Tieman, of Cincinnati. Umpires—John McDevit, for Foley; John W. Coon, for Frawley. Marker—Charles Curtis.

A Billiard Barbecue of a most enjoyable character took place at Carpenter's Hotel, Morrisania, N. Y., on the 24th ult., when was formally opened a well fitted up billiard attachment to his castle, on the site of the former headquarters of the Union B. B. C. Messrs. Baak, Terry and Woods, and other first class amateurs, took the Q, and wielded it well, and at 10.30 o'clock all hands were invited to partake of a collation that was a feast, ocularly, mentally, sentimentally and stomachically. The affair was the best of the kind ever held in that borough, and Carpenter proved thereby that he "can keep a hotel." Carpenter's tools are good, and his saws file-osephical.

The Wisconsin Tournament.—The tournament at Fond du Lac, held in order to ascertain which of the more expert players in Wisconsin was entitled to the rank of champion, closed on the 13th ult., after a week's play. The winner was Adam Kleser, who has since been challenged to maintain his right to the champion cue. Olcott won the second prize and Liverman the third. As in the tournament, all subsequent games for the championship must be played without the push shot and on a second size four pocket table.

The Dion-Foster Match.—No time has as yet been chosen for the playing of the third game for $1,000 a side, between Dion and Foster. The latter desires to play early in the week—either on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, so that his backers can be back here on Saturday. Dion has thus far named but two dates, the 11th of March and the 1st of April, both of which fall upon Thursday. The Montreal player had the naming of the day for the last match, and selected Thursday. He has been beaten on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, but never on Thursday.

The Great Tournament.—Lafayette Harrison, proprietor of Irving Hall, has consented to allow the floor of that building to be cut so that six posts may be run up from the ground. Upon these six posts the legs of the table will rest, and thus the only objection to Irving Hall (its spring floor, which throws the table out of level) will be surmounted. In addition to Rudolphe, Dion, Deery, Goldthwait and Foster, Peter Snyder, of Chicago, has entered.

No Match.—It has been ascertained that no match can be made for as much as $500 a side between Foster and Daniels. Foster was informed last week that he could get one on for $300 a side; but, for obvious reasons, he declined to play the proposed match for that amount.

Match between Foster and Braisted.—On the afternoon of the 24th ult. Melvin Foster and Peter D. Braisted played a three-ball game, Foster giving the odds of 150 in 300, and betting $50 against $40. The veteran was, however, too much for the youngster at the odds given, and won by 49.

Wicks and Fitch Matched.—On the 26th William Wicks, of Brooklyn, and Frank Fitch, of Troy, were matched to play 300 points at the French game, for $500 a side.

Additional Entries.—F. E. Hawkes and Michael Kennedy will play in the forthcoming tournament for the championship of Connecticut.

Illness of Maurice Daly.—This promising young player has been confined to his bed by congestion of the lungs. He is convalescing rapidly.

Rudolphe on a Tour.—A. P. Rudolphe enters this week upon a professional tour. He will give exhibitions in Quincey, Ill., Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Pierre Carme Doubled Up.—This player was married in Chicago on the 17th ult.

A Prince's Death and Burial.—A little black horse named Prince, which will be remembered by visitors to the White Mountains, died a few days since, aged thirty-nine years, and the funeral ceremonies occurred two days after his death. He was drawn to his grave by six white horses, and followed by forty of his stable companions, led by the grooms. He was buried at the foot of Mount Washington, and next spring a suitable monument will be [illegible]

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Trotting Meeting—Programme of Sport.

The Executive Committee of the Prospect Park Fair Ground Association have just issued the programme of their trotting meeting, to be held in the last week of May next. From the large number of well known practical horsemen that belong to the Association, we were justified in anticipating a liberal, well arranged and judicious programme, but we confess that we have been disappointed. This feeling, however, is caused by the want of judgment shown in the arrangement of the purses, and not in their amount, for we consider $15,000, for a newly organized association to give at an inaugural meeting for trotting, a most munificent sum. In their programme they have fixed three races on each of the first and second days and two on the third day, all of them, we presume, races of mile heats, although the distance is not specified in any one of the eight events, nor even the mode of going. To any one who has visited either of the long Island tracks, and witnessed the length of time required to decide one trotting race of mile heats, best three in five, the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of getting through three such races in the course of an afternoon, must be plainly apparent. The entrees for these purses are certain to be very numerous, for the large amount of money awarded to the second and third in the race, as well as to the absolute winner, is calculated to attract fast horses from all parts of the United States. The heats, it is almost a matter of certainty, will be broken, and in such an event, the Association will find it a matter of great difficulty to get even two of the three races announced decided in one day, without a postponement to the following day. Merchants and business men generally, whose patronage and presence is naturally looked for by the association, will not be able to devote so much time as will be required to witness the entire day's sport, which they otherwise could have done had it been limited to two races each day. The invidious and confessedly injudicious conditions they have imposed in two of the purses, are perfectly inexplicable to us. On the first day, a purse of $2,000 for all horses is offered, conditioned on Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy entering, while on the third day there is a purse of $5,000, more than double the value of the other, for all horses except Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy. Why these two last named horses should not be allowed to compete for the principal prize, when another and smaller purse is dependant on their entering for it, we cannot understand, but at all events we think they have taken the most direct steps to secure their non-entry and absence from the Prospect Park Fair Ground during their coming meeting. Having now pointed out the defects and deficiencies, in our opinion, of the association programme, we will mention its features deserving of praise for the liberality manifested. On the first day, the opening race is for 2:45 horses, the winner receiving $350, and the second and third, $100 and $50 respectively, out of the $500 purse. The second race is for double teams, to wagon, the winner taking $1,000, and the second and third, $350 and $150. Then follows the $2,000 purse for all horses given conditional on Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy entering, the winner taking $1,500, and the second $500. On the second day the first purse of $500 is for horses that never beat 2:37; divided into $350; $100 and $50 for the first, second and third horses. The second purse of $1,500 is for saddle horses, mile heats; the winner taking $1,000, and the second and third, $350 and $150. The third event is for 2:29 horses; the winner taking $2,000, second $700, and third $300 of the purse of $3,000 offered. On the last day the first race is for the purse of $1,000, for horses that never beat 2:31, the winner taking $700, second $200, and third $100. Then comes the race for the main purse of $5,000, for all horses except Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, the winner taking $3,000, second $1,500, and third $500. All these races, we presume, are mile heats, in harness (except the saddle race), but by some strange omission or gross neglect this is not stated, nor, as we have already mentioned, the distance to be trotted, whether one mile or two mile heats. The entrance to the purses is 10 per cent of their amount, and the entries close with the Secretary, at Burn's Hotel, Montague street, Brooklyn, on the 24th of April next.

The Union Course, L. I., Trotting Meeting.—Acting on the advice of his friends, Mr. Shaw, the proprietor of the Union Course, has very judiciously postponed the time of closing the entries for his trotting meeting, held the first week in June, from March 5th to March 26th. This is a decidedly good change, for the weather has been such hitherto as to prevent owners and trainers of trotters from exercising their stock, and the deferring of the time of entry will give them nearly a month's extended time to work and time them in a rough way, so that they can form some idea of the class of purses for which they are most suitable to be entered. The trotting meeting on the Union Course follows immediately after that on Prospect Park Fair Ground (the latter being held May 26th, 27th and 28th, and the former June 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th); while in the ensuing week there is the Riverside Park, Boston, Meeting, lasting four days, followed the week after by the newly organised Boston Trotting Association, Trotting Meeting at Mystic Park, and the latter again directly afterwards by the Narragansett Park Meeting. Truly there is a promising and remunerative season in prospect for the owners of fast trotting stock, for it promises to surpass in brilliancy any of its predecessors.

Retirement of Pat Malloy from the Turf.—We learn that the fine racehorse Pat Malloy, belonging to Mr. O'Fallon, of St. Louis, and whose three year career on the turf was so brilliant and successful, has retired to the stud. It will be remembered that he injured his leg in his trial run on the Metairie Course, just a few days before the Great State Post Stake at New Orleans last fall, for which he was selected to do battle for Missouri, and his place was supplied by his stable companion Sundown, who, with Gilroy, Louisiana's representative, had to succumb to Bayonet, the Champion of Alabama. Pat Malloy's injury was in consequence of treading on a board on the track, which twisted his ankle, and he has not been perfectly sound since; hence his retirement from the racing arena.

Mountain Boy against the World.—Commodore Vanderbilt, who owns the celebrated fast trotter, is so convinced that he is superior to any horse on the turf, that he offers to match him against any horse or gelding in the world, for $2,500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness; to come off during the coming season. We expect this bold challenge will be taken up either by Lady Thorn, Goldsmith Maid or Lucy, most probably the former, as the Boy and her Ladyship are old opponents.

A Change of Trainer and Driver.—We understand that the connection hitherto existing between Mr. Wm. Lovell and Hiram Howe, the nephew and successor of the lamented "Field Marshall," will not be renewed this spring, and the former has engaged Peter Manee to train and drive his famous mare, American Girl, for her engagements during the coming trotting campaign.

Match in Prospect.—There is every probability of a match being arranged between Mr. Lew Pettee's bay mare, Daisy Burns, and Mr. A. J. Dubois' chestnut gelding, Washington, mile heats, best three in five, under saddle. This will be a most interesting race, as the gelding is known to be a splendid horse under saddle, and Daisy Burns is possessed of a fine turn of speed and a regular stayer.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Sudbury Spring Meeting—Edgeware and Birmingham Steeple Chases.

Suicide of a Prominent Betting Man—Death of the Marquis of Anglesea—Latest Betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap—Grand National—Chester Cup—Two Thousand Guineas and Derby.

The second day's racing of the Sudbury Meeting (we gave the result of the first day's sport in our last issue) was productive of considerable interest. Nine horses started for the Handicap Plate, Flash, the three year old filly by Thunderbolt, repeating her first day's victory cleverly, under the pilotage of the successful light-weight jockey, Butler. The only other race worthy of note was that for the all aged plate, for which Mouser, who had won on the first day, was a warm favorite, starting with the odds of 5 to 2 on her, against Colonel P.; a colt by Simple Simon, out of Ambush and May Queen. The race was confined to the Ambush colt and Colonel P., the favorite being beaten at the distance, and the other two running a dead heat home. In the deciding heat 2 to 1 was laid on the Ambush Colt, who won in a canter by ten lengths, the son of Thormanby showing his inability to stay over a distance of ground, and completely extinguishing any hopes that might have been entertained of his being a likely outsider for the Derby and St. Leger, for both of which he is entered. Although the Spring Flying Plate had a dozen entries it resolved itself into a match between Little Coates and Peter; the former winning very easily. The disputed race for the Sudbury Handicap, run on the previous day, and won by Nannie, but was objected to on the ground that she had not run the full distance of two miles advertised as the course, has been referred for decision to Admiral Rous.

There was two good days' steeple chasing at Edgeware, a meeting in the metropolitan district, on the 4th and 5th ult. Frailty, a daughter of the once famous Hungerford, won the Edgeware Plate, and Jessica the Maiden Steeple Chase, but the latter was objected, and the stakes were withheld until the matter is decided by the proper authorities. Jessica ran again for the Middlesex Cup, but was beaten by Kingfisher a complete outsider, the favorite, Vision, coming to grief. Ace of Trumps, a good race horse over the flat and a promising performer across the country, beat the field of six opposed to him for the Edgeware Steeple Chase in fine style. Owen Swift scored a double win in the two selling handicap steeple chases, and Kingfisher again was victorious in the Scurry Cup. The meeting at Birmingham, held on the 8th and 9th of February, was devoted exclusively to steeple chasing, and the results of events there exert a powerful influence over the more important gathering at Liverpool, which commences on March 3d. So many high class steeple chasers are usually engaged in the Grand Annual at Birmingham that a good line for the Grand National Steeple chase at Liverpool is usually afforded, and on one occasion the result in the latter was foreshadowed, Lord Coventry's Emblem having followed up her Birmingham grand annual victory by winning cleverly over the Aintree Course. Last year The Nun and Benazet made a close finish at this meeting for this race, and a stable companion of the latter (The Lamb) subsequently carried off the Grand National. Hence, the Birmingham meeting is looked upon with great interest, and invariably attracts immense assemblages of spectators. The first event, the Hunt Cup, was won by Salamanca, a novice at the jumping business, in the same stable as Dalby, the double winner of the Chester Cup, and who was so heavily backed by his stable that his price at starting was only 6 to 4 against him. He took his fences in superb style, and won after a slashing race home with Brighton. In the lot behind him was Kangaroo, for whom the late Marquis of Hastings gave Mr. Hill 12,000 guineas after winning the Biennial Stakes at Bath, as his second string for the Derby, in Lord Lyons' year. The Maiden Plate was won by Teesdale, a horse not backed for a dollar in the ring; the General and Freeman monopolising the whole of the betting. For the Sutton Handicap Plate, 7 to 4 each was laid against Flying Scud and Christmas Fare, and 6 to 4 against the Rataplan mare, Colors, whose owner, on account of her bolting propensity, was afraid to trust with much money. After a splendid race with Flying Scud, she beat him in the last two strides by a short head, thanks to the splendid horsemanship of Mr. Thomas the accomplished gentleman jockey. Six horses started for the Erdington Plate, Prima Donna being made a great favorite, the odds being 5 to 4 on her, while 4 to 1 was offered against any of the others. She waited upon her opponents until a mile from home, when she came out and won easily, pulling double. Guy, of Warwick, a novice at steeple chasing, who has been backed for the Grand National, was third and took his leaps in grand style, but it was clear that he was not wanted to win on this occasion, as it would have entailed a seven pound penalty for the greater race in prospect. His chance of winning the latter event, however, is not highly estimated, as 1,000 to 15 could have been obtained about him after he ran. On the second day, True Heart beat Flying Scud and two others for the Licensed Victuallers' Plate, and Nebsworth won the Farmers' Cup, beating five opponents. Then came the great race of the meeting, the Grand Annual Steeple Chase, for which fourteen horses started, nine of whom are engaged in the Liverpool Grand National. The betting was 3 to 1 against Bannockburn, 7 to 1 against The Plover, 8 to 1 against Orne, 10 to 1 each against The Doctor, Meanwood, Lord Waldegrave and Malvern, and 100 to 8 against Philosopher, and 5 to 1 against Mr. Brayley's two coupled (Prima Donna and Malvern). The race was a most interesting one, but marred by a fatal accident to Prima Donna, the winner of the Erdington Plate, who, when looking all over a winner, struck a fence, and falling on her head, dislocated her neck and died almost instantaneously. This unfortunate accident left Meanwood and Greenland in possession of the lead, and the race was reduced to a match between them, the latter having a slight advantage. The two fought out the [illegible] from the commencement of the cords, and stride for stride, the verdict of the judge being in favor of Meanwood by the shortest of heads. The winner belongs to a Birmingham gentleman, Mr. Hidson, and the local victory was received with tumultuous rejoicing. The Robber was third and Juryman fourth. Fan, who is backed at 100 to 6 for the Liverpool event, was in the rear throughout, while Bannockburn, the favorite, although looking formidable for three miles, could not stay the distance. The owner of the game old winner, Meanwood, only backed him for $100 at the odds of 10 to 1, and therefore only won $1,000 by his victory; he had not much fancy for him, and had advertised him for sale the week previous. Although neither Meanwood nor Greenland is engaged in the Liverpool Grand National, the latter will be able to afford his stable companions, Tathwell and Barbarian a good line for that event. Greenland ran fourth for this race in 1867, third in 1868, and now second in 1869. Ward, the rider of Prima Donna, fortunately escaped without any injury beyond a slight shaking. Christmas Fare beat her old opponents, Teesdale, Colors, and Little Ben for the Scurry Handicap, the jockey on Teesdale being caught napping, and Colors, as usual, refusing her jumps, and Benazet won the Craven Cup in a canter from Lord Ronald and another. The only bet on the Liverpool Grand National during the two days was forty fifties against last year's winner, The Lamb, While Fan, Juryman and Orne were never mentioned after their defeat by Meanwood.

The turf circles, alike in London and the country, were greatly excited on the 10th inst. by the news of the suicide of the well known leviathan bookmaker, Mr. Stevenson. For some years past he has been one of the heaviest bettors in the ring, making enormous books on the principal events of the season. He was an immense winner on Formosa last year, on the Two Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger, but his balance on the entire season was not supposed to be over $30,000 in his favor. He was a man of most impetuous and excitable temperament, and unable to command himself when under great excitement, such as the heavy wagering on the turf necessarily creates. He was known to have a bad $150,000 book on the coming Derby, having laid heavily against the present three favorites at long prices, and this fact, combined, with a violent quarrel with Mr. Graham, the owner of Formosa with whom he had previously been very closely associated, alike in friendship and racing interests, tended to disturb his mental equilibrium. Latterly his manners had greatly changed, and when he visited the turf clubs, his listless and indifferent manner contrasted strangely with his former restless and impetuous interest in the transactions of the market. In consequence the change in his usual energy and spirits, it had been deemed prudent to exercise a partial surveillance over his actions. On the day in question he had risen early and told his wife he was going to the library to write some letters. Shortly after, apprehending some evil, she followed him, and, on attempting to gain admission into the room, found the door locked. Raising an alarm, the servants broke into the room and found that he had committed suicide by cutting his throat, death having been instantaneous. Like most of the betting ring, he was of low origin, having commenced life as valet to a gentleman in Yorkshire. He subsequently kept a small public house, in Hull, and having won a large stake on the famous mare, Nancy when she won the Chester Cup in 1851, he took up his residence in London, and went on the turf altogether. He was a plucky, yet fortunate bettor, and accumulated a handsome fortune. Considerable embarrassment will ensue in consequence of his death among backers of horses, and especially with those who, having backed animals with him on commission, had not given up his name as the layer of the odds, the doing of which would have rendered them now not liable for the same. One gentleman had backed Wild Oats with him to win $35,000 at long shots, and hedged the greatest part of the money; but neglecting to give Mr. Stevenson's name as the party he had backed the horse with originally, he is now individually liable in the event of the horse winning.

The recent decease of another prominent turfman, the Marquis of Anglesea, has cast a shade of gloom over racing circles. He first commenced racing in 1831 as a confederate with the late Duke of Richmond. His earliest success was with The Hermit, with whom he won the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot, and the following year he won three sweepstakes at Newmarket with Baleine, who also scored other victories, including the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. With Rubini, for which he gave 500 guineas, he won the Goodwood Cup in 1833, and with Sultan, in 1855, he won the Cambridgeshire. He also won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Termagent.

The death of Mr. Stevenson, under the fearful circumstances above narrated, almost paralyzed betting at the London clubs. For the Lincolnshire Handicap Sycee still holds her position as first favorite, and is backed for large sums at as little as 8 to 1. Monarch of the Glen is still steadily supported by genuine investments, and not more than 8 to 1 is offered, although 9 to 1 would be taken to a large amount. The Drummer suddenly rose from 33 to 1 to 100 to 8, owing to a heavy commission being sent into the market in his favor, while his stable companion, Formosa, despite her heavy weight, is backed at the long shots of 40 to 1. Islam came with a rush from 20 to 1 to 100 to 8, and George Osbaldestone meets with a steady support at 100 to 6, as also in less degree does his stable companion Lady Zetland. Lady Coventry has been driven out of betting, she having broken down, and been scratched both for this race, the City and Suburban, and Chester Cup. Her secession has brought her stable companion, Silenus, prominently into notice, and 10 to 1 is offered and taken about him. Anlace, a representative of William Day's, has been lately backed to win about $35,000, and the highest offer against her is 16 to 1. The following seven were taken against the field for $500 even, and the layer wanted to double the bet; Sycee, Monarch of the Glen, Silenus, The Drummer, Anlace, Islam and Friday.

For the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase The Colonel is still the favorite, 11 to 1 being the highest offer against him, but he shows a downward tendency. Both Harcourt 14 to 1, and Alcibiade 25 to 1 in the same stable, have been backed to win about the same amount; the latter being heavily backed for a place. The price against Dick Turpin, Bishopton and Tathwell is 33 to 1 each, and 15 to 1 against Barbarian and Tathwell coupled. On the Chester Cup, the business done is limited, not more than half a dozen horses meeting with support. Paul Jones, last year's winner, is still the favorite, and 9 to 1 is taken about him, at 100 to 7 Romping Girl meets with support, and Dalby, the double crowned victor of this race, is backed at 25 to 1. The Palmer has gone back to 1,000 to 50 offered, and both Kings Cross and Gondolier are backed at 1,000 to 30 each.

For the Two Thousand Guineas Belladrum is still under a cloud, for although the large bet of $5,000 to $1,500 was booked in his favor, it did not improve his position and the same odds are still offered. Wild Oats has been supported for upwards of $6,000 at 9 to 4, and bookmakers offer in vain to lay 10 to 1, "bar two," viz., Belladrum and Wild Oats.

For the Derby, the most noteworthy feature of the week was the marked decline of Mr. Merry's crack, Belladrum, who is so unmistakably "fishy" in the market, that his staunchest admirers are filled with dismay at the persistent hostility that the bookmakers display against him. It is currently declared that he is affected in his wind; an opinion openly expressed by a very cautious and experienced Newmarket trainer at the Houghton Meeting last fall. The opposition he encounters strengthens the position of Pero Gomez and Wild Oats; the former meeting with support at 5 to 1, and the latter at 13 to 2. Ethus is firm at 100 to 6, and at 20 to 1 he would be largely backed. Pretender's price is 14 to 1, but no one wants it; while his stable companions Thorwaldsen and Brother to General Peel find backers at 25 to 1, and 50 to 1 respectively. Rhysworth is readily backed in good quarters at 25 to 1, and Ia las at the same price. An offer to bet $5,000 to $400 against naming the winner in three times met with no acceptors.

The "Epsom difficulty" between Mr. Studd and the Grand Stand proprietors has at last been happily arranged, and the Blue Riband of the turf will be run as usual this year. The latter have been obliged to come to Mr. Studd's original terms, which are that they pay him a bonus of $12,500 and agree to a lease of twenty-one years, at a rental of $5,000 a year, to be terminable at the expiration of seven or fourteen years, on one year's previous notice. Of the bonus in question, Mr. Studd will give half ($6,250) for two races to be run during the Derby week of the present year; one to be called the Walton Manor Stakes, and the others the Six Mile Hill Handicap. The settlement of this long-pending difficulty is hailed with general satisfaction by racing men.

Trotting against Time.—A match against time, J. Moffit, of the Windsor Castle Inn, Salford, Eng., undertaking to drive his horse, Morning Star, eighteen miles within one hour, for £100, came off on the high road between Knutsford, Cheshire, and Warrington, Lancashire, Mr. Moffit being seated in a light sulky. J. C. Rogerson, of Manchester, was referee, and the betting at start was 2 to 1 on time. Though Mr. Moffit exhibited considerable skill in the handling of the reins, he did not surprise many by losing the match by 1 minute 47 seconds.

Twenty Mile Trot.—A trotting match, distance twenty miles, ten miles out and return, for £100, took place in Lenning-lane, Yorkshire, Eng., on the 3d ult., between W. Beeforth's brown mare Rollicking Sal and Mr. Bradley's brown mare of Halifax. On stripping, both competitors were declared by good judges to be in excellent condition, Mr. Beeforth piloting his own mare, while T. Kenworthy steered the Halifax mare, both animals being driven in sulkies. They were despatched to a good start, the Halifax mare at the termination of the first mile leading by 200 yards, which she gradually increased, and when half the distance was completed was leading by 700 yards. When Mr. Beeforth gave Rollicking Sal her head she began to creep up, and at the end of twelve miles passed the Halifax mare, who appeared to be completely jaded. From this juncture the race was never in doubt, as the Leeds mare gradually went away, and was ultimately declared the winner by 400 yards. Time, 1h 18m. Mr. Brook was stakeholder, and Sam Johnson referee.

Horse Racing in Egypt.—The races which recently took place in the plains of Abassiah, were, as usual, favored by the splendid Egyptian sun. The great prize, amounting to 700 sovs, was won by a horse from the stable of Prince Halim Pasha, entered in the name of M. Kusner. The race for dromedaries did not excite the interest that was expected, as only two ran. On this occasion a grand breakfast was given by the Viceroy at Koubeh, an estate which formerly belonged to Mustapha Fazil Pasha. His highness, on being complimented on the progress already attained, and the effects of which are now felt even in the harems, the inmates of which are now driven out in carriages, is said to have replied that his desire was to bring about the complete adoption of the European customs in all the country.

THE TRIGGER.

The American Championship—Reply of E. Tinker, of Providence, to John Taylor.—The challenge of Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, published in The Clipper three weeks ago, in which he offered to shoot Mr. Edward W. Tinker, of Providence, R. I., a home and home match for $1,000 a side each and the American championship, (at present held by Mr. Taylor), at fifty double birds and one hundred single birds in each match, has elicited a response from the Rhode Island knight of the trigger. He declines shooting on the terms proposed by Mr. Taylor, but offers a counter proposition. He will shoot Mr. Taylor one match for $1,000 a side, at one hundred single birds or more if desired; the birds to be let out of a ground trap, and to find or trap for each other, or find a substitute. The match to be shot at Providence, R. I., according to the New York rules, and in four weeks from the date of signing articles. We have not yet heard from Mr. Taylor as to his intentions regarding this offer, but hardly think it will meet with his acceptance, as Mr. Tinker claims the privilege of naming the place of shooting without making any allowance for expenses as is customary, and he also declines to shoot at double birds as originally proposed by Mr. Taylor.

Prize Pigeon Popping.—A shooting contest for a watch took place at Fox Chase, near Philadelphia, on the anniversary of "Birthington's Washday," as Dave Wambold put in his mutilated Dutch vocabulary, five trigger pullers firing at five single birds each, with the following result:—

Twining	11110—4	Wilson	11111—5
Dimmers	01111—4	Hoffman	11100—3
Huff	10011—3		

Wilson and Hoffman then shot a match for $10 a side, five single birds each:—Hoffman, 11111; total, 5. Wilson, 11111; total, 5, both men killing all their birds. They then shot alternately and had picked three birds each, when darkness obliged a postponement and they concluded to increase the stakes to $25 a side and decide it on the 27th ult.

Samuel Clayton and James Holland shot a match for £100 at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, Eng., on the 10th and 11th ult. The conditions were to shoot at 80 single birds each, 1oz. shot, 21 yards, 65 yards fall. On the first day Clayton killed 31 out of 40 to Holland's 17, and on the next day they shot at 23 birds each, the former killing 10 to the latter's 6, when Holland gave up.

Pigeon Popping at Sing Sing.—On Tuesday, 23d ult., there was a large attendance of the lovers of trigger sport to witness a shooting match at Sing Sing, N. Y., between five Sing Singers and five Peekskillers, at nine birds each, for $10 a side. The former won by three birds, which was pretty close shooting. Frank Braithwaite and William Southard then let fly at five flyers each; the former won by killing all his birds to Southard's [illegible]

Payne Defeats Warren.—The match at fifty single birds each, for $250 a side, between Ira A. Payne, of New York, and Warren, of Toronto, C. W., took place at Brockton, on the 24th ult., and terminated in a victory for the former by a count of 44 to 35.

A Shooting Match at double birds, between two well known sporting gentlemen, came off at Harrisburgh, Pa., on the 20th ult., with the following result:—A—01 11 11 00 11 01 00 11 11—11 12. B—00 01 00 01 11 01 00 00 00—5.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Weston Comes to a Halt.—Not at all unexpectedly are we again called upon to chronicle an abandonment by Weston of his "great undertaking," which climax was reached at Buffalo, N. Y., where he arrived on the 19th ult., ten days behind time, according to the printed schedule. As before, the cause now assigned for the failure is an exhaustion of funds, though it was authoritatively stated at the period of starting that ample provision had been made for the journey. Presuming that it was the understanding upon starting that the tramp was to continue just so long as the funds on hand held out, or as long as the gullible public would make it an object for Weston to go ahead, this was doubtless the case; but the projectors found themselves sadly out of their reckoning in supposing that the said public had not yet cut their eye teeth, and consequently, as it was all money out and none in, they wisely concluded to "shtop a leetle." It isn't strange, either, that Weston should have selected Buffalo as the stopping place, for he doubtless has a lively remembrance of the lionising he encountered there upon his return from Chicago after the conclusion of his former long walk, and he no doubt thought that the best place to plant stakes. He was accompanied throughout his journey by reporters for three journals in this city, who appear to have had a pretty rough time of it generally, two of them being left in Buffalo without a nickel in their pockets, while H. G.'s representative is said to have been suffering greatly for want of a change of underclothing, his carpet bag having been captured *en route*. Query:—Is all bad that ends bad?

A Railroad Velocipede.—The introduction of the velocipede has given our go-aheadative fellow citizens a fresh opportunity for the exercise of that inventive genius so characteristic of the universal Yankee nation, and at present the patent office at Washington is deluged with applications for patents for improvements upon "the original idea," and for different models of these vehicles. Up to the present time about one hundred applications have been entered and models deposited with the examiner. Of these forty-five or more have been examined and patents issued for them. Over one hundred caveats, notices that patents will be applied for, have also been filed, no less than seventy-three applications and caveats having been received between the 2d and 9th of this month. One of the most ingenious of these "new fangled notions" has been invented by a man in Albany, N. Y., and is intended to run on railroad tracks. The wheels have flanges to them, so that they cannot leave the rails. The flanges are arranged to be removed when occasion requires, so as to make the machine available on ordinary roads. The inventor claims sixty miles an hour. He proposes to go from New York to Buffalo in five hours, and to San Francisco in sixty hours. Guess not.

The Royalty on Velocipedes.—The royalty exacted by Mr. Witty, owner of the Lallement patent, is ten dollars for each machine, and as these terms have been generally acceded to by manufacturers, the natural consequence has been an increase in the price of velocipedes. It must be remembered, however, that William and Edward Hanlon, who have established a school in this city, also hold patents which are calculated to cause a still greater rise. They are dated Jan. 9th and Feb. 9th, 1869, having been granted, we believe, in place of earlier patents, dated some two years ago. They include the adjustable saddle, the adjustable cranks, the bifurcated or forked reach connecting the two wheels, and the combination of the break mechanism with the handles. The devices which they cover are in use in every velocipede, and the only question is how much the Messrs. Hanlon will demand for them. If their price should be as high as that fixed by Mr. Witty, the making of velocipedes will be checked, if not stopped altogether. The amount already demanded of manufacturers is quite sufficient.

Velocipede Dragoons.—The very latest sensation in Louisville, Ky., is the formation of a "Velocipede Military Company," composed of fifty young men, who go through the cavalry drill, mounted upon fiery, untamed velocipedes. They are said to be already exceedingly well drilled, executing the various evolutions contained in the "school of the company" with great precision. Their uniform is the Zouave and their machines are painted in vermillion and gold, the whole forming a very novel and pretty sight, which attracts hundreds of persons to Cedar Hill Place on drill days. The company is officered as follows:—Captain, Claude Duval, Jr.; Lieutenant, James Price; Second Lieutenant, D. Gray; Third Lieutenant, Dick Starkey; Orderly Sergeant, Chas. Junot; Second Sergeant, Ed. Bensinger; Third Sergeant, Fred Bishop; Color Sergeant, Ed. Vincore. The forming of other companies is in contemplation.

A New Style Velocipede.—A mechanic in Pittsburgh has invented a velocipede of one wheel, to be propelled by the combined force of five men, who occupy comfortable seats on the automatic horse. The wheel is ten feet in diameter. Five gentlemen can ride on it as comfortably as in a carriage. It can be propelled at the rate of a mile in two minutes. If the inventor's hopes are realised it will eclipse all other wooden horses.

The Messrs Hamilton Brothers have opened a school of instruction for velocipedes, at Carusis Hall, Washington, D. C. Daily exhibitions are given, and several of the pupils are becoming exceedingly proficient. One of them. Mr. S. R. Davis, has so far succeeded in becoming an expert, that it is expected he will compete with Mr. C. A. Dana for velocipede honor in the inauguration procession.

The Springfield (Mass.) Velocipede Rink Company have commenced the erection of a rink which will cover 14,400 square feet of ground. It will be octagonal in form, seat several thousand persons, and have two tracks of mastic, or tar paving, each 20 feet in width, and inclining slightly toward the centre like a circus ring. The larger of the tracks will be 360 feet in length.

A Four-wheeled Velocipede has been constructed in Buffalo, which will carry a lady, besides the driver, with a carpet bag, an umbrella, a lunch box and a bottle of bear. It is propelled by the feet, which work in leather stirrups, and it is expected that it will run very fast.

Velocipede Manufacturing.—It is stated that up to the present time over four hundred velocipedes have been built and sold for about $25,000 at New Bedford, Mass. A builder in that city recently received a letter from a New York firm, asking if he would take a contract to build 10,000 children's velocipedes—small size.

Prof. Benona Sweet intends giving an exhibition at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on the Fourth of July, under the management of Tilly Haynes. This is intended as an afterclap to his proposed journey of 3,000 miles in 30 hours on a three-wheeled velocipede of his own manufacture.

A Velocipede Race for three prizes took place at Nashua, N. H., on the evening of the 25th ult., distance three quarters of a mile. Jas. H. Blake, Jr., won the first prize, in 2:50; Frank Fisher, the second, in 3:11; and A. M. Stickney, the third, in 3:13.

The Velocipede fever is raging alarmingly in Montreal, C. E. No less than ten different parties have been on the lookout for suitable halls whereat to establish riding schools. The Crystal Palace has already been engaged.

Young Miles commenced the feat of walking one hundred consecutive hours at Columbia Hall, Reading, Pa., on the evening of the 23d ult., but abandoned the attempt after he had walked about twenty-four hours

Walter Brown, the oarsman, is severely afflicted with the velocipedic malady, and for the purpose of displaying his proficiency in public has challenged Mr. Kern to race with him at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., in May or June—of course.

Frank Swift, the champion skatist, is also at home upon the bycicle, and defeated J. H. A. Hervey in a race on the ice at Buffalo on the 25th ult. Swift's machine was mounted upon skates.

A contest for a silver cup took place between ten velocipedists at the Grand Street Velocipede Rink, Jersey city, on the night of the 27th ult., the trophy being won by E. Rogers.

Velocipede riders are permitted to use the walks of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and also the tarred area or plaza and walks at Fort Greene.

A telegram from St. Joseph, Mo., states that R. J. Leonard, of that place, accomplished the feat of walking 100 miles in 24 hours on the 18th inst.

W. P. Shoddens will shortly open a velocipede riding school at the Gymnasium, Rochester, N. Y.

The address of McNealy, pedestrian, is inquired for by T. McG., Lock Box 3, Hamilton, O.

Very Good Velocipedes are sold in Canada for $45, with brakes, &c.

The price of good velocipedes in Paris is said to be about 300 francs.

AQUATICS.

Boating Matters in Canada.—For years past those who have attended the annual regatta at Lachine, C. E., have had great occasion to complain of the lack of proper accommodations and the poor facilities for observation—all attributed to a want of energy upon the part of those interested in the pastime. We are glad to observe that a disposition is now manifested to obviate this evil in future. It is now in contemplation to erect at Lachine, during the present winter and next spring, a substantial wharf and commodious building, situated a short distance above the Upper Lachine station. It is confidently expected that these works will not only give a great impetus to aquatic sports generally, by affording superior boating accommodation for the yearly increasing summer residents of Lachine, but that they will also prove a remunerative investment for capital. The building will contain [illegible] the manufacture and repair of boats and yachts. It will also contain club [illegible] bath rooms [illegible], store rooms for keeping boats, sails, oars, &c., a large room which may be rented for a refreshment room on regatta days, and for balls and driving parties on other occasions. For the accommodation of spectators there will be a grand stand on the top of the building, to hold from 800 to 1,000 people, and a gallery round it at the level of the second story, for 200 or 250 more. The subscription list is rapidly filling up, and more than one-fourth of the stock needed in order to carry out the work has already been subscribed. We may also mention in connection with this matter that negotiations are now in progress for getting the St. John's crew and the Ward brothers to compete at the regatta in July next.

THE PROJECTED INTERNATIONAL RACE.

The communication which we publish below has been addressed to James Ashbury, owner of the yacht Cambria, by Mr. Douglas, of the Sappho, in reply to the proposition made recently by the former for a race between the vessels mentioned:—

Union Club, New York, Feb. 20th, 1869.

Dear Sir.—I am in receipt of your letter of the 1st inst. The courses which you propose for our contemplated match are hardly such as I had reference to in my letter as best calculated to test the comparative sea going qualities of our vessels. My desire is to sail over a course entirely outside of the English Channel, such as to the coast of Spain or to the Azores and back. If not convenient to you to be absent on so long a race I should be perfectly satisfied with a course from the west coast of Ireland, starting say from the mouth of the Shannon and sailing fifty or sixty miles out and back. When we meet, however, I have no doubt that an arrangement satisfactory to both can be made.

Referring to the paragraph in your letter in which you state that the Cambria is only 188 tons to the Sappho's 281, "Thames measurement," I would remark that that system of measurement, being arbitrary and specially adapted to the English yacht model, is totally unfair when applied to the comparatively shallow and broad beamed American vessel. By the New York Yacht Club measurement the Cambria measures 227 tons to the Sappho's 274, making a difference of 47 tons only, instead of 93, as by Thames measurement. I remain, dear sir, yours truly, William Douglas.

J. Ashbury, Esq., No. 5 Eastern Terrace, Brighton.

Fast Sailing.—The clipper ship Ericsson lately arrived at Liverpool from San Francisco, having made three exceedingly quick passages consecutively—her passage from New York to Liverpool in 17 days, thence to San Francisco in 100 days, and back again to Liverpool in 103 days—the sailing time of the three entire passages being only 7 months and 18 days. She is now ordered to New York, and will be employed in the San Francisco trade.

The Cruise of the Henrietta.—By a telegraphic dispatch we learn that the yacht Henrietta left Key West, Fla., at noon, on the 20th ult., and arrived at Charleston, S. C., on the afternoon of the 23d, where she was to remain long enough to take on board some necessary supplies and then sail for New York. During the twenty-four hours prior to her arrival in Charleston [illegible]

COCKING.

NEW YORK vs. WESTCHESTER.

THE LATTER VICTORIOUS—NINE BATTLES FOUGHT.

A main between the fanciers of New York and Westchester came off in the usual headquarters of the sport in New Jersey on Tuesday afternoon, the 23d ult. The conditions of the main were that fifteen chickens should be shown on each side, at weights ranging from 5lbs. 4oz. to 4lbs., and to fight all that fell in for $40 each battle, and $200 the main. Westchester produced some handsome birds, but, although they were victorious on this occasion, they cannot be pronounced of a really superior breed. The New York fowls were of the worst description and in poor condition. The betting at the start was $20 to $16 on Westchester, and a good deal of money changed hands during the sport.

First Battle.—This was between the heavy weights of the division, two five-fours. Nine couples had fallen in out of the fifteen shown. New York showed a black red with white hackle, in poor condition; while Westchester sent in a black red with dark hackle, very handsome looking. Both seemed reluctant to commence business, but at the third fly New York suddenly stopped fighting and showed that he had had enough of it. He was pounded and taken away out of the pit. Time, 7 minutes.

Second Battle.—The light weights, two four pounders, were next introduced. Westchester showed a ginger, and New York a brown red with dark hackle. The latter commenced fighting with such spirit and pluck that $20 to $16 were freely offered and taken on his winning. He cut down his opponent, who showed true game, and this quickly enabled him to score another victory for his party, for the New Yorker suddenly shut up, refused to face the music, and was beaten by his disabled opponent, who showed fight to the last. Time, 10 minutes.

Third Battle.—Two four nines; Westchester, a black red, and New York a pile. The betting was $20 to $16 on the black red, who out-fought his foe at every point, and by a brain hit laid him dead in the pit. Time, 8 minutes.

Fourth Battle.—Two four fives, the New York bird a blue red, and the Westchester representative a black red. The blue red at the first fly broke his opponent's leg, but the latter fought desperately, notwithstanding this disadvantage, and at last, by a brain blow, killed him. Time, 9 minutes. Four wins in succession by the Westchester division.

Fifth Battle.—Two more light-weights, four-fours. New York showed a blue red with grey hackle, and Westchester a pile. The betting was $20 to $15 on the pile, but this time the layers of odds got the worst of it, for at the third fly the red got in in so hard a cut on the throat that Westchester stopped fighting and ran away. Time, 3 minutes, New Yorkers becoming hopeful.

Sixth Battle.—Two four-eights. New York showed a grey and Westchester a black red. Even money to a large amount was staked on this fight, for the New Yorker was whispered to be a clipper. It was the best fight of the main, both hitting with equal rapidity and force. Condition at last triumphed, and Westchester's superiority in this respect decided the fight. After a contest of 12 minutes a brain blow laid the New York bird dead on the floor. This victory, the fifth, decided the main in favor of Westchester.

Seventh Battle.—Two four-sevens, and both black reds. The New York bird was a leggy, ill conditioned bird, and after a seven minutes' struggle he caved in.

Eighth Battle.—New York showed a four-three black red, and Westchester a four-two pile. The latter had an easy task of it, for he whipped his loafing opponent in three minutes.

Ninth Battle.—Westchester sent in a splendid looking black red, four-six, and New York a four-five pile. It was a good fight, although a short one, the pile being cut down in 10 minutes. New York thus scored but one solitary fight in the nine contested. Summary:—

Battle	New York.	Westchester.	Weight.	Won by.
1	Black Red	Black Red	5lb 4oz	Westchester
2	Brown Red	Ginger	4lb	Westchester
3	Pile	Black Red	4lb 9oz	Westchester
4	Blue Red	Black Red	4lb 5oz	Westchester
5	Blue Red	Pile	4lb 4oz	New York
6	Grey	Black Red	4lb 8oz	Westchester
7	Black Red	Black Red	4lb 7oz	Westchester
8	Black Red	Pile	4lb 3oz	Westchester
9	Pile	Black Red	4lb 6oz	Westchester

Cocking in the Buckeye State.—The best main of the season in Cleveland, O., and one in which the fighting was splendid throughout, came off on the 11th ult. between two representative fanciers of the Teutonic element, "Cooney, a butcher," and "John," a fence maker. The conditions of the main were that each party should fight five cocks weighing from 4lb. 4oz. to 5lb. 6oz., give or take 2 ounces, and a shake bag, for $10 the battle and $25 the odd. At ten o'clock P. M. the admirers of the sport commenced to congregate at the *locale* selected, Washington's cooper shop, and when the birds were placed in the pit, at half past one o'clock, the concourse numbered several hundred persons, among whom considerable money was wagered.

First Fight.—Butcher produced a black red, and John faced him with a brown red, both 4lbs. 4oz. The betting ruled at odds of 5 to 4 on the former, which, by his quick, effective work, showed that he was the "bully boy," the other bird being laid at his feet in very short order, after a game fight. Time, 5 minutes.

Second.—Butcher showed a black red, and John a brown red, each 4lb. 14oz. After some terrific cutting, John's bird got an unlucky clip, and the battle was virtually over, but they decided to try him, and at last killed him. Time, 11 minutes.

Third.—Butcher came toddling in, his jolly round face wreathed with smiles, bringing a fine, gamey looking and acting bird, brown red; John after him, his "mug" having a very confident expression also, bearing a beautiful brass back. Weights 5lbs. 2oz. At the very first buckle they caught hold of each other and fought all over the pit—first one on top, then the other, holding on and kicking away as though they knew that one must get his death blow, and each was trying to give it. Brown red got a severe one in the hip, which stopped him, at which John's friends looked overjoyed, but after a moment's pause, he went at it again harder than before, and this time the black one got it under the wing, stopping his fighting forever. This decided the main. Time, 9 minutes.

Fourth.—Butcher showed a handsome black red, and John one so like him that it was difficult to tell which was which, weights 5 pounds 8 ounces. After a brief but hard fought battle, John's bird was cut down and taken out. Time, 4 minutes.

Fifth.—Cooney came in with a Dominick, it taking two to bring him in. John couldn't carry or lead or drive his, a black red, and was obliged to bring him in in a wheel-barrow. They got them into the pit at last, and in a few moments they cleared their handlers out. The way they made feathers and tan bark fly wasn't slow, both fighting in hurricane style, but John's bird was cut all to rags, and gave in after an eight minutes' contest. We subjoin a summary:—

Fight.	Butcher.	John.	Weight. lbs. oz.	Won by.
1	Black red	Brown red	4 6	Butcher
2	Black red	Brown red	4 14	Butcher
3	Brown red	Brass back	5 2	Butcher
4	Black red	Black red	5 8	Butcher
5	Dominick	Black red	Shake	Butcher

New York vs. Newark.—A main of cocks and chickens between two well known fanciers of New York and Newark is arranged to come off on Tuesday, March 2d, at the usual spot. Each side has to show fifteen birds, at weights running from four pounds to five pounds eight ounces, and fight all that weigh in for $40 each battle and $200 the main. It is anticipated to be one of the best contested cocking tournays of the season.

BASE BALL.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEMS.

As the Athletics and some of the Eastern papers are making so much ado over Radcliffe's joining the Cincinnatis, the directors of the latter club, through our correspondent there, submit the following statement of the affair:—Radcliffe was owed by the Athletics on his last year's salary the sum of $65, which the club refused to pay him unless he would sign an agreement to play with them the coming season. At this time he had already joined the Cincinnatis, but thinking it the only way to get his money, and wanting it, he signed the agreement, in which there was no stipulation at all that he was to be paid a cent. As he had already contracted with the Cincinnati Club, and was a member of it, the latter organisation would certainly have a prior claim to his services. The Athletics were in the wrong in the first place, in withholding Radcliffe's salary, and he only signed the agreement in order to get it. His case is certainly better than Hatfield's, for the latter had no such pecuniary excuse, but voluntarily agreed to play another season with the Red Stockings, and accordingly received money from them before he left. The Cincinnati directors wrote to the Mutuals several weeks since, asking as to Hatfield's *status*, but up to the 26th ult. had received no reply. The Directors of the Cincinnatis claim that their club had acted up to the rules at all times, even when they suffered by it. They played games with the Buckeyes, Alleghanies of Pittsburgh, Nationals of Washington, and Mutuals, last season, when players were in the opposite nines who had no right to play. They entered protest in each case, but the only result at the end of the season was, that they lost so many victories out of their average. When they engaged Radcliffe, he had not contracted with the Athletics, or any other club, and if the Athletics forced him to sign an agreement afterwards, to recover his salary, the Cincinnati club cannot be responsible. None of their negotiations have been secret. They have merely addressed certain players by letter, and have used no unfair influence..... Our correspondent informs us that he has official information that the Buckeye Club will play no professionals at all the coming season...... Beckler, late pitcher, of the Live Oaks, has joined the Great Western. The latter will probably be the leading amateur club of Porkopolis the coming season. They will probably share the Union Grounds with the Cincinnati Club, and it now seems probable that the Buckeye Grounds will be abandoned. They have been very unprofitable to the stockholders.

The Association Book.—It has been customary, since the first meeting of the National Association, to publish its proceedings, together with the new rules and regulations of the game, in book form, for free distribution among the clubs sending delegates to the national body. Heretofore, for some reason, the publication of this book has been delayed till the middle of March or first of April. Why this should be done we are at a loss to know. The association meets early in December, its session lasting but a day or two. The base ball season opens about the first of May, generally earlier. We see no reason, therefore, why the proceedings of the National Association should not be published on the first of February or the first of March at the latest. In order to be thoroughly conversant with the new rules and regulations of the game, members of clubs should receive the book by the first of March or even earlier, and not have to wait a month or six weeks after that time. We do not know what has been the reason of this delay heretofore, but this season the Printing Committee, as we are informed by its chairman, Mr. John Wildey, have been unable to procure the copy necessary to proceed with the work. Private parties, however, manage to obtain what the Printing Committee cannot. It is well known that one or two books are published each season generally about this time or a little later, which contain the new rules and regulations. These publications generally have a large sale, and are thoroughly read and digested long before the authorised edition reaches the clubs. We do not complain of those parties who anticipate the regular publication of the Association book and thereby turn an honest penny. It is a little singular, however, that while the Printing Committee are unable to procure the copy necessary for the publication, private individuals find it an easy matter to do so. It is a little odd also that during all the years this nice little game has been going on, no one has seen through the "little arrangement." We do not mean to assert that the officer of the National Association, whose duty it is to prepare the copy for the Printing Committee, is in collusion with the private parties above mentioned. There is something wrong about the matter, however. Will some one elucidate?

Radcliffe's Position.—The subjoined communication defines the position at present occupied by Radcliffe, late of the Athletics, and is intended to correct an error into which some persons seem to have fallen:—

Camden, N. J., Feb. 26th, 1869.

Dear Frank.—When the Athletic Club came from their tour I resigned and went to New York, and then joined the Mutuals. The Athletics sent a committee after me consisting of John Abel and my brother, who offered me a certain sum to go back, and I did so. They gave me a little at a time until the season was over, when they heard that I had joined the Cincinnati Club, which I did, and they concluded to give me the balance—$65—if I would sign a paper. I did so, for my money only, not to play with them, for I had made arrangements with the Cincinnati club for the season of 1869. These are facts. Your paper states that I received money on account for this season, but it is a mistake. I remain, yours, &c., [illegible]

The Atlantic Club.—The Atlantics have finally completed their nine. Last week Mr. W. J. Kelley of the Atlantic [illegible]

Dreadful Accident to a Hunting Party.

Tuesday, Feb. 4, will long be remembered in England as the date of one of the most terrible accidents that ever occurred with hounds in the annals of the chase. The York and Ainsty Hounds met at Stainby House, between Harrogate and Ripon, and a fox was found at Monkton Wyn. It took the direction towards Copgrove, and thence to Newby. The hounds crossed the river Ure, nearly opposite Newby House, the residence of Lady Mary Vyner, and sixteen or seventeen gentlemen entered a large ferry boat, with their horses, for the purpose of continuing the pursuit. Before the boat had got one-third over the stream one of the horses began to plunge, and something like a panic among the animals took place. The boat was swayed first to one side and then to the other, and finally it was capsized and turned bottom upwards. The spectators on the bank took prompt measures to rescue the persons who were thus plunged into the swollen river. Those who could swim cast off their coats and plunged in to save their friends, whilst others formed lines of whips tied together, and threw them within reach of the drowning men. Several beams of wood, which fortunately lay scattered about, were also quickly launched on the stream. By these means several lives were saved, but six of the party were unhappily drowned:—Sir Charles Slingsby, Bart, of Scriven Park; Mr. E. Lloyd, of Lingcroft, near York; Mr. Edmund Robinson, of York; W. Orvis (first whip), Warriner (gardener at Newby Hall), and his son.

On the 5th ult., hundreds of people from Ripon and other places near, visited the scene of the calamity. Only three of the bodies were recovered on Thursday night. As soon as day dawned on Friday the search was renewed with redoubled energy. Along both banks of the river men were stationed with pole drags, and in the middle of the stream was a fleet of four boats, engaged with rope drags, under the immediate direction of Col. Cobbe, the chief of the West Riding constabulary; and Superintendent Haworth, of Knaresborough. By this means the searchers were enabled to examine almost every yard of the bed of the river, from the ferry to the weir, about 500 yards distant. About nine o'clock their labors were rewarded by the recovery of the Elder Warriner, about 30 yards from the ferry. Another hour and a half's search, and the lifeless form of the kennel huntsman, with whip in hand, was brought to bank, and conveyed, as had been the rest of the deceased, to one of the apartments connected with Newby Hall. The task of dragging the river was continued incessantly throughout the day, but, when evening had set in, the body of the younger Warriner was still missing. All the eight horses that were drowned were recovered, and they presented a melancholy spectacle as their forms lay stretched on the meadows skirting the river. Later in the day laborers were engaged in burying them. On Friday afternoon the inquest on the bodies of the deceased was held in the dining room of Newby Hall, before Mr. John Rhodes, the coroner for the Liberty of Ripon. There was a large number of gentlemen present, chiefly members of the York and Ainsty Hunt.

Henry F. Clare Vyner was the first witness examined. He said:—"Yesterday, the 4th of February, I met the York and Ainsty Hounds at Stainley House. Sir Charles Slingsby was the master of the hounds. During the course of the run we came down to the banks of the river Ure, on the south side. The hounds crossed the river to the Newby side. A ferry boat is stationed there. As far as I know, there got into the boat Sir Charles Slingsby, Orvis, the kennel huntsman, Sir George Wombwell, Mr. Robinson, Captain Kay, myself and others. I do not know whether Mr. Lloyd was there or not. There were two ferrymen. The boat was full, but I do not know how many were in it. We started to ferry across the river, which is about sixty yards wide at that point. We had got a quarter of the way across, when some water ran into the boat. I said, 'Keep still and it will be of no consequence,' or words to that effect. There was a scrimmage in the further part of the boat, which I could not see, and very soon afterwards the boat capsized, and the men and horses were thrown into the river. After the accident occurred I got from under the boat and climbed upon the top. At that time I saw four or five persons clinging on to the boat, and they were eventually saved. I also saw others going down the stream. I did not see Sir Charles Slingsby clinging to the boat." Additional corroborative testimony was adduced, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The body of young Warriner was found on the 6th ult.

Election.—The Maverick Boat Club, of Boston, Mass., lately held their semi-annual meeting, when the following officers were chosen:—President, Joseph H. Riley; Vice-President, Patrick F. Mullen; Corresponding Secretary, Michael Killeles; Treasurer, Edward C. Franey; Captain, Michael McDonough.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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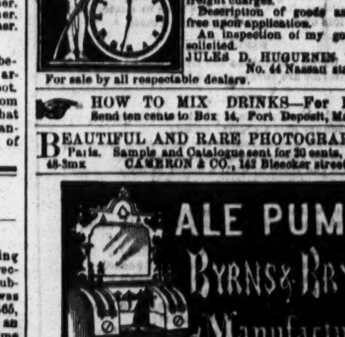

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DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

Amongst the Musicians.

BACH.

Whence comes it, Handel, that we hear no news
About the doings of the tuneful Muse
On Earth? Since Mendelssohn came down below—
And that seems ages long ago—I know
Of no Musician, worthy of the name,
Who deigns the honors of this place to claim.
Is the race quite extinct? Your men of song,
In general, don't live so very long;
The common fate of Genius they share,
Whose inward fire the strongest frame will wear.
Beethoven, true, was rather prone to riot,
But, possibly, his deafness kept him quiet;
And thus it was his fate on Earth to labor
Longer than Mozart, Mendelssohn and Weber.
I speak not of myself, nor yet of you;
We never quarreled, as musicians do;
And so, of earthly life, enjoyed a span
As great as falls to any common man.
But though a shade all mortal passion spurns,
I'm not indifferent to what concerns
The progress of my Art; and so 'twere pleasant
To hear what's doing in that line at present.

HANDEL.

That wish you easily may gratify.
Amongst yon troop of spirits passing by,
You see that lean shade with a sallow face?
He's not been long a dweller in this place.
His name is Meyerbeer, and I was told
By Mendelssohn that many people hold
His operatic works in great esteem,
Though Mendelssohn, 'twixt you and me, don't seem
To care about them. See, he comes this way,
Let's hear what the lean shade has got to say.
You, Gluck, shall question him.

GLUCK.

Herr Meyerbeer,
Welcome to Hades; nay, good sir, draw near,
We all are followers of the gentle Muse,
And, to be friends, you, surely, won't refuse.
See, Bach and Handel, mighty men, I trow,
And gentle Mendelssohn—but him you know—
Lo! here Beethoven comes, with brow o'erladen,
On one side Mozart, on the other Haydn,
Eager to give—on earth the task is hard—
A kindly welcome to a brother bard.

MEYERBEER.

I know you all. Think not, oh mighty Handel,
Because I am not fit to hold a candle
To such as you, that I am blind to see
The light in others which is not in me.
Ye mighty Monarchs of the realms of Song,
Whose genius men have worshipped—aye, so long—
Low at your feet in reverence I fall.

HANDEL (aside).

Bless me, the Shade's no donkey after all.

MOZART.

Rise up, my little ghost.

MEYERBEER.

Little! forsooth,
I'm quite as tall as you. To speak the truth,
Methinks I am the taller of the two.

MOZART.

Nay, don't be angry, friend, but tell us who
On yonder Earth is king of music now?
When Mendelssohn was taken from the plough
In manhood's prime, he told us that Rossini,
With Auber, Donizetti and Bellini,
And Weber, were the idols of the day.
To them do nations still their homage pay?

MEYERBEER.

Verdi has kicked Rossini from his throne;
There's no great love for Donizetti shown;
Bellini's simple strains begin to pall;
And as to Weber, he's no where at all.
Gounod and Flotow are the heroes now;
And great Auber to Offenbach must bow.
The Troviata, or the Travatore,
Of Il Barbiere have eclipsed the glory.
As Margarita Patti fills the stage;
And Marta, sung by Nillson, is the rage.
To see La Belle Helene the people press;
And throng in crowds to view La Grande Duchesse.
You think I'm joking; nay, I'll tell you more,
Mozart won't wash and Handel is a bore.

HAYDN.

This change in taste applies to France alone,
Not Germany and Italy; the tone
Is surely purer in these lands of song?
And what of British taste? is that, too, wrong?

MEYERBEER.

The sweeping censure I have dared to lance
Applies to Germany as well as France.
As for poor Italy, I'm loth to chuck
A stone against a nation down in luck;
And British taste is past my comprehension,
To its vagaries I pay no attention.
But here's a shade from England just arrived,
And he can tell you what has now survived
Of ancient predilections.

SHADE.

Well, not one;
Aught that is old the British people shun,
To novelty alone they homage pay.
The Barrel Organs—

MOZART.

Stop, sir; what are they?

SHADE.

A Barrel Organ's like the public press,
It echoes music which has most success.

MOZART.

What a strange instrument!

SHADE.

Sir, from your land
There comes a stranger still. Your German band,
With cornets, creaky, and with trombones, blaey,
Infests our streets, and makes all people crazy;
But though the curst discordance rouses passion,
It's not because good music is in fashion;
On worthless shows we love our time to waste,
We've lots of money, but have little taste.

HANDEL.

Nay, friend; methinks the truth you have disguised.
My Oratories are surely prised?

SHADE.

Well, the Messiah draws; but don't be proud,
A missionary gets a greater crowd;
And tuneless hymns roared out with voice sonorous,
Create more rapture than the finest chorus.
Or would you learn to what a depth of folly
Mortals can sink, in striving to be jolly;
Know that a set of men, with blackened faces,
By means of antics and of foul grimaces,
Whilst singing strains (of which to say, I'm curst,
If poetry or music be the worst)
Attract an audience, which in every sense
Is more productive, both of praise and pence,
Than that which gathers in the well known hall
For Israel in Egypt, or St. Paul;
Or that which may be drawn the strains to hear
Of Haydn, or Beethoven, or Schubert;
Or sweet Mozart, and birds of such like feather,
Or—in a word—the lot of you together.

MOZART.

You crush the hope my fancy loved to cherish—
I thought my Operas would never perish.

SHADE.

Nor will they. There are still some people left
Of judgment and good taste not quite bereft;
By them your works will ever be preferred,
And rouse fresh rapture every time they're heard.
But other strains excite the beery crowd,
And vulgar nonsense wins applause most loud;
In music halls—erected for the sale
Of Spirits and Tobacco and Pale Ale—
The people throng to hear the puling strain
Of Champagne Charlie, or My Pretty Jane;
My Pretty Susan gets its three encores,
And Not for Joseph draws the crowd by scores.

BEETHOVEN.

Oh Donner
Und Blitzen! Tell me, do the upper classes
Frequent these hovels of the lower masses?

SHADE.

Well, no. They have their places of resort,
Where they pretend the tuneful Muse to court;
But if unto the Opera they go,
'Tis not to hear the Music—but to show
Themselves. Nor is their taste a bit superior
To that shown by the class they deem inferior;
In Melody alone delight they find,
Nor care for Music that enchains the mind.
Verdi's loud brass the largest audience draws,
And Gounod's patchwork wins immense applause.
Yes, though they listen when the Diva Patti
Warbles La ci Darem, or Batti, Batti,
To sense of beauty they are yet so lost
That Don Giovanni pleases less than Faust;
As to Fidelio 'tis shunned—

BEETHOVEN.

What, what!
Has Music so far fallen? Ach, mein Gott!
Is Adelaida scorned?

SHADE.

Not by the few.
And even from the idle, thoughtless crew—
Should Sims Reeves have the noble condescension
To give it utterance—it wins attention;
But, even then, I fear, the people throng
Rather to hear the singer than the song:
For sentimental ballads far surpass—
In favor—Music of the highest class.

MENDELSSOHN.

There was a time when Music had the power
On feeblest verse immortal fame to shower.
Take anything which you Libretto call,
The words are nothing—and the Music all.

SHADE.

The times are altered; and the words, if strong
Will often make the fortune of a song.
Your Lieder ohne Worte made men bow
Their heads in gratitude; but Music, now,
To poetry is such a wretched feeder,
'Twere best to hear the Worte ohne Lieder.

BEETHOVEN.

I fear the British taste is scarcely sound.

SHADE.

'Tis not for want of critics; they abound.
No foolish modesty their valor awes;
In perfect freedom they lay down the laws.
On them, alone, of Art depends the fate;
They teach us what to worship or to hate:
And loudly boast, in terms impertinent,
They, only, can tell what the artist meant.
In Music, specially, are they profound;
They know the hidden meaning of each sound
And not content that Music should express
All mortal feelings, even to excess,
They strive to prove that sound can represent
Of Nature's aspect the embodiment.
To every piece they must a title set:
This is the Ocean, that a Rivulet.
With you, Beethoven, they are pleased to take
Especial liberty, and nicknames make
For your Sonatas. How could they be finer
By such addition? That in C sharp minor,
Which opens with a sweet and plaintive wail,
Is called The Moonlight pow—

BEETHOVEN.

Beasts! 'twas a tale
Of unrequited passion. To this hour,
Immortal as I am, I feel its power.
Slave though I was, I scorned to be a slave;
Nor stooped, in maudlin misery, to rave.
Though ruined hope will raise a storm of grief,
The fury of my passion was but brief,
I breathed no sound of anger; rather strove
To shew the holy tenderness of love.
Midst all its bursts of madness, ever kind,
And though crushed by despair, for aye, resigned.
But let that pass; I fain, good sir, would learn
If, in the present day, you Britons spurn
My music.

SHADE.

Nay; spurn is too harsh a word.
Your works, with pleasure, by some few are heard;
But though they draw an audience, they are,
By no means, with the public popular,
Nor suit the taste, which Fashion daily lowers,
Of concert players, and of concert goers.
Men ever take delight in feats of skill,
And fools, by tricks of Art, are tickled still.
Aught that is monstrous will attention claim,
What's merely natural is far too tame.
Poets and Painters, and Musicians, too,
Foster the madness of the fevered crew,
And pander to their vain and foolish cries.
Since Thalberg took the public by surprise,
Playing as if he had a hundred fingers,
His influence has flourished, and still lingers.
Performers strive each other to excel,
In manual feats which seem impossible.
Some pound the piano; some again will do
With one hand what another does with two.
For Style—the violent is most in favor,
A modest utterance is poor in flavor.
So, Feeling is, in general, neglected,
And Execution is alone respected.
Moreover, there's a school sprung up of late,
Whose followers are noisy, if not great.
From common prejudice they are exempt,
And melody regard with deep contempt,
As a poor gift the vulgar only prize,
A means to please that Genius should despise;
The laws of Harmony they quite disclaim,
To be most incoherent, is their aim.
And they profess to find the most profound
And subtle meaning in chaotic sound.

SCHUMANN.

You rate too high the power of melody.
The music of the Future will be free
From that at least.

BEETHOVEN.

I have not heard it yet,
And if I never hear it, I shan't fret,
Considering how very brief the span
Of mortal life; 'tis passing strange how man
Will deign to listen to the voice of fools
Who preach that Genius is above all rules
And worship novelty, in any guise,
Far more than excellence that never dies.

MEYERBEER.

The love of novelty no doubt betrays
Man's judgment, and he oft bestows his praise
On works which scarcely can outlive their day.
Not all are pearls we gather on our way.
But yet 'tis scarcely wise or just to blast
The present, in our reverence for the past;
For if Investigation we decline,
Who shall say what are pearls and which be swine?
Such prejudice would only take the bread
From living mouths, and not enrich the dead.

GLUCK.

The world is slow to recognise true worth;
All that excites the sluggish soul to mirth
Is hailed with gratitude; but the appeal
To nobler feelings must possess Time's seal
To be at all successful.

MEYERBEER.

True, oh sage;
When you were writing for the Paris stage,
One called Piccini shared the people's praise,
And, for awhile, produced a mighty blaze;
But Time corrects the errors of the past,
And Genius receives its due at last.

MOZART.

We know where Gluck is now; but where's Piccini?
Some, too, outlive their fame. Why poor Rossini
Must grieve to see his works laid on the shelf,
Whilst Verdi, Gounod, Flotow and yourself
Usurp the throne he filled with so much grace—
I don't mind saying it before your face—
But you, Herr Meyerbeer, are much to blame
For all the degradation and the shame
On sweet Euterpe fallen. For I'm told
Your faith in her divinity is cold;
You dragged the gentle goddess through the mud;
And made her chew, of bitterness, the cud;
You scrupled not to break her holy laws,
And, to obtain the vulgar mob's applause,
You stooped to means an Artist should despise,
Nor blushed to take your audience by surprise.
Your monster drums and trombones rent the air,
And fools believed that Genius was there;
In pomp and pageantry you loved to flaunt.
Think you the tinsel could conceal the want
Of solid worth for any length of time?

MEYERBEER.

It answered for the day. Is it a crime
Of worldly wisdom to obey the rules,
And give to fools the food that's fit for fools?
Though Genius, no doubt, from Heaven is sent,
The Spirit of the Age directs its bent;
And that wherein I made my pilgrimage
Was a loud talking, and dust throwing age.
Who made the greatest noise was sure to win,
And, Reason deafened, got at Folly's "tin."
All mountebanks a rapid fortune made,
And Spirit rappers drove a thriving trade;
With Time would Woman her acquaintance sever,
By Art she could be "beautiful as ever;"
Where all was Humbug—cannot you forgive
The humbug I committed—Man must live.
If Verdi puts six trombones in his score,
How can I beat him without using more?
With public taste my works were on a level;
I'd no commission from a saintly devil
To write a solemn Requiem, as you,
My Mozart, had; if the report be true.
So, 'tis not fair to cover me with shame
For what I did. You might have done the same.

MOZART.

Well, well. I'm almost grieved for what I said;
Let us shake hands, "I war not with the dead."
Moreover, it is said above, that we
Musicians cannot live in harmony;
That Envy, Hatred, Malice, are the feelings
Which ever regulate our mortal dealings;
Whate'er our earthly squabbles, let them cease;
For here, at least, should songsters live in peace.
You, Handel, will agree with me, I ken.

HANDEL.

I'm not so certain; but I sing, Amen.

BEETHOVEN.

Fools call me grumpy; but I join that cry—

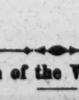
BACH.

And I.

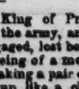
HAYDN.

And I.

WEBER.


And I.

MENDELSSOHN.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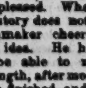
MEYERBEER.


And I.

Origin of the Velocipede.

While Frederick the Great was King of Prussia, a German watchmaker was conscripted into the army, and in one of the great battles, in which he was engaged, lost both legs. On his recovery he returned home, and being of a mechanical turn of mind, he conceived the idea of making a pair of legs, with machinery inside, that by winding it up like a clock, would run itself all the time, and propel him where he pleased. Whether this is the origin of the velocipede or not, history does not inform us; but it is known that the watchmaker cheerfully worked along, day after day, with his new idea. He hoped when he got the artificial legs completed, to be able to move from place to place without assistance. At length, after months of weary work, he succeeded in getting them finished, and one bright morning, in the presence of his neighbors, he prepared to try his new plan of locomotion. The news of the invention having spread through the neighborhood, a great many people gathered to see the new discovery. After satisfying himself that everything was right, he strapped on the wonderful legs. They were then wound up and he essayed to walk. At first he moved off slowly, but as he moved along his gait became more rapid. From a walk he began to trot, still the gait increased; from a trot he began to run—still his gait kept increasing. The watchmaker became alarmed; his coat tails stuck out, his hair stood on end—still his speed increased. He called in vain to the bystanders to catch him, but it was impossible, they were soon left far behind. On he went—he attempted to grasp whatever came near him, but it was no use, he could not catch anything; the speed was still increasing! Onward he sped, gaining renewed speed at every bound, and was soon lost to the sight of the [illegible]. People met him on the road; they spoke to him, but he returned it not. They thought the man was mad; his eyes flashed fire, his face became haggard—still onward he sped. Without rest or food, he moved for days and nights, gaining all the time. The news soon spread over the country; he was seen at different points always going at lightning speed. His clothes were soon torn in shreds; his flesh became lacerated and his bones protruded, but still onward he moved. Weeks passed, and still he was seen moving. He passed a lager beer establishment and made a tremendous effort to stop, but it was no go; on he went, his gait still increasing; after this he despaired. He soon became a skeleton, but still he sped forward. He passed into a strange land—the people were alarmed. On he moved, he grew thinner and thinner. His spirit had long since passed beyond the realms of space, but still he moved. He was last seen in the forests of Bohemia, his gaunt figure and terrible speed striking terror in all beholders—people trembled at his name, but on he sped, regardless of every obstacle, and, when last heard from, he was still bounding forward through the forest on his wonderful velocipede.

AN ARKANSAS JURY.—A coroner in Arkansas, after empanneling his jury, said;—"Now, gentlemen, you are to determine whether the deceased came to his death by accidence, by incidence, or by incendiary." The verdict was "That the deceased came to his death by accidence in the shape of a bowie knife."

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 45.—About Churches and Churchmen.

Church going, thirty years ago, was the decidedly fashionable pastime with the more aristocratic females of our community, while the practice was regarded as an equally obligatory duty with those of a meaner condition, with this distinction, the wealthier portion preferring attendance upon morning service, those in moderate circumstances that of the afternoon, while the laboring classes were generally to be found at the meeting house during evenings. Sunday was, consequently, regarded as a weekly holiday of universal observance, and among the younger folks the whole of Saturday night was ordinarily consumed in preparations for the next day's exposition of a graceful and striking appearance. The church bore to the belles of that day, desirous of making an impression upon an admiring public through the brilliancy or novelty of their toilets, a relation similar to that now-a-days bestowed upon the opera. Upon week days the elder and more mature of the fair sex sunned themselves and exhibited the luxury of their costumery during a promenade along Broadway, but upon Sundays the younger and more enthusiastic damsels, particularly unmarried maidens, esteemed it their especial prerogative to outvie each other through appearing at the respective places of worship, resplendent with the daintiest of apparel and blooming with the sweetest of smiles.

As for us of the masculine gender, we too were regular church attendants, partly to sustain a desirable moral character and mainly to acquire the felicity of accompanying some fascinating fair one from the church door to that of her own domicile; and, if unsuccessful in this operation, we had at least the privilege of standing upon the steps, and of passing the feminine communicants in review, as they emerged from the sacred edifice, smiling respondently to the bows by us tendered them, or blushing coquettishly upon recognition of some favored admirer. But, as a general thing, upon a fine, bracing day, the bashful creatures were too compassionate to refuse their sighing swains the privilege of a promenade in order to gallant her to the mansion of her parents, who invariably went home by a shorter cut, and in recompense, if you stood well with *pater familias*, you were sure to receive an invitation to dinner should you "just take pot luck," which article ordinarily appeared synonymous with cold corn beef and very hot cabbage.

Sunday evening, with the old fashioned people, after close of religious labor, was a period of intellectual enjoyment, as that time was especially set apart for the purpose of friendly visits on the part of gentlemen, for, as it was deemed indecorous on the part of the ladies of the family to indulge upon that night in wordly minded recreations, they were certain to be discovered at home and fully prepared for a long, rollicking gossip, interspersed with comments upon the appearance of the morning church attendants, and embellished with recapitulation of the current scandal of the prior week. If you entertained a tender passion for any damsel of the household, Sunday night was the golden opportunity for love making, especially during the summer months, as each house, in those days, was provided with a "tea room," or glazed chamber in the rear, opening upon a box planted garden, garnished with an arbor, covered with grape vines and supplied with rustic seats, to which you and your partner could retire to while away an hour or so, discoursing soft nonsense by the light of moon, while pa smoked his long clay pipe upon the back door stoop and ma brewed a steaming bowl of prime Jamaica punch as an agreeable conclusion to the toils of a good day.

No city in the world could be more prolific in churches, taking its population as a ground for measurement, than was New York a few years back. The Knickerbocker portion of the community were proverbial for their cleanliness and piety; the Huguenots of the first generation might have been looked upon as fanatical zealots, while successive immigrations brought with them a variety of sects, each one of which, however small, could not remain content without erecting a chapel, or meeting house dedicated to its especial service. In consequence of the universality of church attendance Sunday, was unexceptionally observed as a day of rest; manual labor ceased entirely; neither hacks, omnibusses or private vehicles appeared upon the thoroughfares; no noises whatever were permitted to disturb the sanctity of the day, while good sized iron chains were stretched across streets contiguous to houses of worship to preclude possibility of the preacher's voice being disturbed by a passing carriage. But, at that time, people appeared to entertain greater consideration for the feelings of others on every occasion than they do at present; for instance, no sooner did a driver of a heavy lumbering omnibus, or noisy waggon, perceive a section of the street, in front of some mansion, covered with tanbark, evidence of sickness therein, than he checked his horses' speed that the repose of the invalid be not disturbed.

In my time, as at present, church goers patronised pet churches and listened to pet preachers, but I am sorry to add that preference was often times bestowed irrespective of the teachings of the church or of the capacity of the pastor. To attend certain well known houses of worship was considered as a test of a person's social position; while, to be a pew holder in others, in disregard of others of the same denomination, following a dictate of fashion, was accepted as proof positive of an aspiration above commingling with poor low folk. The profession of a particular religious creed was assumed as a token of respectability, the faith adopted as the standard whereby could be measured a man's aristocratic pretensions, and the church of his attendance taken as public evidence of his business, or properly, reliability, according to the sliding scale of popular opinion.

Our standard of religious respectability in those days of universal criticism was rigidly defined and most scrupulously adhered too; it was concise and imperative. Episcopacy was regarded as the faith of "the first families" and consequently noted down as first class; that of the Dutch Reformed Church came next, habitually quoted as genteel and tolerated through courtesy to the memory of the first settlers; Lutherism and Presbyterianism followed the same rule of judgments; the theory of Baptism might do according to popular appreciation, but families inclining to shabby gentility, while Methodism and the creeds of other denominations, the Unitarians excepted, were accepted as simply adapted for very common people; in fact, from a fashionable point of view, they, with Catholicism, had no real existence, as "nobody" of the *ton* went to churches wherein they were professed.

Notwithstanding that the magnificent structure of Old Trinity stands upon Broadway, in the midst of a grave yard, crowded with the bones of the most illustrious dead of our city's infancy, forming, as it were, in magestic dignity of rebuke upon the manifold iniquities of Wall Street, it never has been favored, to my recollection, with an adequate attendance of habitual worshippers, even in the days of its immediate predecessor, which took the place of the ancient church, destroyed during the great fire of 1776, Trinity but exceptionally boasted full pews, while its immediate neighbor—Grace Church, then on the corner of Rector street, and under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, was regularly crowded to repletion by a congregation, drawn in some degree from the lingering remnants of the wealthy class, formerly inhabiting the lower and now business portion of the city, but chiefly from the residents above the Park, who passed the doors of St. Paul's and Trinity to obey the mandates of fashion to listen to a sermon from a preacher endorsed by its potent sway.

Grace Church was to the sight anything save a clerical building, having the appearance of a dissenting meeting house with a dumpy steeple, crowned by a low cupola, perched upon its eaves to bestow a semblance of dignity in episcopacy. But memory of the decided meanness of the primitive edifice was attempted to be obliterated through erection of the pretentious, cathedral like, structure in Broadway, near Tenth street, a white marble memorial of the architectural genius of James Renwick, Jr., for a gentleman to whose engineering talents had been committed the construction of the Bowling Green fountain a work of art, contrived upon pneumatic principles, subsequently removed to avoid the satire of non appreciative beholders. Grace Church, up town, unlike the hydraulic contrivance, proved a success; its architecture was admired by the ladies of the *bon ton* who within its grotesque aisles inaugurated the theory of exclusiveness in pew rental to the great advantage of the church speculation and personal benefit of their much admired pastor, enjoying, as he, through their influence, came to do, the reputation of being the most eloquent and best paid divine among those appertaining to the ministry of his particular faith.

Dividing the favor of fashionable patronage of the public for a series of years, came St. Thomas's Church in Broadway, at the corner of Houston, whose exterior presented a much more imposing appearance than the down town sanctuary, while the interior of the building, recently demolished, was large and conveniently arranged as to acoustic purposes, a desideratum for auditors, particularly those past middle age, entirely overlooked in our modern churches. The popularity of St. Thomas was partially due to its location on the verge of the aristocratic domain, above Bleekerdom and yet quite as much to the ability of its pastors, one of whom was the Rev. Cornelius R. Duffie, a clergyman of more than ordinary capacity, an eloquent rhetorician and shepherd to a faithful congregation, who, after his decease, erected a handsome monument to his memory within the body of the church. A few yards from the door of St. Thomas' stood, until quite recently, the first mile stone on the Albany Post Road, and near it one of the oldest city pumps, two relics of municipal antiquity much treasured by the people hereabout.

The old French church *Du St. Esprit*, corner of Nassau and Pine street, opposite the present Treasury Building, formed in my younger days a centre of attraction for Protestants comprehending the language, while the old building wherein the worship had been conducted by the primitive settlers was an interesting landmark of New Amsterdam, having been erected by the French Huguenots settling at New Rochelle, building their church within the city limits for the sake of armed protection. These religious enthusiasts were accustomed to travel to town every Sunday, starting long before the dawn from their homes so as to be in time for morning service, and, upon its termination, to return before nightfall of the same day. In commemoration of this honorable and long observed custom, their descendants, until a very late day, attended but one service upon each Sabbath.

The French congregation, growing ambitious, disposed of their Pine street property to commercial speculators, embracing the graveyard, wherein reposed the remains of hundreds of doughty patriots of Huguenot origin. With the sum in this way realised they erected a handsome white marble edifice on the corner of Franklin and Church streets, taking as a model Sir Christopher Wren's original design for St. Paul's, which, although not over large, was entirely too capacious for an auditory annually diminishing as the necessity for continuing the service in the original tongue languished, while serious difficulties, having occured between the trustees and the pastor, Dr. Verren, threatened to decimate the congregation, small as it was. An unfortunate lawsuit augmented the church troubles, although it terminated in the conviction of Bartelemy, a French editor, and a co-patriot, for a libel in connection with some lady of Verren's acquaintance. The evidence adduced failed to restore the pastor to the confidence of his discontented flock, the survivors of whom, upon a second removal of the church further up town, almost wholly deserted their ancient form of worship.

For the accommodation of the wealthy merchants and shipowners, resident along Pearl street, and of the numerous families on the outskirts of the Swamp, at a time, when Beekman street was lined with private dwellings and Cliff street regarded as a fashionable residence, St. George's Church had been erected at their junction, and was for a long series of years among the favorite places of public worship. The best known of its pastors was a Rev. Dr. Milnor, a man of erudition and power, who likewise flourished as a high dignitary among the Freemasons, of whom his son Dr. William H. Milnor was subsequently the grand master. St. George's Church was a modest brick building, neat, well built and furnished with a high turret, garnished with a clock, one face of which, from the position of the church on the crest of a hill, was visible from the shipping on the river. It is said that the sea captains in port made there business appointments according to this public time-keeper, and, to insure its accuracy, were in the habit of regulating its movements daily.

Further up town, on the east side, as the tide of property holders flowed in the direction of Chatham Square and the Bowery, at a period when it was prophesied that East Broadway, then called Harmon street, would rival the original thoroughfare in magnificent edifices, Zion church, in Mott street, was favored by a numerous and most respectable congregation, under the pastorship of a Rev. Dr. Brentnall. But, alas for human foresight, so far from proving a centre of fashion and wealth, a proximity to the Five Points drove out the adventurous settlers, wedded to an unaccountable belief that the banks of the East river might be made to compete in prosperity with those of the Hudson. Zion Church, a good sized, solid structure, plain yet substantial, was consequently disposed of to the Catholics desiring a mission in that vicinity, and another church erected in a more desirable locality in the heart of Japonicadom. The fame of Dr. Brentnall has not as yet died, through connection with his church, of which the present rector, a Rev. Mr. Cox, is more generally known through being plaintiff in a divorce case against his wife, a lady named Van Wyck, to obtain legal separation from whom the minister of the gospel attempted an identity of person between her and a courtesan of similar appellation.

To accommodate the spiritual wants of the zealous Episcopalians of the Village, there had been erected the quaint looking church known as St. Luke's, which, located in the centre of a neatly laid out grave yard, forming a pleasant oasis in the ample desert of brick and mortar covering the former green fields, is a grateful object to the sight of wayfarers loitering along Hudson street, in that ancient part of our metropolis. The congregation of St. Luke's was chiefly composed of the old class gentry and the descendants of owners of broad acres, since converted in lucrative building lots, some few of whom yet remain within the limits of the old Ninth Ward, more popularly known as Greenwich Village, an early settled section of the city, which owes its permanent prosperity to the prevalence of the yellow fever during the summer and autumn of 1822.

It appears from an official account of this epidemic, that New York had been visited by this pestilential fever for the first time in the summer of 1791, when the citizens, alarmed by the death of Gen. Malcom, and others of repute, migrated, in an almost solid body, to Brooklyn Heights, upon which they erected cabins, sheds and tents, in which exposed condition they remained until the setting in of the cold weather destroyed the contagion. The pestilence reappeared in 1798, 1799, 1800, 1803, and 1805, and then ceased its frightful visitations until its advent, for the last time, in 1822. On this occasion it broke out in a part of the city universally deemed unhealthy, in Rector street, near the river, and therefore created but little alarm until its ravages, extending towards the East End, caused a general evacuation of the city in obedience to orders of the Board of Health. For many days, from dawn until night, a long line of carts, containing boxes, merchandise and household furniture, traversed the road leading to Greenwich; the banks, insurance companies and public offices were translated then to that region or to the upper end of Broadway, while all the churches and warehouses down town were closed, the grave yards being fenced in, an idea being prevalent that the pestilence was being aggravated through decay of the dead bodies therein deposited. This abandonment of the city continued until the middle of November, when the business population returned to their habitations, and bustle again became visible among former seats of commerce.

The most popular pastor of St. Luke's was a Rev. Mr. Forbes, momentarily celebrated for his sudden conversion to the Church of Rome during the Puseyite agitation. Mr. Forbes, in his new capacity, officiated, for a time, as rector of St. Anne's Catholic Church in Astor Place, but subsequently recanted and returned to the Episcopal faith, not, however, without detriment to the interests of St. Luke's, whose congregation had been seriously scandalised through the theological vagaries of their minister.

Two churches were erected to furnish adequate accommodation for the augmenting population on that, which was called the Bowery side of the town, occupying as it did the main streets leading to that thoroughfare, consecrated to the residences and stock yards of our metropolitan butchers, the famous Bull's Head hotel and Cattle Exchange being located near Grand street on that road. St. Stephen's Church, in Christie street, was the favorite resort of the families of those robust and energetic knights of the cleaver who managed to accumulate more than ordinary competencies through a trade held in no mean repute by the hearty livers of our town, who appreciated good fare in preference to idle show and fashionable vanities. The blooming daughters of our bovine slaughterers were in their day regarded as the type of New York beauty, full faced, rosy cheecked, blooming damsels, dutiful daughters, educated to make economical wives and fashioned by nature bravely to bear the adversities of life's fitful lesson. St. Stephen's has participated in the fate of other ecclesiastical superfluities, for, as the race of fair haired ruddy cheecked communicants disappeared from its vicinity, to give place to the colonization of that section of the town by Teutons, worshipping lager stronger than orthodoxy, it was found indespensible to translate Stephen's saintly patronage to a more congenial locality, where the children of the boys in the Bowery may worship beneath tutelage of the apostle especially venerated by the stalwart beef killers of by gone days.

The other church was located upon a part of the Stuyvesant farm, in fact upon the site of the second built Reformed Dutch church of the city, erected by the doughty Petrus Stuyvesant for consolation and pious devotion, at his personal expense. Upon the outside wall of St. Mark's-in-the-fields, can be seen the original stone designating location of the remains of the "late Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of Amsterdam in New Netherland, now called New York, and the Dutch West Indian Islands. Died in August, 1682, aged eighty years." St. Mark's Church, at the corner of Second avenue and Stuyvesant street, was erected at a time when it could be truly said to be in the fields, intersected with pathways branching from beautiful avenues, lined upon either side with shade trees, along which and the Old Post Road were located the stately mansions and gable roofed farm houses of the wealthy burghers inheriting the estate of industrious Dutch progenitors.

The Stuyvesant Farm remained, in a measure, intact until the cutting through of the Third avenue, afterwards followed by the invasion of the Harlem Railroad, along both of which routes the extension of habitations swept away all vestige of the last of the Dutch governor's homestead, save a pear tree, planted by his own hand, and scrupulously preserved by the dispoilers of his lands, from sacrilegious contamination by a heavy iron railing. The pear tree bore fruit to an advanced age, but like unto all sublunary objects it visibly decayed until a winter blast prostrated our final popular relic of "Peter the Testy."

St. Mark's was, for years, under the ministry of Dr. Anthon, one of the accomplished brothers, who equally advanced the bar, the pulpit and the educational chair. Although a thoroughly educated man, an excellent preacher and an exemplary clergyman, Dr. Anthon, thoroughly appreciated by his congregation, was little known outside his ministry. His name, however, became publicly connected with the John C. Colt case, through having united the condemned man, in matrimony, to his mistress on the eve of his intended execution, an act exhibiting the innate humanity of the reverend doctor, which called forth severe condemnations from some of these straight laced, canon worshipping laymen, reducing theology to narrow minded bigotry.

The peculiarity of the Protestant Episcopal church in this city is, that while it boasts a multitude of very handsome edifices, together with a bishop, that ecclesiastical dignity has never as yet been accommodated with a cathedral. Possibly the handsome structure of Trinity may be regarded as a competent receptacle for the Episcopal chair, and would have been constructed upon the principles of chathedral buildings had it been certain, before the mason work was commenced, that the proposed extension of Wall street would have been defeated. When this street opening was first broached, the corporation of Trinity exhibited a diplomatic ingenuity worthy the genius of ward politicians and of Congressional lobbyists. Pretending the old church, which was of little value, to be in a dangerous condition for service, it was demolished during the delay interposed by the corporation's lawyers and advocated against official consummation of the oft agitated scheme of running Wall street from river to river. The erection of the new and stately church edifice, with its lofty spire—the only steeple upon the continent—interposed ultimately a barrier against the proposed measure, which even municipal audacity could not remove.

Again, when the down town merchants sought to make a direct thoroughfare across that part of the island by widening Pine street and carrying it through the northern end of the grave yard, the corporation of Trinity instantaneously remembered that the bones of many patriots, martyrs to the British prison ships during our revolutionary struggle, remained unappropriately honored and interred. Suddenly, the formidable monument of free stone, dedicated to the memory of the martyred continentals, and purporting to cover their remains, sprang into existence, yet placed directly in the line of the proposed thoroughfare. What municipality, sacreligious enough to trample down the bones of their grandfathers, but must hesitate before authorising violent hands to be laid upon the cenotaph of an unknown quantity of murdered patriots? So the street did not go through.

WHAT BOOTS IT!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I am in distress.

Allow me to bore you with the cause thereof.

The other day I discovered in a closet a pair of old boots, which had sometime since been placed upon the retired list.

I had just been reading something about the "invisible patch," by means of which old boots would be made new again and nobody be the wiser. So an economical resolve took possession of me. The old veterans should have their youth "invisibly" renewed.

I wrapped them up in my CLIPPER (which shows I must have been greatly excited, because I make it a point to preserve them), and started off for the invisible boot patcher's—the patches, I mean, not the patcher; he was visible. In two days more I called and got my boots. The professor had manipulated skillfully. The boots were new once more and I but one dollar the poorer. So far the skies seemed bright and blue. But clouds were coming.

I determined to try the virtues of my leather treasures at once. I went home, sought my room, and began to put them on. They were a very "snug" fit; in truth their "snugness" was wonderful. It took me about half an hour to get them on, and even then I used up all of my sister's "Lily White" in lieu of chalk, to make them slip on more easily.

However, my pedals were covered at last, and I started for a promenade. It was a bright afternoon; remarkably balmy for the season, in fact. My troubles date right here.

I hadn't gone very far before I remembered that my boots had originally been rather inclined to be tight; and I began to have a vague suspicion that invisible patching didn't loosen boots much. The first thing I noticed was little squads of stinging pains charging through my feet. I was in the militia once and consequently frequently use military terms.

Suddenly the whole battalion seemed to rally in one pet corn, where they were probably holding a council of war; that ended in a free fight, I believe, and they all started off skirmishing. I came to a halt. I began to devise within me some plan to relieve myself of my annoying foes. A fellow couldn't pull his boots off on Broadway. I started with that assumption, of course.

I edged slily towards a lamp post. I leaned against it with affected nonchalance. But it did no good.

I stood on my heels—no use. On my toes—misery concentrated. I stood first on the right foot, and then on the left—futile—the pain never left.

Things grew worse. An amiable rivalry seemed to arise between my toes as to which should hurt most. I began to feel a friendly interest in them, and to wonder which was ahead. It seemed to be a pretty tight thing. A certain couplet came into my head—

"Nor Greece could conquer,
Nor Troy would yield."

Then I thought of you, old fellow, and fervently wished myself editor of the CLIPPER, sitting in thy august easy chair, and my lower self terminating in a pair of slippers.

Slippers! ye gods! the thought of them in a time like this, that tried a man's soles, almost set me wild.

I did finally manage to secure a little comfort by standing on the sides of my feet. But even this poor comfort was not to be enjoyed in peace.

A couple of "Grecian Benders" swept by me, almost knocking me off my pins, and then had to add insult to injury by saying audibly something about "the poor cripple."

Then, again, a wretched little imp of a newsboy had the impudence to come up and eye me critically, so as to attract everybody's attention, and then cried :—

"What's up, Captain Jinks? Doing that on a bet?"

I loaded the little son of a gun with abuse, and he went off. But I saw that the thing must be ended, and as I couldn't walk I had to call a hack and be driven home.

I'm down on "invisible patches," I am.

Mr. Editor, if you have got any remorseless orphan among your office boys that could wear a small number nine pair of brand-new boots, just send him to me, will you? Boys are generally not averse to any kind of booty, I believe. Perhaps your "Jim" wants a booting! Yours, sorrowfully,

BOMBASTES, JR.

LONDON FOGS AND THE PERILS OF LONDON STREETS.—The following striking picture appears in the London *Daily News* of the 4th inst. :—"A London day such as yesterday brings evils home. About 12 o'clock, when town traffic ran high, a fog descended that might be felt; it was not yellow, it was black. The lamps could hardly penetrate it; cabs crawled along; well-known houses took new and peculiar shapes; a grimy cloud came down and filled the streets from side to side. One portion of the traffic, however, seemed little affected by the fog. Big vans and wagons jolted along in their usual jaunty way. When these huge vehicles go slowly they are a nuisance, but not a danger; they hinder traffic, but do not hurt anybody; they kill time, but nothing else. Yet, when they go fast, they are the most murderous engines ever invented since the scythe chariots of the old world wars. We must admit that their horses are fine beasts, but admiring them is under their feet—though the public are often forced to assume that ignominious attitude. Forty-five persons were killed by vans last year in London. Express trains are not to answer, as a rule, for anything like the same annual loss of life. In the case of these vans, there is really no excuse; they need be in no hurry, and when they are jolted recklessly along it is simply because the driver is careless, and thinks, by the weight of his vehicle, to crush out all rivals on wheels. The Street Traffic Act of last session has fallen far short of its aim."

THE MAN who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

A DODGE FOR A DINNER!

A SKETCH.

BY THOMAS J. WILLIAMS.

Towards three o'clock on the afternoon of the first of September, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight (there is nothing like punctilious exactitude when date is in question), three "individuals" might have been seen wending their way through the wood of ——, not far from the town of ——. (Having been particularly precise as to period, we crave the privilege of being somewhat "vague" as to locality). Rifle shots were resounding in every direction, and partridges were being bagged on all sides, in countless profusion. "Sport," however, had evidently no attraction for the three "individuals" above alluded to. Indeed, although their appearance was eccentric, their countenances were far from "sportive." The most prominent member of the trio—a young man of twenty-eight or thereabouts, with pleasing, intelligent features, but a somewhat careworn and anxious air, was dressed in a green tunic, a slouched felt hat, from which an eagle's feather "waved in the breeze," red "tights," buff-colored boots of the kind invariably worn by "outlaws" of all nations, while a bugle, which, from its battered appearance, must, in its time, have been very severely "practised" upon, was slung at his waist. Around his manly frame a large cloak of dark material was loosely thrown.

"What!" exclaims the critical reader ("gentle" readers are quite out of fashion) "costume of this description in a tale bearing date September, 1868! Monstrous! The author has evidently 'post-dated' his story by four centuries and a half, or so! Ridiculous! Absurd! Inexcusable!"

If the critical reader will kindly bear with us for a few minutes, he will find that we have not been guilty of any "anachronism" whatever.

"I'm confoundedly tired," exclaimed the wearer of the cloak and buff boots, for though his garb was mediæval, his language was unmistakably modern.

"Tired! I'm dead beat!" ejaculated his comrade, a fair-youth (with moustaches of burnt cork), attired in a suit by no means "highly polished" chain armor; a faded plume hung from his dingy helmet, the visor of which would persist in coming down when least expected, without in any way consulting its wearer's wishes. This knightly personage had every appearance of having just returned from Palestine, where, judging from the state of his accoutrements, he had evidently had rather a rough time of it.

"If you men are tired, what must *I* be," plaintively ejaculated the third member of the party, a buxom damsel, clad in that picturesque village costume which, without appertaining to any country in particular, carries the spectator's mind back to that slightly vague period when England was "merrie England," and when 'morris dancing,' and "single stick" constituted the principal occupations of "ye Englishe peasantrie."

"A pretty fix we're in," said he of the eagle's plume, throwing one end of his long cloak melo-dramatically across his right shoulder, "and the worst of it is, I don't see how we are ever to get out of it!"

"I think it's about a 'cooker' myself," exclaimed the Knight of St. John, moodily.

"It's all your fault, Higgins," said the buxom maiden, somewhat pertly addressing the Salvator Rosa-ish figure in the cloak and boots, "you're the manager, why didn't you make better arrangements?"

"Better arrangements!" retorted the personage thus apostrophised, turning sharply round. "I was only three weeks rent in arrear; how was I to know that the mercenary brute who owns the theatre intended to pounce upon us during our morning performance, and distrain for his beggarly arrears? A murrain on him!" said Altamont Higgins, shaking his fist fiercely at some imperceptible individual, "he has not only collared our theatrical wardrobe, but he has got our every-day clothes into the bargain! As it is, I was within an ace of being arrested. I had just challenged Jack Robins to mortal combat, when I saw the myrmidons of the law quietly waiting for me in the front wing; so I rushed off the stage on the O.P. side, and dropped from a first-floor window. But, hang it all, it will be very unpleasant to have to walk for the rest of my days in the costume of a bandit! Plaguy cool it is about the legs, too!" and Altamont Higgins drew his cloak still more tightly around him

"It's enough to make a fellow go wild!" said the Knight of St. John, "it was only yesterday I gave sixteen and sixpence for a pair of ready-made, lavender-colored Sydenhams. They were the only 'pants' I ever had that really fitted me."

"The wretches have taken all *I* possessed in the world!" exclaimed the forlorn but fascinating village maiden, "I hadn't even time to save my new monkey-skin muff."

"If I had only got my pipe and tobacco box," sighed the warrior, "but they were both in the pocket of those ill-fated 'Sydenhams.'"

"I never heard of such a complete clearing out in all my life," said Altamont Higgins. "I positively havn't a sixpence—all my 'change' was in my waistcoat pocket."

"Mine wasn't," said the Knight of St. John, *alias* Mr. Horatio Fitzmontague. "I hadn't got any."

"But I'm getting frightfully hungry!" said Altament Higgins, with incipient desperation.

"So am I," groaned Fitzmontague.

"So am I," sighed his wife, for the fascinating villager was none other than Mrs. Horatio Fitzmontague, though in the "bills" she still retained her maiden name of Miss Rosalinda Cholmondeley.

At this moment the sharp report of a rifle was heard from a neighboring "coppice," and a fine partridge fell fluttering within a few feet of the luckless trio. Totally oblivious of the "game laws" instituted by our Norman monarchs, Altamont Higgins and his friend were about to make a simultaneous "rush" at the bird, with a view to cooking him instanter before a fire of twigs and dried leaves, when a pointer suddenly emerged from the coppice, pounced upon the partridge, and made off with it towards his master—a rubicund elderly gentleman, with a white hat, a velveteen shooting-jacket, drab gaiters, and a jovial, kind-hearted expression of countenance—who was seen leisurely emerging from the thick brushwood. Squire Oakleigh was pacing slowly onwards, with the calm, satisfied air of a sportsman sure of his prey, when, of a sudden, he slowly raised his eyes from the ground, and caught sight of the motley trio before him. So completely astounded was the squire on beholding this unexpected "tableau vivant," that he mechanically presented his rifle (the worthy Squire was a captain of volunteers) and spasmodically ejaculated "Who goes there?"

"Now what the devil am I to say," said the perplexed Altamont Higgins, to his friend Fitzmontague.

"You're an author as well as a manager," said Fitzmontague, in a hurried whisper. "Knock up something!"

"I'll have a shy, at any rate," said Altamont Higgins, and doffing his slouched hat, he made a profound obeisance to the Squire, who was now standing, not exactly "at ease," but in a less "defiant" attitude than the one he had at first assumed.

"*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*" politely inquired Altamont Higgins, of the Squire.

"Not if I know it," replied the Squire, not exactly comprehending the query.

"I speak English with considerable fluency, myself," said Altamont Higgins, "though I should have preferred relating the story of our wrongs in my native idiom. Ahem! Of noble birth are we. From Bohemia we come! Recent political convulsions have led to the confiscation of our estates, and to the banishment of ourselves from our country, our home, our hearths, our household gods! My noble friend here," and Altamont Higgins pointed pathetically to the Knight of St. John, whose visor had just performed another gratuitous descent, "my noble friend, I say, the scion of a princely house, has been barbarously driven from his feudal castle—his spreading corn-fields, his smiling vineyards have been tramped beneath the feet of the ruthless invader—his faithful vassals slain—*slain* do I say?" and Altamont Higgins raised his voice and rolled his eyes wildly—"Aye slaughtered!" and Altamont Higgins stamped alternately with each foot, the traditional "double stamp" with which he, many a time and oft, had "brought 'em down."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Squire, slightly alarmed.

"My noble friend," continued Altamont Higgins, subsiding into a dignified calm, "is what the world calls a 'Hospodar.'"

"What's a 'Hospodar,' I wonder," thought the Squire to himself.

"Yonder high-born lady," continued Altamont Higgins, pointing to Mrs. Horatio Fitzmontague, "whose attachment to her native country is so great that she has sworn never to lay aside its native costume, is my esteemed friend's beloved bride. We are now on our way to the Court of Queen Victoria to lay before her gracious majesty the details of our sufferings, the story of our wrongs, in the firm belief that we shall meet with the fair hearing and generous reception which are always to be relied on from a British audience—a—a—I mean, a British *Sovereign*," said Altamont Higgins, hastily correcting himself

Squire Oakleigh was a kind-hearted, simple-minded gentleman, who had mixed little with what is called "the world." He had spent his life in field sports and pastoral seclusion. Not being a county magistrate, he felt charitably disposed to all who were in distress. In his youth he had read "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and, firmly believing that all foreigners are more or less victims of tyrannical oppression, the credulous but benevolent old Squire was at once prepared to sympathise with the "illustrious exiles" before him.

"Noble Sir!" exclaimed the Squire, urbanely, "your story interests me greatly. I should like my wife to hear it. My house is hard by—will you dine with me?"

The offer was "in situation," and no mistake.

"Dine with you!" exclaimed the delighted Altamont Higgins, "aye, marry will we! We had proposed putting up at some good hostelry, but 'twere churlish to decline so kind an offer. Should you ever happen to pass the castle of Schinderhannes-Mulenfels, on the left bank of the Danube, give us a look in! I always sit down to dinner with my principal retainers at half-past four, P. M., exactly, and shall be most happy to see you! Meanwhile, lead on! Hie we to thy festive board!"

"I'll show you the way at once. Mrs. Oakleigh, I know, will be delighted to see you," said the simple Squire, who mistook the inflated nature of Altamont Higgins' "rhetoric" for foreign idioms of a very complicated description. "Gentlemen, be pleased to follow me," and the party started in the direction of Oakleigh Hall.

* * * * * * *

An hour had scarcely elapsed before our three "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time" found themselves comfortably seated at Squire Oakleigh's hospitable board. The viands were excellent, the wines choicest in the extreme. Altamont Higgins was gifted with considerable conversational powers—indeed, in his speech and manner there was occasional evidence of his having, at some previous period of his history, mixed in what is called "good society." During his connection with the stage he had not only been actor and manager, but "stock author" also, in which latter capacity he had found it necessary to write at least *one* drama per week, for some considerable time past. It is therefore unnecessary to state that his "inventive faculties" were of a very superior order. Cheered by the stimulus of the potent wines with which the Squire most plentifully plied his guests, Altamont Higgins favored his simple-minded host and hostess with a series of fictitious, but highly "sensational" narratives, respecting himself and friends, which kept the Squire and his wife in a perpetual "thrill" of "hysterical" excitement.

"And now, my friends," said Altamont Higgins, at the conclusion of a singularly absorbing episode, "fill high!—a bumper to the health of our worthy host and hostess, and may the genial virtue of hospitality, of which they are the brilliant embodiment, long flourish in this free-born land!"

The Squire was just "on his legs" to return thanks "in his own name, that of his wife, and that of his native country," when a loud knocking was heard at the "outer door," and the elderly butler rushed in, with consternation on his face, exclaiming :—

"O Squire! it's a sheriff's officer!"

"A sheriff's officer?" shouted everybody in chorus.

"Yes, sir," continued the gray-headed serving-man, "he says you've got some play actors here!"

"Play actors! Tell the scoundrel he lies in his throat!" thundered Altamont Higgins, in the tone in which Macbeth traditionally requests Macduff to be so good as to "lay on!"

But denial was of no avail, the sheriff's officer had followed the old butler to the door of the apartment, and was contemplating his prey with basilisk-like intensity.

"Sorry to disturb proceedin's," said the legal functionary, "but in virtue o' this here writ, I arrests you, Altamont Higgins, at the suit of Mr. McGruffy, proprietor of the theatre where-hof you was responsable manager."

Mr. Altamont Higgins was so completely "taken aback" that, for the first time in his life, he was not able to articulate a single syllable.

"It's all a mistake," shouted the Squire, "the gentleman lives at Thingummerry Castle, on the left bank of the Danube, and his friend is a hospo—what the devil do you call it?"

"*I* knows 'em," said the sheriff's officer, approaching Altamont Higgins. "Come along, young man! I've got a fly outside. Why, bless your heart, Sir," said the limb of the law, turning to the Squire, "they've got the hidentical togs on at this moment as I seed 'em performin' in t'other night, at the little theatre in our town."

"'Twas ever thus!" said Altamont Higgins in tragic tones of the most intense bitterness. "No sooner do I bask for one brief hour in the transient sunshine of enjoyment, than the rosy cup of happiness is ruthlessly dashed from my fevered lips!" and Altamont Higgins filled himself a tumbler of champagne, and tossed it off with the air of a man imbibing Prussic acid.

"My dear," said the astonished Squire to his no less surprised better half, "we are the victims of a hoax."

"Call it not hoax, fair Sir!" said Altamont Higgins, impetuously turning to the Squire, "call it rather a stratagem, devised by one o'erwhelmed by fortune's frowns! I thank ye for your kindness. Never shall your hospitality be forgotten by Altamont Higgins—*alias* Willoughby Brown!"

"Willoughby Brown!" exclaimed the Squire, starting up. "Surely—yes, no, certainly not—but, on the other hand, possibly yes! Tell me, Sir, was your father a member of the firm of—"

"Brown, Black, Brown & Co., Cheapside, London," interrupted Altamont Higgins. "I might have been a member of the firm myself by this time," said he, gazing wistfully before him, "but business wasn't my line, the governor put the screw on too tight, and we quarrelled. Eight years ago I ran away from home and took to the stage, of which I trust yet to become a by no means 'unattractive' ornament."

"My dear," said the Squire to his wife, "this singular young man actually turns out to be the son of a valued friend and old schoolfellow, old Willoughby Brown, who saved me from drowning when we were boys together. Bless my soul. A most extraordinary coincidence! John, bring me my check book. I'll settle this little matter, if only for my old friend's sake!"

The check was written, and the sheriff's officer dismissed.

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Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Fitzmontague had taken their leave, clad in becoming "costume of the period," a change of garment provided for them by the kind Squire and his wife, who, moreover, had not forgotten to present them with a souvenir of a still more substantial description. Our hero, Altamont, comfortably, if not elegantly, arrayed in "frock dress" (likewise selected from the Squire's wardrobe), was seated in the old oak-pannelled parlor, on one side of a cheerful fire—while, opposite him, sat the Squire, whose benevolent face was beaming with delight at having had the chance of being useful to "somebody."

"I often hear from your father," said the Squire, "let me tell him in my next letter that I have seen his son, who is willing to return to business, and carry on the firm of Brown, Black, Brown & Co."

"No, Sir," said the son of Thespis, firmly. "There is such a thing as liking a profession for its own sake, without reference to profit and emolument. Such love as this do I bear the actor's calling. There's a strange witchery about it that seldom permits the man who has once rubbed shoulder against side-scene to follow any other vocation. As Shakespeare has said of another 'fascination, 'All other pleasures are not worth its pains.' As the sailor loves the sea, so does the actor love the ideal world behind the footlights!"

"But at any rate," said the old Squire, who was beginning to take real interest in his new *protege*, "as you will not apply to your father, promise me, as the son of my old friend, that should you ever find yourself in difficulties again, you will at once communicate with me."

"I am deeply grateful to you, Sir," said our hero with unfeigned emotion, "but let me trust that better times are in store for the poor actor. Only yesterday I received a written offer of an engagement at a first-class London theatre. I have gone through all the toils and hardships of provincial training, let me hope that fame and prosperity are not far distant. So, 'Excelsior' be my motto! At any rate," continued our hero, shaking the old Squire warmly by the hand, "I sincerely trust I may never again be under the disagreeable necessity of resorting to 'A Dodge for a Dinner!'"

STREET TUMBLERS.

In most of the suburbs and outskirts of London, the street tumblers, athletes, acrobats and performers of feats, both muscular and sleight of hand, make their appearance soon after the spring showers, when warm weather is about setting in. They announce themselves, as Punch and Judy do, by banging a big drum with remarkable emphasis, and accompanying it with just a few bars of an improvised air on the Pandean pipe intended to wake up the neighborhood. The appeal is recognised far and wide, and is no sooner heard by that section of humanity who delight in gratuitous amusements, and are always on the look out for "stray gifts to be seized by whoever shall find," than they are surrounded by a flock of interested spectators, quite ready to appreciate their activity and skill. The performance invariably begins by the ceremonious spreading of a small remnant of stair carpeting in the centre of the road or open space—an operation which takes up a great deal of time, and seems to be regarded, both by the operator and the lookers-on, as an important and mysterious affair. At the same time, another and far less ceremonious member of the company is engaged in clearing a ring, which he does by swinging a stout rope armed at either end with a heavy ball of brass, with which balls he plays at the heads and toes of the crowd, and compels them to occupy the position assigned to them. What takes place when the carpet is duly spread and the ring is cleared will, of course, depend upon the accomplishments of the members of the company, and their willingness to exhibit them in return for the encouragement they receive. The exhibition proceeds on the excelsior principle, beginning with small things, and going on with greater and still greater as the coppers pour in, until the grand climax of all is reached and the programme is at an end. But you may note that, as a general rule, the climax never is reached, because the coppery shower never is profuse enough to meet the expectations of the performers; so that an abrupt conclusion is what usually takes place, and the sudden migration of the company to some other spot. Ill natured spectators, especially those who contribute nothing, are apt to say the grand climax is all a hoax—that the sword, three-quarters of a yard long, which lies on the carpet ready to be swallowed when the coppers amount to three and nine, never is swallowed at all, or that the small donkey who waits there so quietly to go up the ladder and be balanced on Signor Mekoni's hairy chin, never did go up the ladder in his life, and never will. We don't know anything about that, having ourselves never witnessed a completed performance, owing to the lamentable want of generosity on the part of the populace.

Meanwhile there is no denying that, climax or no climax, a good deal is done. The Signor squats like a Turk, and lets fly a number of golden balls, which he takes one after another from the pockets of his tinseled jacket, until his head is seen bobbing about beneath an ever changing dome of the glittering globes, which, as fast as they fall into one open palm, are propelled to the other and sent circling again. Then the balls are changed for a set of gleaming bowie knives, which are sent on the same rapid circuit, and whose shining points come in fearful proximity to the operator's temples. Then the signor folds his arms and takes breath a little, while a comrade goes through a series of peg-top manœuvres—spinning the top, whirling it in the air, catching it on his back, on his head, on the nape of his neck, on the sole of his shoe, or wherever else he chooses, and finally, ere it has ceased to spin, balancing it at the end of a long reed upon his nose. Then you have gymnastics by a couple of youths, who, joining hands and feet, roll round the circle so rapidly that one is not to be distinguished from the other; then they separate and turn no end of somersaults, and walk and run and frolic indifferently on their heels or their heads, or embrace their own necks with their legs, while they hop about like fabulous birds upon the palms of their hands. When the signor has breathed a while, he lies down on his back, turning the soles of his feet to the sky, and upon them is laid a long pole, which he sends flying aloft and catches again as it comes down, keeping up the game to the tune of the big drum and pipe until you have had enough of it. Then the pole is flung off and one of the youths springs upon the upturned sole, where for a time he is pleasantly kicked from one foot to the other, rising higher and higher in the air at each succeeding kick, and finally performing a double somersault in his passage to *terra firma*. The signor now chooses to get up, but of course he does not do it as an ordinary mortal would; keeping his arms still folded, he prefers to pick himself up without the use of his hands, and he does it by sheer force of muscle. Then you shall see him planted firm on his feet, while a comrade as tall as himself leaps upon his shoulders, where he also stands erect and firm, while one of the youths swarms up the bodies of the two, and, standing on the shoulders of the second man, looks down from a height of some fifteen feet. Thus loaded, the signor walks about with a grand air to a martial tune, indulging his upper story with a private view into the attics of the surrounding dwellings. After this, if the coppers are forthcoming, you may see some conjuring tricks; and, if you like to participate, you may even assist in their performance. You may have, for instance, a huge padlock taken out of your waistcoat pocket and firmly fastened in your jaw; or, objecting to that sort of dentistry, may see a quart of ale pumped from your elbow; or you may lend your handkerchief to the signor, who, unfolding it before your eyes, will show you that it contains half a dozen new laid eggs. Various other tricks are performed, none of a very recondite kind, such as go to make the reputation of the far famed wizards who astonish the world of fashion, but clever enough to startle and amuse the populace.

What is the origin of these amusing vagabonds? Where do they all come from when the season for their annual appearance sets in? How do they live? and where do they live in the winter? and what becomes of them when years steal upon them, and feats of activity and strength are out of the question? We shall endeavor to answer these questions *seriatim*. There is no question but that the most accomplished of these out of door professors have been trained to the business from infancy, and do but follow the vocation of their sires. This is shown to be the case by the extraordinary pliancy of limb and suppleness of joint which many of them possess and will retain up to middle age. They could never acquire the capability of twisting themselves into the shapes we sometimes see them assume, if they did not begin young, and they only learn it as children by constant and often very painful practice under the direction of their parents or proprietors—by which latter term we mean to intimate the unpleasant fact that promising children are not unfrequently surrendered by their parents, for a consideration, to trainers who speculate upon making a profit out of them. On the other hand, there are numbers who take to this sort of industry—if industry it can be called—from a real liking to it; while there are also not a few who are driven to it by necessity. Of this last class are the poor street outcasts of London and other great cities, who begin by running and tumbling for halfpence after omnibuses, and end by joining, in the humblest capacity, some wandering gang of street-strollers, with whom they work their way upward as they best can.

To account for the appearance of the tumbling fraternity with the advent of summer, we need only revert to the necessities of their lot, which control, and must control, the routine of their life. Performing their feats, as they are compelled to do, in garments too thin and light to afford them protection against rough weather, it would be madness in them to expose themselves to it, and therefore they never do it if they can help it. They have a prudent fear of rheumatism, an attack of which would put an end to their occupation; and you may observe that after performances they are always careful to cool themselves gradually, and will don cloaks or overcoats against the slightest shower of rain. Up to the time when we see them first in the streets they have been performing under cover—in barns, in dancing booths, in public houses, in traveling shows and circuses of small note, in penny theatres, and in migrating caravans, where their feats are of use in supplementing the attractions of a dried crocodile, a fat boy, or a calf with two heads. They take to the road in summer with the view of making a little more money than they can do in such engagements; and they gravitate toward London in the first instance, because the races, which come off at no great distance from London during the summer months, afford the most promising field for their exertions. On the racing downs they sometimes endure enormous labors and fatigue; they have been known to walk from London to Epsom in the early morning, starting before the dawn—to be active throughout the whole day, with just an interval during the running of the horses, and at night to bivouac in an extemporized tent, or under the lee of some bank or sheltering wall—and to resume their avocations with unabated vigor on the following day; and so on until the carnival of the race ground is over.

It is a prevailing notion that this class of men are intemperate and besotted, and spend their gains chiefly in drink. As a rule, nothing can be further from the fact. A man who was given to drinking would speedily come to the end of his career as a gymnast or tumbler; he would lose firmness of muscle and strength of nerve; would drip with perspiration under exertions which the man in good training would make with perfect coolness; and in the end would be cast off by his comrades in their own self defence. There are exceptional drunkards, of course, among them, who, by strength of constitution, last for years, but they come to grief and disgrace sooner or later. The expenses of a traveling company are not, judging from observations we have made, very enormous. There is generally a managing wife among them, who looks to the preparation of breakfast and supper at their quarters for the time being—the midday refreshment of the troop being taken as opportunity may serve. They do not appear to be at all choice, when on their travels, in the matter of lodgings. Some time back, while accompanying an inspector in his survey of a crowded lodging house, we came upon a small room in which was a single bed; the occupants were a company of street tumblers, to the number of six; two lads occupied the bed, while the other four lay on the ground amidst their properties, all of them being fast locked in slumber, which our rather noisy intrusion failed to disturb.

When autumn comes on, heralding the approach of winter,

these professionals begin to look out for some cover in which to hybernate; now, in these days of popular amusements and recreations of all kinds, have they very far to seek. Many of them return to the traveling shows, which find their harvest in the fall of the year by attending the mops and statute hirings, and the numerous fairs for the sale of farm produce of all kinds, which then come off. Many more contract engagements with publicans and the proprietors of music halls, where their performances alternate with those of the musical soloists and public singers. Numbers not so well qualified make their appearance on the stages of the "gaffs" and penny theatres in the low districts of the metropolis; while not a few get up independent exhibitions of their own in some poor neighborhood—their stage being, perhaps, a room in the rear of a huckster's or marine store dealer's shop—where a dress box ticket costs threepence, and pit and gallery are open at proportionate prices. Now and then the street performer gets a winter engagement at one of the London theatres, where he is generally taken on with the express condition that he accepts any kind of "business" it may suit the manager's convenience to assign to him. Hence it comes to pass that playgoers may see the Signor Mokoni blown into the air by the springing of a mine in a war spectacle—swinging by his legs from the sails of the mill in the "Miller and his Men," knocked about as an ancient "Charley" in a farce, or staggering about as decrepit Pantaleon in a pantomime.

The most serious question of all, and the saddest to answer, comes last: What becomes of the tumbling professor in his old age? There are few prizes in this department of the lottery of life. The whole of the records of muscular greatness furnish very few Blondins and Leotards, and only one Belzoni; the million failures find no record, because no man cares about them. Old age—or what is tantamount to old age—steals upon the performing athlete much earlier than it does upon ordinary men, simply because an infirmity which would be no bar to the pursuit of ordinary avocations is often fatal to his. A touch of rheumatism, a liability to cramp, the straining of a muscle, the sprain of a sinew—any one of these may lay him on the shelf for a time; and if either should occur when he is past his prime, it is more than probable that he is laid by for ever. Men of this class are never willing to admit that their powers are failing, and often bring about the evil they fear by affecting to despise it. A man that should lay by to recruit will go on violently exerting himself to avoid the suspicion of infirmity, which would be damaging to him; by and by his powers fail him of a sudden; he "misses his tip," as it is termed; that is, he trips or breaks down in performing the exploit which he is advertised for, and unless he can recover himself and perform it on the spot, it is all over with him—the beginning of the end of his career has come. Careful men take all possible pains to stave off this woeful crisis as long as they can; they drink sparingly—they diet themselves—they husband all their strength for the performance of the duties required of them, and resort to bathing, friction, poulticing their joints and anointing themselves with "nine oils" and various other medicaments and devices for retaining the forces and elasticity of youth, which, last as long as they may, will desert them but all too soon. Many a man, after he is worn out himself, will retain a position in the company to which he is attached, on account of his child or *protege*, whose clever performances bring money to the concern. In such a case he is is seen no more in the arena, but is employed in some other way, as carter, stableman, bill-sticker or general factotum, doing whatever is to be done for the common good. It is not an unusual thing for the street athlete, when his strength fails him, to turn peripatetic tradesman. If he have saved a little capital and can start a horse and cart, he does not make a bad figure as costermonger; and, as such, generally thrives. Wanting the means for such an outfit, he will push at a handcart or carry about his stock on his head. His greatest enemies in either case are his nomadic habits and love of change, which are apt to interfere with his success and reduce him to sad straits. Under the most disastrous circumstances, however, you never find him voluntarily resorting to "the house" as a refuge. All his habits and predilections are dead against that. If he is carried thither in his hour of distress and helplessness, it is in all probability to escape from durance by a speedy death.

That the life we have been describing must have special charms for those who follow it there can be no doubt, looking to their evident freedom from care and their customary good spirits, and to the fact that the march of science and the schoolmaster does not appear to diminish their numbers. What these charms are, however, one can hardly declare with certainty. It may be that certain temperaments find their fullest gratification in such a life; and that the admiration and popular applause that follow on success are an ever-present and agreeable stimulus, outweighing its inseparable hardships. Then we must remember there is a chance of a splendid reputation and enormous gains, which any youthful aspirant may hope to attain; and that this possibility, like a hundred thousand pound prize in a lottery where thousands venture, though but one can win, cannot fail of its attraction. On the moral bearings of the subject we need not here touch.—*Leisure Hour.*

MY LESSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY C. EDWARD.

I don't know why people tell their love tales.

They are generally rather vapid to all but two. Sometimes there is a third party in the person of a romantic girl friend; and occasionally the hero has a love-lorn fellow masculine, who will hearken to his story without yawning. But these are special cases.

The world never thinks a love affair very sorrowful, except, perhaps, in tragedies and overwrought novels. They may laugh at them—they very often do; but the actors in the *affaire du cœur* are not apt to consider it very funny. Therefore, they are silly to tell what will only bring ridicule upon themselves.

And yet, after all I have said against the practice, I am about to unburden myself of my love story. It is not that I wish to proclaim it at the outset such an extraordinary one as to carry it beyond the rule. In many of its features it will be found the "old, old tale," and yet, in good truth, it is not so much my love-life as its unhappy ending that I desire to inflict on the patient reader.

I start with the assumption that I shall not receive much sympathy. I shall even probably be laughed at. But I care not for that. My experience will at least "point a moral" if it will not "adorn a tale"—and the lesson it inculcates is, to be careful how you write, when and where you write, and your own condition while writing. A few other *addenda* might be given—such as not to address anybody in terms that you would not like your lady-love to see, etc—but all that will be sufficiently developed hereafter.

Now to plunge into the midst of things.

Her name was Mary Stubbs—name not romantic—but having a sort of utility air about it. Of course she was pretty in my eyes; and of course she was not so in everybody's eyes, because everybody did not become enamored of her at first sight (I had almost written "first blush"), as I did.

I always like a petite woman. Am not very tall myself, and have a horror of giving my arm to a female whose elbows are more elevated than my own. Marie (she liked to write her name so) was small, but so neat and trim that she did not look so. In fact, with one of her famous trails on, she looked quite queenly, and you had to stand near her to realize that she was anything but immense.

She had nice little features; dark, sharp eyes that I loved to gaze into—and a high color, easily heightened, which was often criticised, though I must confess I liked it much. I once heard a young lady acknowledge that Marie was pretty, though she was mean enough to add that it was in an insignificant way.

But I waste too much precious space about her *personnel*, which, after all, can't interest everyone—or perhaps anyone. The girl took me by storm. I had been heart-whole for a series of years, and had come to regard myself as, in a measure, impregnable. But this time I fell at the first assault.

I heard her read—for we met first at a sort of literary and dramatic club—and she read well. She had an excellent voice, and though rather school girlish in her manner, I thought her angelic. My love was like a red, red rose that evening, excitement having lent her considerable extra in the way of flushes. I like red—except in neckties and ringlets. Yes, I was smitten at the first glance. I joined that club—was introduced to my charmer, and worked the thing shrewdly until I became her escort to the club regularly on each Friday evening.

I must here explain that I was then a little more simple than I now am. I did not know that I had fallen in love with her. Had I suspected it I would have avoided her, for I was not exactly circumstanced for anything of that sort just then. No, I imagined, you see, that mine was merely a bit of friendly interest.

My attentions to the girl soon attracted other attention and remark. Friends began to plague me about her, and to affectionately inquire as to the exact date of the wedding. Friends always do under such circumstances. But I didn't mind their teasing. I was firmly fixed in the belief that mine was a friendship of the most Platonic kind, and it never occurred to me to reflect what the girl herself might think.

But somehow or other all this relates to the commencement of my love, when I started out to tell of its untimely demise. I must hurry over matters a little.

I discovered my feelings by a suspicion that she loved another, who I knew adored her. It would serve no good purpose to explain, any further than merely to remark that I was mistaken. But I learned to know my own feelings by the misery I was in while under the delusion that my rival was a successful one.

I resolved then to avoid the girl—to break with her. I kept my resolution like any young man would. Went to see her, badly affected with "the blues," and in less than two weeks had come to an explanation, learned that she did not dislike me—in short, we became affianced.

It was not very prudent of me, for my worldly circumstances made a long engagement a certainty. But then love and prudence harmonize about as well as oil and water.

We kept on our course for many months, flattering ourselves that our love strengthed with time. My pecuniary prospects began to brighten, and I commenced to speculate mentally about the prices of household goods, etc.

But the affair came to an end, with a most wondrous abruptness. And here is where I expect and deserve to be laughed at. For I myself have to acknowledge that a more crazy trick I have never heard of.

It will here be necessary to let the world know that I was not perfectly immaculate. I do not believe that I was much of an unmitigated reprobate, either; but I confess to a goodly array of faults. I never was careful enough about appearances, and army life had formed acquaintances for me that some of my other friends would have styled "common."

With this explanation, I will state that two of my former company comrades had arranged to give a ball, and had made me sometime before promise to attend. It was under mental protest that I did so, for the style of people who would attend it, I knew, would be quite unsuited to my tastes. But I was yielding, and they exacted my word to go, and also arranged to have a partner for me.

I never attended that dance; and yet it was the cause of my ruin. Let me try to give a lucid explanation of a transaction which I can hardly myself even now understand.

Late in the afternoon of the day before the time set for the ball referred to, I received the following note from my *fiancee*:—

"*Mon cher amant.*—I am delighted to tell you that I have been favored with an invitation to the affair at H's to-morrow evening, and have accepted for you and myself. You must be at our house by eight. *Jamais fidele,* MARY."

Being modest, Miss Stubbs, it will be observed, always put her tender passages in French. I understand that young ladies of the present age generally do.

Well, of course, such an invitation amounted to a command. It was already late in the afternoon, so it behooved me to write an acceptance to my beloved, and a letter, explaining and declining to my other friends; and this must be done that evening, to have the notes reach their destinations the following day.

The fates were certainly against me. I had just seated myself to write my billets, when I was interrupted by the visit of an old friend—a former fellow-officer in the service—whose residence was in the country, and who was only to be in town till the next morning. We became engaged in an animated conversation, which lasted till supper time, my unwritten notes having been utterly forgotten.

Then my visitor insisted upon my taking supper with him at his hotel, and spending the evening with him.

This I could not refuse to do. We accordingly supped together, and then adjourned to the billiard room, where we played a few games, and also indulged in a number of potations.

I was not in the habit of drinking, and it did not take very much liquor to affect me. I certainly was not intoxicated, but my head was far from clear.

Towards nine o'clock we were debating the policy of sallying out to a theatre, when, in drawing forth my handkerchief, the note I had received from Mary Stubbs fell from my pocket to the floor. The sight of this brought to my mind my unfulfilled intentions in relation to the two parties, and with an apology to my friend I procured pen and paper from the office, and seated myself at a table in the bar to inscribe the notes. I first communicated that to my charmer, and the liquor I had imbibed had a two fold effect. It made it difficult to write at all, and made me also somewhat inclined to be warm and demonstrative in my language. My friend, in the meantime, sat on the opposite side of the table, laughing at my difficulties. He was little if any more sober than myself.

However, I managed at last to finish the first page of the note. I had no blotter so I passed it to my friend to hold to the stove to dry, ere I wrote on the other side.

While waiting I took another sheet, and began writing my second note. This was of a different sort—written in free and easy language, such as I deemed suitable to the party so dressed. I must add, in self defence, that the turn of this note was probably considerably influenced by my condition at the time.

It was but the work of a minute or two to finish the first page of the second note.

I then passed it to my companion for the drying process, and requested him to return the other. He made a careless remark about its being not quite dry, and at the same time called to the barkeeper, and we had another drink.

All of this is not very creditable to me, but I prefer to tell the whole truth in this confession.

After another moment he handed me back the first note, and I finished up the few remaining words required in quick time. This note I sealed up and addressed.

Then I completed the other in the same manner. We then both sallied down to the post office, and I duly posted my letters.

We went that night to the theatre, and from thence to the hotel again, where I spent the night with my friend.

He returned home the next morning. I trust his headache was not so bad as my own.

I passed a dull, stupid day, going through my routine of business in a mechanical, spiritless way. I looked forward also to an uncomfortable evening.

My foreboding was hardly necessary, as I ultimately discovered.

Something occurred toward evening that not only relieved the day of its insipidity, but obviated the necessity of attending the party at H——'s.

The carrier of letters, on his last rounds, brought me two letters, both with the city postmark. One was addressed to me in the delicate and familiar caligraphy of my fair one. It was a dainty little packet; and respecting its appearance, I took my pen knife from my pocket and carefully cut it open at the end.

I will give verbatim the few lines that met my gaze:—

"17 C—— street can dispense in future with the services of C—— D——. It is scarcely necessary to add that the individual —I had almost written 'gentleman'—need not call this evening to fulfill a request, made under a misapprehension of his character."

It contained no signature, but there was no mistaking from whom it had come.

I gazed at it in a state of petrifaction, and slowly reread it. That something had occurred to degrade me in the young lady's esteem was quite evident.

But I did not feel guilty of any particular crime, and under a sense of injury I began to feel indignant.

I believe, however, that curiosity was just then a stronger feeling than rage in my bosom.

I tried to imagine what could have effected the wonderful revolution in my Mary's feelings towards me. Could it be that she had learned of my conduct the night before?

I soon dismissed that thought. I had not been intoxicated, nor did I feel that I had done anything to deserve to lose the title of "gentleman." This last was what galled me most in the note, by-the-by.

Then of a sudden the idea was forced upon me that I had probably misdirected the notes, and sent to Miss Stubbs the one intended for my friend Johnson, declining to attend his ball. The second note which I had received still lay upon my desk unopened, and, with a vague idea that it might contain some solution of the mystery, I tore it open.

I will also present it word for word, merely omitting the date:—

"You're a brick, old boy, you are. And can't you hoist out the big words when you want to? No, I guess not. If I didn't know you I wouldn't know how to take your letter. But me and Stokes had a good laugh over it. I say, though, we're badly put out that you can't come to our shake up, for it 'll be gay, you bet. Your little company aint a going to keep up longer than twelve, and we won't be more than fairly agoing then. So you come anybow, after seeing your gal home. Now don't fail, for we'll look for you."

It was, as I expected, a reply to my other note. I believe it impressed but one fact upon me; and that was that the writer had received my note declining to attend, consequently the two letters had not been misdirected.

I started for supper both disheartened and puzzled. I could not understand why Mary Stubbs should resort to such a manner of discarding me, if such were her intention. That I had not given her any cause for the strong language she had been guilty of I was now assured.

I tried to muster up indignation against her. But while fully acknowledging that I had every cause for anger, I fear I made a rather forlorn attempt towards it. I was too fond of the girl for any other feeling than a "blue" one.

I think that my supper must have given me courage, for after finishing it, and dressing, I came to the conclusion that I would call upon my charmer, and demand an explanation.

I did so. The door was shut in my face.

I went home and wrote a note, in which I challenged her to shew cause for her conduct—asserted that I had done nothing to deserve such treatment, and insinuated that she must be laboring under some strange mistake in regard to me. I believe I was somewhat inclined to pathos at the close.

The epistle came back to me unopened!

Then I think I did manage to muster up a little anger, and, with "blue" intervals, I existed so as not to attract remark for a few weeks. I kept myself pretty closely housed, however, for I do not scruple to acknowledge that the blow was a severe one to me.

I suppose a month or more had gone by when, one evening, just before I was about to leave for home, Tom Johnson dropped into the office to see me. He will be remembered as the young man to whom the second note had been sent.

Mr. Johnson rattled on for a while about his party, and how much fun I had missed by not attending. Then he changed the subject a trifle by talking of my note to him, which he said I had just written to puzzle him. I explained that I had written it under difficulties, and with no intention of a joke.

"Well," was his reply, "if you were a little 'set up' that explains it. But you just read it yourself, and see if it don't sound a little queer."

And, suiting the action to the word, he produced my note, a little bethumbed, from his pocket, and passed it to me.

Imagine my astonishment and consternation when these lines met my gaze:—

"MA CHERE.—Words can illy depict the ecstatic emotions which filled me upon the reception of your delightful note of invitation. For the party itself I care nothing; the pleasure to me is to know that you think of me—that I can again be near you.

"And now, old bummer, you'll have to do your foot shaking without me. Sorry, but a piece of calico has got me booked for a little private affair, which I must attend. Go in, old boy, and enjoy yourself; I'll certainly grieve myself thin that I can't be with you."

I saw at a glance what had occurred. The first paragraph above quoted occupied the first page of the note intended for Miss Mary. My friend, who had been drying the notes for me, had evidently, in a spirit of mischief, substituted the one for the other, so that I had completed the note to her on the sheet intended for Tom Johnson, and *vice versa.*

When I reflected on the free and easy style in which I had begun the note to that individual I was horror stricken.

I could no longer wonder at her indignation towards me, or deem it causeless.

It may probably have struck the reader all through this narration that my manner has not been that of a heart broken lover. I do not feel particularly depressed at this writing, and for several reasons.

I have no doubt at all that the girl still loves me. I know that I am unchanged.

We are now separated by an unfortunate—some may call it laughable error. I think this can be cleared up. I am at work now to do so.

I have written a full explanation of the matter. This I could not mail to her, for she will not open a letter from me. I soon bethought me of another plan.

I called on her bosom friend, Annie Hirst, last night. She was "cool" to me, but she did not quite go to the length of shutting the door in my face.

I took no notice of her manner; I proceeded to business at once. I made full confession to her, for I felt certain that she had read my note.

I soon interested her. Finally, after lecturing me for my recklessness and bad habits, she promised to call upon Mary the next (this) morning. I then produced my letter of explanation and begged her to have Marie read it. This she has promised to do.

I have been restless all day, expecting, or rather hoping to hear the result. But it is now late in the afternoon. The postman has made his last rounds and brought me naught.

I cannot but begin to feel melancholy.

N. B. (Half an hour later). I am exuberant, and I certainly have cause to be. Let everybody wish me joy. Marie's little brother has just come in with the following note. It contains but two lines—but such lines!—

"*Mon cher,* you are forgiven. I trust this will reach you before you leave home. Call this evening."

To be sure I will!

I have had a lesson—I will drink no more.

AT THE OPERA.—The Emperor and Empress of France recently went to the opera to hear the "Huguenots." The house was one blaze of diamonds and satins, the boxes being occupied by the *fine fleur* of Parisian society—the Duchess of Istria, the Marquise de Cadore, M. Schneider, Mdme. Troplong, etc. In one of the stage boxes sat the young Duc de Huescar, son of the Duc d'Albe and nephew of the Empress. A strange night it was. The Emperor had expressed a wish to hear Mdme. Tass and Faure, but, being confined by influenza, they were unable to obey the imperial command; so Mdlle. Julia Hisson had to perform the part of Valentine, and Caron that of Nevers, as Maurel, who had taken Faure's place for the last two nights, was suddenly laid up. Caron, in donning the doublet of Nevers, left his own character, that of the Seigneur de Thore, to be performed as it best might by the leader of the chorus. The "Comedy of Errors" was not yet complete. During the representation a draft from the side scenes suddenly set Messrs. Colin and Caron sneezing and coughing. This fresh mishap put the manager, M. Perrin, at his wit's end. What was to be done? First of all, the chief dresser was ordered to prepare another set of costumes, and urgent messages were dispatched to different quarters. The tenor Morere, and Castelmary, the baritone, kindly responded to the appeal, and soon appeared as Raoul and Nevers. The former had his trouble for nothing, for Colin managed somehow to come forward and got through his part without sneezing; but Caron, who was quite *hors du combat,* drove off home as quickly as he could. It is not considered etiquette, when a sovereign is present, for the stage manager to come forward and explain matters; so, when the curtain rose upon the fourth act, great hilarity was caused in the house by the appearance of a tall, red haired Nevers instead of the short seigneur who had married Valentine a quarter of an hour before. The Emperor laughed as heartily as the rest, although the First Chamberlain, M. de la Ferriere, had informed his Majesty of what had happened, and the Empress disappeared more than ever behind a large Japanese fan; indeed, she was throughout the evening so hidden from the public gaze that Paris journalists would this time have had more excuse for mistaking the color of her toilet than they usually have.

BETTER SLEIGHING than usual must have been pretty generally enjoyed last week, if the unusual fall of snow may be assigned as an aider and abettor. The Androscoggin Railroad, in Maine, was so badly blocked by snow and ice that the mail from Lewiston to Farmington went by a special conveyance. ......It was five feet deep in and about the White and Franconia Mountains, and the lumbermen were obliged to desert the swamps and take out their teams....It was so deep in Farmington, Me., that the traders opened new channels of trade by cutting steps in the ice and snow up the ice banks, so that with a sprinkling of ashes they could introduce customers into their places of business with comparative ease and safety...... The recent blockade in Wisconsin is said to have been the worst since 1864. The Ripon Railroad was snowed up for a week, and a Sheboygan train came through four days behind time. Some of the drifts were fifteen feet deep. At Montreal and Quebec there was a heavy fall, and the New Dominion was pretty generally clothed with a very thick, white garment.......The Union Pacific Railroad trains were stopped for fifteen days, and about sixty tons of mail matter accumulated at Cheyenne...... Manhattan Island was well covered on the 26th, and sleighing in the rural districts, and sleighing was tolerably good on the 27th. The seasons are evidently misnamed, for the winter should be called the fall, in our opinion, because of the descent of the feathery flakes and the trip sup and slips up on the ice.

☞ Holloway's Ointment, compared with all other Ointments or Salves, is as gold is to the common metals. Others may sometimes cure, but this Ointment never fails. Old sores and ulcers disappear in a few days under its healing influence.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

WHAT glorious object does a boy getting up in the morning resemble? The rising sun.

WHEN should a man dine? If rich, said Diogenes, when he likes; if poor, when he can.

WHEN does a boy begin bird-keeping? When he first sets up a (h)owl.

WHY is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush? Because it spoils the *nap.*

WHY is an ill-digested idea like a sailor's' chorus? Because it's a crew-ditty.

WHEN was Noah in America? When he was on the Ark-and-saw.

WHY is an overworked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used up.

WHY is a fire the greatest paradox in existence? Because the more it's *coaled* the *hotter* it gets.

WHY cannot the proprietor of a forest fell his own timber? Because no one is allowed to cut his own deal.

BREVITIES.

A BRAND(I)ED RACE.—Drunkards.

LIGHT DIET.—The Feast of Lanterns.

THE FRUITS OF GOOD LIVING.—The pine, olive and grape.

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Venice.

A PAGE ALWAYS GROWING.—The page of history.

A STANDING JOKE.—A cork leg.

MOTTO FOR THE MARRIED.—Never dis-pair.

THE DIVINE SPARK.—A woman's first love.

THE REAL PHANTOM SAIL.—A mock auction.

CURRENT LITERATURE.—"Books in the running brooks."

BEHIND TIME.—The back of a clock.

TURKISH BATH (FOR LADIES ONLY).—The Bosphorus.

A GREAT AID TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—Lemonade.

PLEASURE is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

JUDGE of a man by his questions rather than by his answers.

'TIS little trouble to brew beer; but beer brews much trouble.

A MISNOMER.—A woman named Virtue Innocent has been fined for unjust weights.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

A TERRIBLE CLIMAX.—A spider running up a hatchet handle.

PRETTY FEET.—The reason we admire pretty feet—because all's well that ends well.

IT is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention is better than "cure."

AN APPROPRIATE BOOK FOR A HOTEL TABLE.—A come-and-tarry.

THE PALMY SEASON.—Some one calls the time of squeezing girls' hands the palmy season of life.

BOILING water is more estimable than cold, because it can't help rising in esteem.

AN ill bred man is said to be like lightning, because he does not know how to *conduct* himself.

IF a lawyer is in danger of starving in a small town or village he invites another, and both thrive.

IT is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

BULLETS can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

THAT only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect purifies the manners.

A READING people will become a thinking people, and then they are capable of becoming a rational and a great people.

MATCHES, wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire.

SELF-POSSESSION.—Preserve self-possession and do not be talked out of conviction.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you would succeed in life rise early and be an economist of time.

I AM no more surprised that some revealed truths should amaze my understanding than that the blazing sun should dazzle my eyes.

RICHES.—"We see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

THE REASON WHY.—A man said the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

WHO sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

MERRY MOMENTS.

HE'D LIKE TO BE A JACKASS.—"A man who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said good old Elder Podson, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

TO FEED MANKIND.—Parson gives Cincinnati the credit of originating and perfecting the system which packs fifteen bushels of corn into a pig, and packs that pig into a barrel, and sends him over the mountains and over the ocean to feed mankind.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE TROUBLED.—"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

LOVING THE COOK.—"Does pa kiss you because he loves you?" inquired a snubby-nosed urchin of his mamma the other day. "To be sure. Why?" "Well, I think he loves the cook too, for he kissed her more than forty times last Sunday, when you was gone to church."

DONE.—A French writer, having lampooned a nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then regent, and begging him to do him justice, the duke replied with a smile, "Sir, it has been done already."

A SHARP WITNESS.—'Cute Ohio lawyer to plain country woman, a witness:—"You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," replied the lady. 'Cute lawyer whistled and let her go.

AND GOOD BOYS, TOO.—As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation the boys would all go out after them.

THE LAST JOKE.—There is a good story told of a French auditor of accounts, who was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it. He left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, and they had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

INDIAN HUMOR.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y—— to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians *use* a great deal of whisky, but we do not *make* it."

GOOD ADVICE.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said when he was leaving, "Tak' gude care o' yoursel' when ye are awa'; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in China!"

FOOTE being at a table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; after he had taken a mouthful or two, Foote took up his bread and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote; "I protest I took it for the loaf."

AN UNPOLITICAL STATEMENT.—A beaten politician stated, as the reason for his defeat in a debate, that his opponent happened to state just the only thing which he was not prepared to meet. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "The truth," was the reply; "nobody ever heard of a politician's stating the truth before."

THE SUBJECT NOT EXHAUSTED.—A clergyman, after preaching a tedious sermon on happiness, during which he enumerated the various classes of happy persons, asked one of his elders what he thought of the discourse. "You omitted one large class of the happy," replied the elder, "and that is they who escaped your sermon."

A GRAVEDIGGER'S PHRENOLOGY.—A phrenologist, strolling through a churchyard in France, perceived a gravedigger tossing up the earth, among which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time, said, "Ah, this was the skull of a *philosopher.*" "Very like, sir," said the gravedigger, "for I do see it is somewhat *cracked.*"

AN INTERESTING JUVENILE.—In order to amuse the children on a Sabbath, a lady was engaged in reading from the Bible the story of David and Goliah, and, coming to that passage in which Goliah so boastingly and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little chap, almost in his first trousers, said:—"Sister, skip that, skip that; he's blowing! I want to know who licked!"

MERELY A SQUALL.—A lady who had not been favored with the most harmonious voice would, nevertheless, attempt to sing. A gentleman, one of the company, said to another, "What does she call that?" He replied, "The Tempest, I think." On which a seafaring gentleman exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed; it is no tempest; it is merely a squall, and will soon be over."

HANGING.—The question whether hanging should be abolished was recently discussed by a debating society. Sam Wood was adverse to the suspensory process, as may be gathered from his peroration:—"Mr. President, talk of hanging for stealing! Why, sir, where would *I* have been, where would *you* have been, where would we *all* have been, if hanging were the penalty for that offence?" Let the plagiarists answer.

TWO BEARS.—In addressing a class of young ladies, Podson said, "Now, my dears, you're afraid of bears, I suppose." (Young ladies look interested.) "Well, you must always have *two bears in your house.*" (Young ladies look alarmed.) "Yes, my dears, *two bears* must be your companions through life." (Young ladies frightened.) "Yes, *two bears—bear* and *forbear* —must be nurtured in your bosoms."

"I LOVE THE HORSE."—The late Prof. Goodsir, of Edinburgh, was accustomed to surround himself with animals that he caressed during life, while he looked forward longingly to the time when he should be at liberty to examine their dead tissues. "I love the horse," he said one day to a friend; "I love the horse," laying great stress on the word *love;* and then added, without a pause, "I have dissected him twice."

THE CAPTAIN'S PARROT.—A sea captain had a parrot which was a great pet among the passengers of his ship. So familiar had the bird become with them that it was in the habit of walking round the table when they were at dinner, and talking with them. One day Polly fell into a pot of pickles and upset them. The mate, coming along at the time with a cup of hot water in his hand, saw what Polly had done. He became angry, and threw the hot water on the bird's head, which caused the feathers to fall off. The mate kept him out of sight for a day or two, and when he reappeared at the table he was bald headed. He viewed the passengers for a while, and at last spying an old gentleman with a bald head, he walked up to him and looked at him for a moment, and then said, "So you have been in the pickle pot, too, have you?"

A BALL IN EGYPT.—The ball given on Jan. 18th, at the Palace of Ghezireh is reported to have been a magnificent affair. Three thousand guests were present, but even that number did not fill the immense saloons, in which gold, marquetry and the most valuable marbles are employed in profusion. An immense bridge of boats, which impeded the navigation of the Nile for some days, had been thrown across the river so as to permit the carriages to arrive at the peristyle of the palace. The festival lasted until five in the morning, and the Viceroy, although he appeared very tired, yet remained to the end to do honor to this fete, on which a sum of £22,000 was expended.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CONTRABAND.—You have wholly failed in Brown's last enigma: instead of compelling Black to give checkmate, you leave him in stalemate. Your other solution shall be referred to Mr. B. when we get time to reduce its inordinate bulk. Your commendations of the Anderssen-Mieses game are well bestowed, and about the end game you are quite correct. What do you think of Mr. Smith's last Enig.?

THE HANDICAP TOURNEY of the B. C. A. is at length concluded, Herr Steinitz winning the 1st prize; and having gained that honorable distinction, too, without having lost a single game! Mr. Whisker, the newly-developed provincial player, taking the 2d prize, and Mr. Mongredien, Jr., reaching the honorary position of 3d place, but without a prize. The progress of this young gentleman is spoken of as especially promising. Mr. Blackburne has, and with ample cause and justice, entered a formal complaint about the dilatoriness of the players in the Challenge Cup Tourney, and the committee has voted measures looking to a speedy completion of that part of the Congress.

THE MICHIGAN STATE TOURNEY has finally resulted in Harsen D. Smith winning the 1st prize, and Capt. O. E. Michaelis, formerly well known in New York, the 2d.

MR. REICHHELM'S very ingenious problem "M. J. H." has had the honor of republication in London, with a notice of its excellence and correctness.

ANOTHER MATCH is in progress between Herren Neumann and Rosenthal.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XIII.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM NO. XXIV.

Nos. 9 and 14 render this but a mere repetition.

We have already given our readers all three of them by which to pass judgment upon our contributor's accuracy.

PROBLEM NO. XXV.

The design of this position provokes a comparison with No. 129. The pair come together in the following guise:—

WHITE.—King at Q 2; Queen at K Kt 2; Rook at Q B 7; Kt at Q 4; Pawn at Q B 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q B 5; Bishop at Q R 2; Knight at Q B 4; Pawn at K B 2d.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

NO. 129.

WHITE.—King at Q 2; Queen at K R 6; Rook at Q B 7; Bishop at K B 7; Knights at Q R 8, and Q 4; Pawn at Q B 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q B 5; Rook at Q B sq.; Bishop at Q B 4; Knights at K sq., and Q sq.; Pawns at Q B 2, Q Kt 3, and K B 3d.

White gives mate in four moves.

PROBLEM NO. XXVI.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 3; Queen at her 6; Rook at Q 5; Bishop at K B 4; Pawns at Q Kt 4, Q B 3, and K B 2d.

BLACK.—King at his 5; Bishop at K 3; Knights at Q B 5, and K Kt 4; Pawn at K B 6th.

White mates in two moves.

Compare Nos. 67, 112 and 168. The same remarks already made are applicable here. The marked sameness of theme and construction so noticeable in many of the problems of this collection, must certainly have a far other effect than to contribute to the general excellence of the work, or to increase the author's reputation for originality or fertility of invention. No. 26, like the others of which it is a counterpart, is *imperfect.* If Black 1..K × R, 2..Q-to her R 8, *or* her Kt 7, mate. If 1.. Bishop to K B 4, 2..R, *or* Q, mates; also, if 1..Kt to Q 3, or K 6th.

No 67 runs thus:—

WHITE.—King at Q Kt 3; Queen at K R 6; Rook at K sq.; Bishop at Q B 4; Knight at K Kt 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Rooks at Q Kt 3, and Q sq; Bishop at Q 3; Knight at K B 5; Pawn at Q Kt 5th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 168 is our this week's Enigma.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 665.

BY MR. FRANK HEALEY.

White: at Q Kt 3, K B 6, K 5, K R 8, Q B 4, Q B 7, Q B 4, K B 3d, and a White Pawn at K Kt 2d.

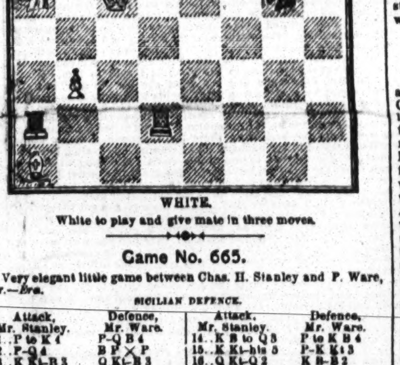
Black: at Q 5, her Kt 3, Q R sq, Q Kt sq, Q 3, K B 5, Q R 3, Q Kt 5, and Black Pawns at K B 4, and K R 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 665.

BY WM. H. LYONS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 665.

Very elegant little game between Chas. H. Stanley and F. Ware, Jr.—*Era.*

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. Stanley.	Defence, Mr. Ware.	Attack, Mr. Stanley.	Defence, Mr. Ware.
1..P to K 4	P-Q B 4	14..K B to Q 3	P to K B 4
2..P-Q 4	B P × P	15..K Kt-his 5	P-K Kt 3
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..Q Kt-Q 2	K B-B 2
4..K B-Q 3	P-K 3	17..Q Kt-B 3	P-K 4
5..Castles	K B-B 4	18..Q-her 2	K Kt-home
6..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q R 4	19..P-Q B 3	P-K 5 (c)
7..Q Kt-his 3	K B-Kt 3	20..K B × P	B P × B
8..P-Q R 4	P-Q 4	21..K R × P	Q B-B 4
9..K P × P	Q × Q P	22..R-his 4 +	K-his Kt 2
10..K R-K sq	K Kt-K 2 (a)	23..R-his 7 +	K-his B 3
11..P-K R 3	Castles	24..B P × P	Q R-K sq
12..K B-K 4	Q-her 3	25..P-Q 5	Q R-K 4, and
13..B × R P +	K-R sq (b)		

Mr. Stanley announces a singularly piquant mate in four moves.

(a) Capt. Mackenzie justly observes that here K Kt to B 3d is preferable.

(b) Taking the B would have subjected him to a fierce attack; but by playing the K to his Kt 3d, when attacked by the Kt, it appears to us that he would have escaped harm in a few moves.

(c) Mr. W. gains a loss by winning the piece; since he enables his opponent to bring that formidable Rook into the very heart of the fight.

Good battle between Mr. De Vere and Herr Neumann.—*Bell's Life.*

IRREGULAR OPENING.

C. De Vere.	G. R. Neumann.	C. De Vere.	G. R. Neumann.
1..P to K B 4	P to K B 4	25..Q B to R 6	K R to B 2
2..P-Q 4	K Kt-B 3	26..P-K Kt 4	B P × P
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-K 3	27..K R × R	Q B × R
4..P-Q R 3	K B-K 2	28..Q-K B 4	Q Kt-Q 2 (e)
5..K Kt-B 3	Castles	29..P-K 5	Q × Q +
6..Q-her B 2	P-Q 4	30..Q B × Q	P-Q B 5
7..P-K 3	P-Q Kt 3	31..K B-home	Kt-K B 3
8..B P × P	K P × P	32..K P × B +	K × B P
9..K B-Q 3	P-K Kt 3	33..R P × P	Kt × Kt P +
10..Castles	P-Q R 3	34..K-Kt 3	Kt-K B 3
11..Q B-Q 2	K B-Q 3	35..K-his R 4	P-Q Kt 4
12..Q R-B sq	P-Q B 3	36..K B-R 3	Q R-K 2
13..K Kt-K 5	Q R-his 2	37..Q R × R +	K × Q R
14..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q B 4 (d)	38..K B-B 8	P-Q R 4
15..Kt-K Kt 3	K B × Kt	39..Q B-Kt 5	P-Q Kt 5
16..Q P × B	K Kt-his 5	40..R P × P	R P × P
17..P-K B 4	Q-K R 5	41..K B-Kt 7	P-Q 5
18..P-K R 3	Kt × K 3d P	42..K B-Q 5	P-Q B 6
19..B P × Kt	Q × Q Kt	43..Kt P × P	Kt P × P
20..Q B-his 3	Q × K 1st P +	44..K B-K 4	P-K R 3
21..K-his R 2	Q B-K 3	45..Q B × Kt +	K × Q B
22..Q R-K sq	Q-K R 3	46..B-Q B 2	P-K Kt 4 +
23..Q B-Q 2	Q-K Kt 2	47..K-Kt 4	K-his 4
24..Q-her B sq	Q-her B 2	48..K B-Q 3	P-K R 4 +,

and the Defence wins.

(d) This is well played.

(e) Herr N., and with a just confidence, relies on the superiority of his Pawns. An instructive end-game ensues.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

HUDSON, of Buffalo, N. Y.—Will write to you soon. Let 'em come.

J. FRY, New York.—We do not know his whereabouts.

Game No. 47.—Vol. XVI.

Between Messrs. Green and Fry.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mr. G.		White. Mr. F.		Black. Mr. G.		White. Mr. F.	
1..11 to 15		22 to 18		15.. 2 to 9		22 to 17	
2..15	22	25	18	16.. 9	14	26	22(c)
3.. 8	11	29	25	17.. 1	6	31	26
4.. 4	8	24	20	18.. 6	9	23	18
5..10	15	25	22	19..16	23	26	19
6..12	16	21	17	20.. 3	8	30	26
7.. 8	12	17	13	21..21	25	17	14(d)
8.. 7	10	27	24	22..10	17	18	15
9.. 9	14	18	9	23..11	18	22	15
10.. 5	14	24	19(a)	24..25	30	26	23
11..15	24	28	19	25..30	26	31	16
12..14	17	32	23	26.. 9	14	24	20
13..17	21	28	24(b)	27..26	22	16	11
14.. 6	9	13	6	28..22	18, and wins.		

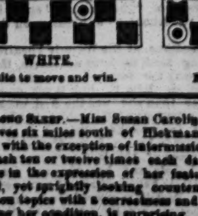
(a) Perfectly sound. (b) More cautious than brilliant. (c) While this appears to be the only safe move, it loses; 17 to 14 would have led to a drawn battle. (d) No use.

☞ Solution of Positions Nos. 90 and 91 reserved till next week.

Position No. 92.—Vol. 16.

BY EDWARD.

BLACK.



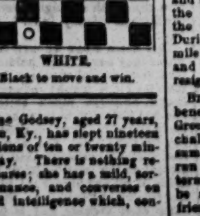
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 93.—Vol. 16.

BY THE EDITOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

A LONG SLEEP.—Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, aged 27 years, who lives six miles south of Hickman, Ky., has slept nineteen years, with the exception of intermissions of ten or twenty minutes each ten or twelve times each day. There is nothing repulsive in the expression of her features; she has a mild, sorrowful, yet sprightly looking countenance, and converses on common topics with a correctness and intelligence which, considering her condition, is surprising.

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS cure Indigestion, Heartburn and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. WELLING, 571 Broadway, New York.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SNOW SHOE RACING.

The annual races of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club were held upon the Lacrosse Grounds at Montreal, C. E., on the afternoon of Saturday, 20th ult. The day was just cold enough to be pleasant, and there was consequently a strong turnout to witness the sport, an admission fee being charged. The track, an exact quarter of a mile, with very favorable turns, was in fine order, hard and wide, but was rendered somewhat heavy and slow by the snow storms of a few days previous. General Bissett filled the office of winning judge, Mr. Hughes that of starter, while Messrs. Lanigan and Parsons officiated as timer and recorder respectively.

Four Mile Race.—The starters were Keraronwe, Doillebout, Pierre Martin, Skenonatin, Michael Daillebout, and A. H. Vosburg. Daillebout led, Vosburg second, but at the home bend on the first lap, Keraronwe and Martin passed him. On the third lap Keraronwe went to the fore, and then the race was over. On the seventh round he lapped the last man, who gave up, and on the tenth overhauled Vosburg with a tremendous spurt which electrified the crowd. On the fifteenth round he lapped the white for the second time, and coming home with a hundred yards brush at a ten second rate, won easily in 28:10; Daillebout second, in 28:43; Martin third, in 29:43; Vosburg retired at the end of his fourteenth lap. He ran the same sloping stride, and showed a turn of speed in his spurts never seen in an Indian before. Time—mile, 6:37; two miles, 13:45; three miles, 20:56¼; four miles, 28:10.

One Hundred Yards Race, four heats. In the first heat, after two false starts, Kavanagh took the lead, and having his field in hand at 80 yards, ran in, looking round benignly on his men:—Wood, 2; Torrance, 3. Time, 13 seconds. In the second heat the cap fell, and Kavanagh, Isaacson and two others got away, Kavanagh winning easily; Isaacson second; 14 seconds. The starter declared this to be no heat, and Kavanagh was induced to start again. Wood beat James by six inches in 12 seconds in the third heat; the fourth James won:—Wood, 2; Kavanagh, 3; 12¼. By rights, the winners, Kavanagh, Wood and James, should have run off, but Wood withdrew and Sam Massey was allowed to start. At 80 yards Kavanagh was coming, and seemed the winner, but Massey got in his way, and James won in 14 seconds:—Massey, 2; Kavanagh, 3. Summary:—

James	0	2	1	1	Massey	0	0	0	2
Kavanagh	1	0	3	3	Wood	2	1	2	dr

The Club Cup.—Skelton and Simpson lay in front all the way, closely followed by McIntyre. On the fifth round, Simpson was taken with a bad stitch in the side, but stuck to his work gamely. Skelton ran a patient, scientific race, biding his time, which came on the last quarter, where he cut down Simpson and assumed the lead. Arthur was not to be stalled off, but came with desperate gameness at the corner, and was only beaten by five or six yards in 14:47, McIntyre third, McPherson, who took his time and runs very nicely, fourth; Hodges fifth; and Brand, who deserves great credit for—although a novice and hopelessly beaten—finishing out his race, last. Simpson was much distressed and ran the last half mile on sheer game. Time, Skelton, 14:47; Simpson, 14:48; McIntyre, 15:03; McPherson, 16:00; Hodges, 16:25; Brand, 16:47. By quarters, 1:29¼; 1:51¼; 1:56¼; 1:54¼; 1:56¼; 2:00¼; 1:56; 1:42. By half miles, 3:21; 3:51; 3:57; 3:38. By miles, 7:12; 7:35. The cup winners of the Montreal Club have been:

1857..Frank Dowd	No time	1864..Geo. Massey	14:22
1858..Thomas Coffin	No time	1865..Alex. Davidson	16:00
1859..W. H. Stanley	14:28	1866..— MacFarlane	16:22
1860..H. L. MacDougall	14:47	1867..C. Bouthillier	14:55
1861..J. H. Blakely	15:00	1868..J. Henderson	14:14
1862..Chas. Radiger	14:18	1869..Leslie Skelton	14:47
1863..C. Fisher	14:33		

Boys' Race.—The prize was a handsome pair of snow-shoes, presented by Mr. Boyce. McGlashan won in 3:56; Kay, a very good second, 3:59, Lindsay, third.

One Mile Race.—Keraronwe appeared and scared out almost all his opponents, Bridley, Jones, Harper and another alone competing. The Indian got the lead, brushed well by Harper, who fell on the backstretch, and allowed Harry Jones to go on second. Harper was soon up, and on the second quarter brushed past his men and tackled Keraronwe, but pulled up. The Indian won in a canter in 6:49, Brindley 7:12; Jones, 7:20.

Hurdle Race.—This was no hurdle race, Armstrong, who is a very fast and strong runner, jumping deliberately on every hurdle and off again, country milk-maid style. This humbug should be stopped. If hurdles are to be clumbed over, let the gentlemen have a flight of steps and a spring board. Summary:—

Armstrong	1	1
Wood	3	2
Mitchell	2	3

Time, 15sec.; 15sec.

Half Mile Race.—Keraronwe having his pocket full, allowed Daillebout to win this. John Robinson, however, was not a silent party to the transaction, and he raced with the Indian the whole way, only being shaven off at the last bend. Time, Daillebout, 3:06; Robinson, 3:09; Newell, 3:17. Robinson ran very speedily and very pluckily.

Garrison Race.—Twelve starters, who had several "early purls" at the send-away. Anderson, 78th, won in 3:52; Gardner, 13th, 3:56; Brown, 13th, 3:59.

Green Half Mile Race.—Liffiton and Birks made a very pretty race of it. McPhersen, however, had a sure thing, started eighth, ran with his arms folded occasionally, and running a scientific race, took third place at the last bend. When fairly in the straight he cut down the leaders, who could not answer him, and all was over but the shouting when he fell, and C. A. Liffiton won in 3:31, A. Birks 3:34, H. Horsnell third.

Quarter Mile Hurdle Race.—Armstong led all round, and won easily in 1:32¼. The same remarks apply to this race, as the field jumped on their hurdles and vaulted them any way. Bouthillier and Sam Massey were having a quiet finish, when J. A. Stevenson, the fastest finisher of the year, and a youngster with the Keraronwe cut about the knee, came on them with a rush and won on the post in splendid style.

ALEXANDRA CLUB RACES

Monday afternoon, 22d ult., was the day set apart for the annual races of the Alexandra Snow Shoe Club, of Montreal, C. E., and the attractiveness of the programme, especially the last race upon it, caused a large number of spectators to wend their way to the grounds of the Garrison Cricket Club. The final race was for the Tecumseh Cup, the prize most coveted of any hitherto offered for competition in that section, and from the fact that representatives from Toronto and Ottawa had entered with the hope of bearing it away with them, the interest excited was greatly in excess of anything ever before witnessed there. Although the then holder of the prize, Mr. Massey, of Toronto, was present, the fact of being an old Montreal snow shoer in some degree lessened the very strong feeling against his doing so, but when the celebrated "crack" runner of Ottawa, Kavanagh, was found also to be present, the men selected to do battle in defence of the first cup of the Dominion entered with the determination to do or die. The track was in fine order and the weather clear and bracing.

Mile Race.—This brought out H. Jones, N. H. Vosburgh, J. Durkin, 13th; Jas. Holton, 60th. Pretty running and much skirmishing marked the race throughout its entire length. Vosburgh led well for three quarters, closely pressed, however, by his competitors, of whom Durkin and Holton seemed most determined to show to the front. Jones had been, meanwhile, doing steady work, and near the third lap quietly took a lead that he increased to twenty yards ere the race ended. His victory was won in a style that proved him to be an accomplished snow shoer. 1st. H. Jones. Time, 6 min. 44 sec.; 2d. Trooper Durkin, 13th; 3d. Private Holton, 60th; 4th. N. H. Vosburgh.

One Hundred Yards Race.—In the first heat the running lay between Wood and James. The latter, however, seemed to find his snow shoes terribly awkward affairs to manage, and, despite a rapid, swinging stride, had to give way to his more practiced opponent. Armstrong coming to grief at the start, quietly walked over the course, to save his entry for the following heats, both of which he won with apparent ease. First heat—Wood, 12¼ sec. Second heat—Armstrong, 13¼ sec. Third heat—Armstrong, 14 sec.

Green Club Race—Half Mile.—Three started; won cleverly by Jordan. Time—3m 16sec. 2d, Birks; 3d, Jacques.

Hurdle Race—Quarter Mile—Six Hurdles.—Well won by Armstrong, whose only opponent, S. C. Stevenson, also ran a good race. Time—1m 26¼ sec.

Tecumseh Cup.—This provoked an admirable struggle for the first mile, and then virtually became the property of Harper. The entries were:—G. Massey, M. Kavanagh, W. Harper, E. Cunningham, J. Robinson, J. H. Brindley and J. A. Stevenson. At the outset even the most knowing would not venture anything like a sure prediction of the winner. Massey stood well —perhaps highest—in the confidence of club men; Kavanagh, backed by a good reputation, also ranked high, while Harper, from his known speed and qualities of endurance, found troops of backers. Stevenson, Robinson and Brindley, though stout runners all, were not believed to have a chance for first place. A regular scurry marked the first quarter, throughout which Kavanagh, by the advantage of an inside place, kept the lead. A single glance, however, as he passed the stand, showed him to be already pumped and out of the race. Skirmishing followed, in which the position of runners changed frequently, and by the time steady work was again assumed Harper had smuggled himself into the leading place with evidently both will and strength to maintain his position. Robinson and Vosburgh threw up the sponge at the fifth lap, and at the sixth, Massey, amid general surprise, followed suit. His appearance before the race gave one the idea of his having overdone the work—a fault Kavanagh shared in. The time made, 14m. 30s. was slow, even after making all allowance for a somewhat unsteady track. The want of a dangerous competitor in the last rounds gave Harper no excuse for having so poor a record stamped upon his prize—always provided that he has any speed to spare. The transfer of the cup from Massey to Harper leaves its absolute possession to depend upon the issue of a contest that has to be deferred until next winter. 1st—W. Harper, 1st mile, 7m. 20s.; 2d mile, 7m. 10s.—Total, 14m. 30s. 2d—J. H. Brindley, 15m. 2s. 3d—J. A. Stevenson, 15m. 6s.

PAYN CHALLENGES WESTON.

At the earliest opportunity, after it was known that Weston had again abandoned his journey westward, the well known pedestrian, C. N. Payn, who, at the time, was entertaining the patrons of the Buffalo Skating Rink with a display of his skill in the slippery exercise, published the subjoined card in the press of that city. It is stated that he has deposited $100 at Parshall & Schasslin's Bank as an evidence of his good faith in the matter:—

BUFFALO SKATING RINK, February 22d, 1869.

Having defeated Edward Payson Weston twice in a match of one hundred miles, at Troy, N. Y., on a circular track, and being desirous of testing his powers of endurance, and more, I hereby issue the following:—I will walk Mr. Weston one hundred miles on a straight road, starting ten miles beyond Erie, Pennsylvania, and walking to the Buffalo post office, (which, I believe, is one hundred miles), for the sum of $500, or as much more as he desires—the match to come off one week from signing articles. This challenge to remain open one week. If Mr. Weston wishes to accept this, he can be accommodated by calling on me at Bloomer's Hotel, Eagle street. C. N. PAYN.

A NOVEL MATCH.—Some three hundred persons gathered at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, England., on the afternoon of February 6th, to witness a match between J. Johnson, of Salford, and T. Spinks, of Hulme, for $25 a side. The conditions were that each man should carry a common brick, over 7lb. and under 8lb. weight, suspended lengthways between the thumb and fingers of the right hand, the man carrying the brick the longest distance to be declared the winner, and Johnson to have one mile start. So far as stature is concerned there is no great disparity between the pedestrians, but Johnson is the heavier man, he weighing 11st. 2lb., and Spinks 10st. 12lb. A. Attenbury filled the office of stakeholder, timekeeper and referee. Each of the bricks to be carried weighed just over 7lb., and in order to prevent either man changing his grip on the way Spinks was followed by E. Shone, of Hulme, and J. Butler, of Manchester, watched Johnson. The betting opened in favor of Johnson, and closed at 7 to 4 on him. On the men being despatched both walked fair heel and toe style, and the first mile was covered by Johnson in 12m. 15s. At the end of the second mile 24m. 25s. had elapsed, and on the termination of the third mile the time was 38m. 55s. During the above distance Spinks had gained about half a mile on his opponent, and when he had walked three miles and 700 yards he seemed to have exhausted his energies, and resigned the contest, consequently Johnson won easily.

BILLY LANG had arrived in England at last advices, and a benefit for him was announced to take place at the City Grounds, Manchester, on the 6th inst. He has thrown out a challenge to run any man in the world ten miles for his own sum on the Royal Oak Grounds. He also states that he will run Harding any distance for any sum he likes, on his own terms, and that a deposit sent to this office or *Bell's Life* will be attended to. Lang returns thanks to all those who befriended him while here.

A THREE-WHEELED VELOCIPEDE has been invented by a citizen of Rochester, N. Y., which, it is said, can be ridden and propelled by either lady or gentleman without any teaching. It is expected to outstrip all others in point of speed and comfort.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE CHARACTER OF NEWSPAPERS.

The "unco guid" daily papers of this city often indulge in pharisaical denouncements of the weekly press, by innuendo, if not by name. Now, while it is our business to give all the sporting and theatrical news, no matter of what character, we do so without fear of criticism, and we believe our advertising columns to be as clear as any daily published, and as proof we here quote the advertisements clipped from two of the leading dailies of this city:—

GENEVIEVE.—I am thirty. Never expect to see you. I am not fool enough to accept your rendezvous. You write a neat hand for so sharp a miss. Shakespeare's Juliet had black eyes. Please don't write me again. E.

"JULIET," OF PEEKSKILL.—Pity me. By mistake I tore your note to light a cigar and thus lost your address. Once more write.

JIM.—The skies are dark when you are absent. When I hear your footsteps my heart throbs like a bee-toppled clover flower. Come Sunday. I am wretched, SARCH.

MY WIFE, MARY COLEMAN, 243 Elizabeth st., has left my bed and board without cause or provocation. Any one that shall trust or harbor her, I shall not be accountable.

PIE! PIE! PIE!—Oh, you silly female fool. The note was in the pie, and your father nipped it. We are ruined. CAPT. H.

"BOND STREET."—Will the lady who pointed to Herald Personals address Seal Skin Cap 2d, Box 164, Herald Office?

BROUGHAM'S, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 24, Orchestra chair, lady in black, round hat.—The gentleman who bowed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel would like to make your acquaintance. Please address Harry Greyson, Box 5,647, Post Office.

FRIEND H. E.—SAW PERKINS IN ROME. Please write. L. S.

I AM IN THE CITY NOW.—DID SEE YOU FRIDAY night in the French Theatre; did see you again in Olympic Theatre on Saturday afternoon; you gave me something in my hand and asked me where you could see me. You will find me this evening at 6½ o'clock, in Fourteenth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue.

LETTER APPOINTING INTERVIEW AT FIFTH avenue and Ninth street not received in time. Please write again.

LIZZIE AND ANGIE.—WHERE CAN I MEET YOU in New York. BILL BURGUNDY, of Boston.

MARIE.—PLEASE CALL AND SEE YOUR COUSIN. Have lost your last address. Love to G——. T——.

S. H.—DID NOT SEE YOU AT THE APPOINTED place Wednesday evening. Was there from 8½ till 9¾. Can you appoint another interview. "S. V. 218."

WILL THE YOUNG LADY IN WHOSE VICINITY at Niblo's and at Brougham's an earnest admirer has twice found a seat, please address R. B. WATERMAN, New York Post office?

A FETE OF THE PARIS DEMI-MONDE.

A Paris correspondent says:—I must here append a few details concerning an entertainment which took place a short time since in the saloons of a leader of the *demi-monde* of Paris. The invitations were printed on white satin, the envelopes were scented, the letters were gilt; in short even, this preliminary *petit billet* gave token of what the magnificence of the fete would be. A number of journalists were so fortunate as to receive these invitations. As the company were to include the more celebrated and aristocratic members of the Jockey Club, and the other leading clubs of the city, as well as the foreigners of distinction now in Paris, your correspondent thought the occasion an admirable one to see more closely those Aspasias for whom half the *Jeunesse Dorée* of this brilliant capital are "gone mad." I have at times been present in imperial and royal saloons when all was glitter and show, but I never beheld anything quite so luxurious as the apartments of the giver of the *demi-monde fete.* The cost must have been something fabulous. There were present old noblemen, wearing the insignia of rank and station; young noblemen, in the most irreproachable get-ups. There were notable literary and artistic people—in fact all fashionable male Paris graced the saloons of the lady.

The fair sex was of a more questionable order; but their display, their luxury, were undoubtedly royal. One woman, who twenty years since, was a leading member of the same ménage, appeared at this ball not looking a day older than at the period I refer to. She wore two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry!—diamonds which an empress might envy; opals such as none but royalty might possess. Her dress cost sixty thousand francs, as the journals informed the public next day. Her fan alone was worth a fortune. She is of Italian birth—a tall, dark eyed woman, a decided brunette; not over handsome, and with a harsh, coarse voice. She is ignorant, save in a vicious sense; has no accomplishments, and yet among her adorers she counts even princes. I gazed at her with every attention, and concluded that it could not be the woman which captivates the men, but her luxury, her display of the fact that she is *la mode.* There were others of the same stamp there, all gorgeously attired, all magnificent and queenlike, until when, at the supper, the wine once in, the wit went out, and the coarse, brutal, depraved nature became apparent. Then the men who were capable of judging were disgusted, and realized that all is not gold that glitters—but truth compels me to state that as a general thing the men were as "sprung" as the women, and that hence the empire of the latter was less endangered.

A PAIR OF ADVENTUROUS FEMININES.

A little after dusk yesterday evening, a couple of young ladies residing not far from the Washington Street Cemetery, concluded they would have an adventure. To this end they each donned the apparel of a young brother and started out to call on a young lady acquaintance, two or three doors off. Now, it must be understood that they meant no harm, but were brimful of fun and frolic. Very pretty did they look in their new attire. The well fitting garments set off the shapely extremities and willowy figures to superb advantage. Youthful, but fascinating beyond example, were the fresh, fair faces, the large eyes and brown, curly hair. There was a sort of swagger —an undulating swing to the slender bodies, as they stepped on the banquet—that said as plainly as words could have done that they were *au fait* in the habits and peculiarities of the fashionable exquisite. The little rattans they twirled negligently in their right hands even had a knowing air, and, when they stepped out, with a swinging, devil may care air about them, it would have been charming to the interested observer. But, unfortunately for the success of the little ruse they had conceived, just at that moment passed them Capt. Bradley, of the Sixth Precinct, and Special Officer Madden. Of course they could not help but looking at the handsome youths, and a sudden ducking of heads and an evident desire at concealment awoke in the police official suspicion at once. Perhaps they were newly imported thieves, perhaps burglars. It is not astonishing, therefore, that they turned to have a better look at the young strangers.

"Hold on, there, my fine fellow! Let's have a talk!"

"Oh! O!" screamed the disguised fair ones. "Run, Jul, run!" and the little fair feet pattered on the stony pavement like rain drops. But, however inimitable in the mazy whirl of the dance, the Diana-like extremities had not the reach required for the successful race. Nor had they made any considerable distance before the hands of the officers were laid upon their shoulders.

"Oh! mercy! mercy! We don't mean any harm. Oh! please don't touch us, gentlemen!"

"Why, what cowardly little rascals you are! What have you been doing?"

"Nothing at all; have we, Julia?" said one.

"Julia! Why, Madden, they are girls—and, by the lord, they are pretty ones, too."

"Oh, yes, gentlemen, we are girls—only going over there!" and she pointed to an elegant mansion a few steps off; and now came a woman's most irresistible argument—the tears flowed copiously. It would have melted a heart of iron to see those pretty eyes suffused, but the officers had no alternative and they were taken to the station. Their father, however, was sent for, and in a very short time they were on their way home, heartily satisfied with their experience as masqueraders in male attire.

ADVENTURES OF LOVERS.—A debilitated kitten conceives a warm affection for a hot brick; a similar affection had Jordan Gerknis for Emma France, and when the bright luminary of day had hid its blazing face behind our citadel's, with his fair inamorata on his arm, Jordan strolled upon the lately busy, now quiet and lonely Levee. Feelings of inexpressible tenderness for a time choked the utterance of the soft love vows which form the silken links that bind together two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. The gentle breeze wafted to their olfactory nerves a distant perfume, which they recognized but knew not the wherefore. They seemed to be floating in Elysium, and all mundane objects appeared changed as by a magician's wand; they gazed upon the bright dots reflected by the stars in the silently flowing waters and guessed which star would be their home when love becomes immortal. At last a long drawn sigh awakened the fair one from her dream of bliss, and betokened a return to this life of reality. But alas, alas, she awoke too late; Jordan's right foot already o'erhung the edge of the wharf; he fell, and Emma came tumbling after. Piles of nuisance, that scavenger carts and other vehicles had left there, softened their fall; but what a fall was there. The lovers had dropped from the roseate clouds and dirty nuisance flourished over them. Emma appeared before Recorder Becker yesterday, to compel Jordan to show cause why he should not indemnify her for the nice clothes she spoiled by "g'in' a walkin' long o' him."—*N. O. Republican, Feb. 20.*

THE FITCHBURG WIFE MURDER.—The preliminary examination of Robert D. Pyke, accused of having poisoned his wife, was called in the Police Court on the 25th ult. The town hall was jammed with spectators, many of whom were women. bout the first of this month Pyke was arrested on charge of murdering his wife by poison, and Adelaide Evans was arrested as an accessory. She is a daughter of Mrs. Pike by a former husband, and is about 27 years old, slightly above medium height, of fair complexion and nervous temperament. For a year or two back she has been employed in the *Sentinel* office of that place. She is a member of the Methodist Church, and has lived with her mother and stepfather during their residence in that place. The prevailing opinion is that she administered poison to her mother which Pyke had prepared. It is also generally suspected that in the course of nature she would have become a mother more than once during the years of her illicit intercourse. To these suspicions is given a color of truth by a confession made by her on the 2d inst., when she acknowledged that she had been criminally intimate with her stepfather, secretly, for twelve or fifteen years. Pyke himself confessed his guilt in this particular to Judge Ware, but he denied that he had poisoned his wife, and even after committal to jail felt confident of being acquitted. Miss Evans has, since her incarceration, sought, but failed, to commit suicide.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Daniel Foos, a Paterson organ grinder, ran off, one day lately, with Miss Anna A. Tiers, a beautiful blue-eyed Paterson school girl. The girl became acquainted with Foos about one month ago, while on her way from school, and before her father dreamed of the intimacy she took a trip to New York and married the one-legged veteran, who dropped his organ and bravely returned, in broadcloth instead of blue, to Paterson, where he announced his induction into the family. The mother upbraided and the father scolded dreadfully; whereupon the spirited daughter shook her marriage certificate in the faces of the old folks, and said she didn't care if they did scold. The soldier displayed $2,000 in Government bonds, and his wife a $500 gold watch and a set of moss agate jewelry, which he had given her, and the twain announced their intention of going to Chicago, where they own a house and lot. The parents, after some spattering, proclaimed general amnesty.

A TRIO OF SPLICES IN A TRICE.—In the north part of Saratoga county, town of Greenfield, N. Y., recently, there was a trio of weddings in one house, at the same time, on which occasion an old lady and her two daughters were led to the altar. The mother was a widow; the first daughter was a widow of two months, and her husband a widower of four months; the other was a girl of seventeen, and the espoused a man of about thirty years, who had recently obtained a divorce from a former wife. The minister was considerably confused to know when he had finished, and it was understood that he was to be paid at wholesale price, and receive the equivalent in firewood.

A FOUNDRYMAN BOUND FOR LIFE.—Mr. Albert E. Fisher, a workman in the Taunton (Mass.) Iron Works Foundry, was married on the 24th ult. to Miss Palmer, the ceremony, at the request of his fellow operatives, being performed in the foundry. A handsome amount in greenbacks was given to them by the moulders and melters. We hope that his matrimony voyage will not result in a founder, now he has foundryed, that he will melt her with loving kindness, and that Mrs. Fisher will pack her comfortably at home.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed each and every letter sent for.

Hibernia Minstrels.
Isaac J. Tully,
Thomas Hodge,
Jimmy Quinn,
Joseph Jefferson,
J. F. Sherry,
Joseph Weathers,
J. F. Noyes,
Banfretts Troupe,
Albert Cassiday,
Robert Jones,
M. L. Towsend,
John Weaver,
Sam Devine,
Wm. Lake,
C. W. Harrison (2),
Sutton Bros.,
Wm. Strickland,
George Lavender,
Joseph Withers,
Morris Minstrels,
Lew Hallett,
Joe Gaylord,
Chas. Gleason,
M. Wertheimber,
C. H. Church,
John Templeson,
Cal Wagner,
Low Gaylord,
Hank Nudge (2),
Smart Craven,
M. John Deiner,
Charlie Allen,
Rev. T. T. Rainey,
C. T. Slocum,
Lon Chapin,
Comical Brown,
Wm. Gorham,
James Collier,
T. C. Howard,
Wm. Lake,
Martin Hanley,
Leona Cavender (2),
Laura Keene,
Louisa Wray,
Julia Hill,
Fannie May,
Violet Campbell,
Annie Byron,
Georgie Spalding,
Virginia Buchanan,
Parker Sisters (4),
Jeanie A. Busk,
Joe Carroll,
Wilson and Clark,
T. R. Crampton,
Warren Richards,
W. Wells Fowler (3),
Thos. C. Roche,
Harry Carr,
Actor,
Archie M'Auley,
Allen and Oaks (3),
Geo. B. Williams,
George Learock,
H. R. Pruyn,
Wm. A. Ayres,
T. L. Mortimer,
Jas. F. Osthcarr,
Wm. Arlington (2),
Bidwell & Locke,
John Conner,
Harry Hall,
Jerry Hopper,
Wallace Britton,
Jack Foster,
Frank Rossion,
Lew Phelps,
Jack Parks,
Harry Hurley,
G. C. Thompson,
Thos. C. Roche,
Alfred H. Hastings,
Sam Cole,
Oscar F. Parry,
H. Watkins,
C. A. McManus,
Wm. Reeves,
C. T. Parsloe,
H. J. Raynor,
Billy Sheppard,
W. R. Manning,
McKean Buchanan(2)
H. Wardell,
Frank Dillon,
Aline Le Fevre,
Katie Raoze,
Naomi Porter,
Malvina Evars,
Carrie A. Moore (2),
Addie Granell (2),
Dora Stuart,
Dollie Pike,
Jean Hosmer,
Viola Plunkett,
John E. Owens,
Robert Soden,
H. Myers,
Willie Gaylord,
John S. N. Williams,
Chas. McCauley,
E. T. Stetson,
Frank Mordaunt,
J. F. Breyer,
E. S. Washburn,
Frank Rivers,
C. W. Taylor,
W. F. Leggett,
F. Ritter,
Archie Seals,
Thos. Canham,
Fred Buckingham,
Lew Collins,
Lew Holt,
Ira Rothstein,
D. C. La Rue,
Richard Willis,
Wm. G. Launey,
Ned West,
Harry Ryner,
M. V. Lingham,
C. W. Seeley,
C. Bernard,
Charles Weighman,
J. W. Carter,
Geo. C. S. Robinson,
Sydney Cook,
A. M. Hernaadez,
Wiseman.
Pete Lee,
E. T. J. Allyn,
W. T. Aymar,
Christie,
F. H. Bailey,
Lewis Bisir,
Gertrude Gregory,
Mollie Bernard,
Olive Logan,
Kitty Fyde,
Lou Irving,
Lizzie Whitney,
May Flake,
Kate Fisher,
Mrs. D. Myron,
Mary Estelle,
Nellie Howard.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, March 1, 1869.

MARCH FIRST is the beginning of our first march into spring, of whose etherial mildness and sunny skies poets have sung and prosers have philosophised; and as we write on this opening day of spring, seekers after office and notoriety are marching forth to Washington to see Andrew Johnson march forth on the 4th of March, and witness the going in of Ulysses the first. Were it not that matters of graver importance kept us in the great metropolis, we should probably be among the great army of carpet baggers or office beggars, "plodding our weary way"—as the "elegy in a church yard" man would say—to the city of Magnificent Distances and magnificent humbugs. Whether Andy or Ulysses will most need public countenance and support on that day, we are not prepared to say; neither would it be fitting to state on which side our sympathies should be enlisted, on that of the outgoing or the incoming. We ought to mention that we had intended to turn cabinet maker, and assist the new President in the manufacture of his many bureaus, but seeing that our contemporaries, who served a long apprenticeship at this branch of mechanism, embarked in the speculation weeks ago, and turned out cabinet ware in every branch, driving in a nail in some unfortunate seeker's coffin here, and setting up a new piece there, dovetailing and morticing as new exigencies arose—we kindly refrained from inflicting our tender assistance upon the coming man, much to the regret of "Our Jim," who has been on the anxious bench, like thousands of others, in the expectation of being "called;" but as our Christian friends would say, "many are called, but few are chosen." And here it may be well to remark, in confidence, that Jim, like many other office seekers, is playing a double game, in so far as he gave his time, services and money in the cause of a party by the name of Johnson while the Presidential canvass was pending, yet does not retain such a spirit of vindictiveness against Grant as would induce him to reject office should it be thrust upon him by the new administration. And speaking of Jim, he came to us the other day looking "sad and lonely," as the universal ballad singer would sing. We questioned him as to the cause of his dejected and unsatisfactory condition. Said he, in tones as plaintive as the lowing of the early morning cow, "don't you arske me to write you no more pomes, leastways nothing ony funny ones, to make our readers larf." Of course we surmised that Jim's imaginative muse had been getting him into trouble, and sure enough he had been down to see his Sophie, that sings in one of the William street concert saloons, and she desired "her Jim" to write an acrostic on her name. The obliging boy, ever willing to aid in the dissemination of charity and the disposal of free lunch, commenced his acrostic with this line:—

"Sophie, thou flaming torch of love,"

when, to use James' own words, "she ketched me be the years, drug me to the door, and hi'sted me into the street with her bootee, saying, in langwidge just as violent as her bute, "I'll teach you to make game of my hair, you d——d little porpoise."

Actshilly called me a peurpois without any aggrawashin." Jim remarked afterwards that he forget to say that her hair was red.....How fairs the Shakesperian bubble, we are asked by those who erstwhile have basked in the smiles of the sweet bard, when legs ruled not the dramatic boards, and language was not sacrificed for limbs. Well, the bubble has not yet burst, nor has "the star of his (la'er) glory grown dim," as the "red, white and blue" poet once so feelingly remarked. "List, while we a tale unfold," and hear us for our cause. A very pleasant affair came off a few nights since in the greenroom attached to Booth's new theatre, when a large number of old public favorites, many of whose were supposed to have long ago dead and buried, turned up once more in their habits as they lived, looking, in the language of the divine Williams, "as large as life and twice as natural." All, in fact, were "in character," from the biggest ruffler of them all down to the pages and errand boys, the pursuivants and heralds, without whom in former times no play was reckoned complete. Our Asmodeus has made a characteristic report of the proceedings, with the dialogue interspersed:—

Prospero.—Why this looks well—in sooth a goodly show;
"The elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,"
And those unmanly brows are crown'd and helm'd,
With many a lesser light in ermine robed,
Once more commingle in a friendly round,
And voices now long silent, speak again.
Ariel.—Master, thine aris still wield their wonted power;
Witness these forms thy wand has called to life,
Whom but a Prospero could make speak again?
Prospero.—Wait on the company and do your best;
You, Caliban, attend and keep the door.
Cal—I warrant me, no dead-head here shall pass.
Oberon.—As chief of ceremonies chosen here,
I once again my pristine youth renew,
And Titania shall my duties share.
Titania.—Here shall young genius wing his airy flight,
Rich drops ofshaking from his plumes of light,
While *Sassy the joiner*, *Quince* and *Bottom*, too,
Shall once again rehearse their merry pranks.
Puck.—I'll bear a hand, though dulled for want of use,
Romeo.—Sweet Juliet, let me once again rehearse,
By Prospero's skill each youthful trait restor'd,
The old, old story, that could hearts enthrall,
In serge or velvet clad, since time was young.
Juliet.—And while I list enamored, once again
We'll see fond lovers on each accent hang,
Charmed by a language borrowed from the source
From which their own thoughts flow, as fond and free,
As musical as when at first unsealed.
Mercutio.—Gentles, good den! I see Queen Mab is with you,
And many a goodly figure, missed for long,
The air seems full of fancies, and our thoughts
Float airily as flocks of thistle down.
Dogberry.—Are we all dissembled? Gad's my life!
It's rare refreshment thus to meet you here.
Let us go our hay while the sun doth shine.
Benedick.—Fair Rosalind, the hint is something worth,
Although a charge of bigamy might lie,
Let us take pattern by young Romeo's course,
And daily mid the flowers while yet remains
A bower in which to dally.
Rosalind.—I'll not say nay.
Falstaff.—Although for many a day the lank, lean earth
My tat ed sides have not larded, for the nonce
This humor shall prevail. Let's drink a health
To this most fair occasion. What? mine host—
Host of the Garter.—What wouldst thou, bully Rook?
Fal.—A cup of sack,
And toast, that I might drink a toast in keeping;
Innkeeper, shall it be?
King Lear.—"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks,
You cat racks and hurricanes spout,"
Since "spouting" is again in fashion grown,
In a new wig and royal togs to suit,
Once more young Kenl I'll on a goose chase lead.
Othello.—Once more let joy and boundless pleasure reign;
Othello's occupation's come again!
Hamlet.—Our problem's solved. The *play*, the play's the thing
That shall the public to their senses bring!
Macbeth.—Once more shall Banam come to Dunsinane,"
Surpassing glories of old Drury Lane,
And on the blasted heath the witches prowl,
While promoter from his book again shall bawl,
"*Enter Two Murderers.*"—Not of text, I hope (*aside*),
And will of late be done, as in the play.
Richard.—Give me another horse—I'm eager for the fray!
Shylock.—Dis looks like pusiness—all dis push and stir
Costs sometings, and must bring te money in.
Vat, Tubal, ho! go fetch my gabardine,
And, look you, pring my phase book vid you too—
Ve must 'read up,' since dere is vork to do.
Flourish of trumpets—enter deputations from Wallack's and other theatres.
Sir Edward Mortimer.—Although my "Iron Chest" is somewhat sore
From this capricious weather, I have come
To give in my adhesion.
Sir Giles Overreach.—Take mine too;
In this revival let me count with you
Sir Peter Teazle.—In such good comp'ny I'll not be left out.
Damon.—Nor I.
Pythias.—Nor I!
William Tell.—I'll speak for Sheridan Knowles,
Who offers his contingent; if his list's not enough,
There's Bulwer and a host of kindred wits,
Shelved, forgotten, all renowned for "hits."
Manager.—For this alacrity receive my thanks;
More would I add but that I know you vote
Fore certain speeches bores. The game's made up,
And all the world's before us where to choose—
Of valued names a brilliant list indeed!
On tid-bits choice the public hence shall feed;
Ariel, fly round; friends, let the sports proceed!

And talking about Shakespeare and other dramatic writers of the long ago, reminds us that we have no *better* authors now than then; in fact, all the attempts to improve on Mister Shakespeare have turned out to be just as unsavory and unpalatable as the high-toned hash served up by the lady who had the contract to furnish "Our Jim" his victuals and clothes. Managers are often complained of by aspirants for Shake's mantle because they do not accept *every* piece that Thomas, Richard and Henry may see fit to inflict upon them. In many instances a single glance at the manuscript submitted is sufficient to convince managers that it would be a waste of time to wade through the mess of MS. And then the author of the rejected addresses or plays, or whatever title their sponsors have given them, launches forth in a torrent of bitter invective against the irreverent and ignorant cuss of a manager who has thus robbed the stage of one of the greatest creations of modern times, and deprived the public of such an intellectual treat as has not been vouchsafed them since the days when Cicero hurled his anathemas against the Church of Rome, when Demosthenes harangued the multitude on the hill of Capricornus, and Marcus Antonius gave to Carthage the ransom of an enthralled people; yes, even the eloquence of Herodotus on the downfall of Poland would pale before the ineffectual efforts of our modern Tacitus, and the bright effulgence of Kit Burns' illuminations against the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would sparkle as two cent dips in contrast with the Calcium light intellectualisms of what "might have been." "What are nations? what their stations?" if genius is to be ignored, and the palladium of our liberties ground beneath the iron heel of managerial despotism. Read the following letter, *verbatim, et literatim, et celeratim*, sent us by an enraged and squelched dramatic author of the nineteenth century. Are these things to continue? Shall the flowery rhetoric of the men of the day be strewn upon the quicksands of oblivious inquisitiveness, merely because the depraved and callous natures of a blackguard people would riot and revel in the charms of a lot of naked women? Don't it? Shall we add fresh fuel to the flame, and bring forth the light of day in the presence of our rising and ambitious youth, or shall we crush out the few sparks of intellectuality that struggle amid the ashes of the great, and thus bring death and desolation upon the land forevermore, forevermore? Look well to it; yes, look well to it. Let perfidious managers and atrocious judges ponder well these self-evident truths before they hurl the spirit of liberty beneath the foot of legs, and build up a transitory elysium upon the ruins of mental anguish and disjointed genius. "Beware the ides of March!" Let grim-visaged war smooth its wrinkled front as much as it likes; let swords be turned into lunch knives, let tolling bells and funeral knells proclaim the end of monarchical oppression in the land of the Goths and Vandals; but let us conjure you to spare the genius of our youth—lift up the struggling mass of letters—give him hope and pork and beans, Irish stew, and other enervating sustenance, and thus enable him to go into the battle of life with a will to dare, to do, and eat. But we digress; read the annexed morceau and say if the arguments we have advanced in support of modern dramatic literature are not borne out by the sad experience of one who has felt the callous heel of managerial tyranny, but who, like the grovelng snake, turns when trod upon. We have not the heart to ponder on these truths. Read for yourselves, read for yourselves:—

DEC. 19th, 1868.

DEAR EDITOR.—I write to you on acct of hypocritism and selfish Conceptions that exists to a great extent among managers what I am suggesting is that i having written a Sensational peice which is written on a style Recommended by your valuable equity paper it has a number of startling incidents and has been Read by a number of people who understand the nature of drama in a more superior state then a great many actors themselves I presented this this peice and the answer they Returned was how in the world does a young man Like you know how to accomplish a piece that is as good or superior to those of professionals I am not engaged at present was how did Augustin Daly or others show their fruits for every man who get up anything valid it must be examined and then use prejidice not beforehand but the fault may exists from what imagine is that a number of Idiots wrote peices and submit them to managers for examination and prove worthless and then others who talent is equal to a number of professionals if not superior and Reprobated from Rising if they would all follow the ideas of Managers Where has done the last few years there would be a small Appolence they Could all become this way but they imagine as i explained to you in the forepart if i had the means mys-lf or had a theatre i produce them but this i haven't and this is the Consequence I will now Close my sensible letter which i trust will find you well as, also prove a suitable way and please give your Judgement in your next week issue Answer Rising Author

P S the name is wrong Revenged a Cab bridge steamboat Rase and &c &c Cin Phil and New York Combined.

Here is another sample, room for which is craved in our columns. It was recently addressed to a leading actor of a St. Louis Theatre, and caused considerable amusement. We give it *verbatim*:—

MR. ——.—SIR.—I have a peice for the stage which I wish you would help me the name of the piece is Bloodson or the Man of Death I have the Characters all Down on a piece of paper. Where I got this peice is out of three I Combined it from one as The trials of a hunter or red Cedar the Frairie Outlaw the 2nd is the Pirates of the Prairie or the Bandit at bay the 3rd is the Trapper Daughter or the outlaw Fate the first two I have not got but the last I have I will meet you in the theatre as soon as half past 9 o'clock Sunday evening and will bring the book up with me The Writer is a boy you treated to a bowl of Oyster Supe four or five years ago on the Corner of fifth and Market streets I have another peice on my mind that I will tell you it is called the Pirates Heir or a Womens revenge.

This is only between us
Now No more at present
Your Obedient Servant

By giving publicity to these "injured authors'" complaints, we hope to be able to assist them in having their "wrongs revenged." But enough of this; let us dish up a few lighter scraps.....A "set scene" is where you see a set of hungry galoots raffling for a drop of morning dew. A "carpenter's scene" is where a carpenter's seen going round the corner to chisel Mike Calhooney out of a lunch. A "prison scene" is the first glimpse of the Tombs. "Our Jim says "them's the worst set of scenes ever seen.....Isn't it. A fight and that a *breakdown* is generally necessary in a minstrel troupe at the end of a performance, and that a *smash-up* isn't so good? *Some* traveling companies' performances occasionally terminate in a *break up* instead of a *break-down*.....And talking of *breaking* things, is it possible for a man in the penitentiary to *break out* in loud lamentations? "Our Jim" suggests that if he took the small pox he might *break out*.....And this breaking out disease is getting to be as bad as "dramatic indisposition," if an actor is unable to appear before the public in consequence of too much drunkenness, the public is religiously informed that he is "indisposed." If his spree extends over two or three days, it is called a "severe spell of illness;" if the man is on a regular old bender, with blue devils and snakes for novel effects, it is called a "*protracted* affliction," and public sympathy pours out after the man like he was a dispenser of a thousand loaves of bread. We caught "Our Jim" a little indisposed the other day, and after he had got better, and sobered off, we gently reproved him. Jim looked very penitent, and promised not to offend again, saying that he would not have to, as now only that one of his distressing concert saloon girls was getting such big notions that he thought the only way to keep her from looking down on him was to get a little *high* once in a while. Jim is now a reformed inebriate.

"THE FORTY THIEVES," as seen at Niblo's, is a showy sort of spectacle, but, as "a play for the closet," it is as far removed from Shakespeare's emanations as Limberger cheese is from hogshead. The language is not of that pointed character which can be twisted into jokes and smart things about exchanges, and, on the contrary, it is of a funereal solemnity which tells of a plague. And what shall we say of the ladies of the *ballet?* Let us "take them up tenderly." If we ignore the contents, and speak of the costumes merely, we might say they are surpassingly elegant. And if we must refer to the gentle creatures at all, let us say that if you take them in from a certain standpoint, and look at their *legs* merely—It is not vulgar to say legs now—they will stand a very large chance of not having anything for corresponding features of beauty in their faces the disappointment is great. A more disastrous set of *ballet* girls, according to their facial index, it has not entered the hearts of men to conceive. In vain do we look for those touches of loveliness which make men fall down and worship the sex; scan them with a lenient eye, the result is the same; as the poet might remark, "believe me of all those endearing charms," they have faded and gone like their youth. But the "Thieves" draw—the spectacle is so well dressed, the appointments are of such a gorgeous character, the legs are so leggish and of such a variety that they alone in a measure for the lack of beauty in the faces and forms of the "fair ourpheas." Now, "don't be angry mother," don't be angry with your child"—as the learned manufacturer of song would say—for thus placing on the record this unbeautiful truth. There is sufficient in the spectacle to repay a visit. Forrest and the legitimate could not draw as well as these undressed divinities. The people cry after legs as children cry after two or three cents. So managers, ever willing to please the public, give them what they crave. But if they would only give us some pretty faces as well. We may be happy yet. Lydia Thompson is as fascinating and sprightly as she has been, fame to the contrary everywhere, with her infectious laugh and winning ways; while Lisa Weber divides the applause with Lydia; it is said that Lisa is about to withdraw from the troupe; Ada Harland is no longer there, and Pauline Markham is also among the missing. So, then, Lydia will be left to go it alone.

TAMMANY certainly gives us variety. "John Bosco, fils" was extensively carded to open there on the 22d, and John Bosco, fils' *did* appear, and so he did on the following night, but there an end. John is an alleged prestidigitateur, and on the night he was under contract for a two weeks' engagement, but his style was too weak, and he was let off. His tricks were queer, and the public did not take to them or him kindly, so he was let down after the second night. Robert Nickle was engaged the latter part of the week, and his tricks and sleight of hand business took exceedingly well, the "Inexhaustible Hat" trick being very cleverly performed, to the evident delight of the spectators. Nickle, who is a Nickle that promises to pass current everywhere, will appear the current week. The extravaganza of the "Horse Marines" in which Mr. Crampton and the burlesques of the present day are not very funny in a laugh able point of view. The *ballet* at this house is composed of far better looking girls than that at Niblo's. There have been some changes here of late. Ben Baker, late of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, is now stage manager; the Victorellis have left; the tableaux in the *salon de concert* (concert saloon is probably meant), down stairs, have been dispensed with, and "the man what kept the show" discharged. "Punch and Judy," in consequence, has to do double duty, and is exhibited up to 11½ P. M. Robert Green continues his "soft warbings," and the Dashington Sisters are nightly *encored*.

THE USHERS at some of our theatres do not seem to understand their business. Those at Wallack's Theatre, in the dress circle, are not fit for the position they occupy, for instead of accompanying the holders of reserved seats to their places, they point them out, at a distance, and if the parties succeed in finding the right seats after navigating around awhile, well and good; if not, "no one is to blame." The ticket speculators at this house seem another nuisance, and ought to be given a wide berth, for they resort to misrepresentation in order to dispose of their tickets. This is a species of fraud that the management of this "model theatre" should abate. The speculators seem to be "in" with those in charge of the front of the house, for they boldly stroll through the halls of the theatre and there vend their seats, leading the unsuspicious public to believe that they are there by permission of the manager. Let purchasers of tickets be on their guard against these frauds.

BUTLER'S MINSTRELS appeared in the trial scene from "Shylock" during the past week, but, although it wasn't exactly "the Jew that Shakespeare drew," Dan made enough out of the nefarious old clothes dealer to show a resemblance between *that* Jew and *this* Jew. It is a laughable little sketch, and will be continued on the bills till further notice. "Briton's Blendes by Africa's Blacks" will also be done brown this week, in obedience to the requirements of the times.

THEY ARE GOING TO PLAY "School" shortly at Wallack's. Whether it will be a long or short session depends altogether on the material of which said "School" is to be composed. "Much Ado About Nothing" is still drawing good houses, thanks to the excellent style in which it has been placed upon the stage.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG opens to-night as Marguerite in "Faust," at the Academy of Music.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the different places of amusement in this city for the month of January as given to the different revenue collectors, were as follows:—

Tammany	$40,392	New York Circus	$16,013
Grand Opera House	37,377	Tony Pastor's	9,583
Wood's Museum	34,666	Worrell Sisters	8,449
Olympic	33,582	Bryants' Minstrels	8,300
French Theatre	24,702	San Francisco Minstrels	7,600
Niblo's Garden	21,492	Theatre Comique	Not open
Wallack's	23,948		

JUST SO.—A few weeks ago we stated that Nillson, the operatic sensation of Europe, had been engaged for the Grand Opera House, of this city. The *Herald* and other papers said the report was false. Last week the Atlantic cable informed the daily papers that the lady had signed a contract to appear here next fall, and those who doubted our statement several weeks ago had to "eat humble pie," as the champion pie biter might say. We had a *private* note from Mr. Tayleure, the past week, giving terms, etc., but as the news was not intended for publication (oh, no, certainly not) we have nothing to say, although all the papers have the same *private* intelligence, which they publish in full. Clif. knows the weak points of the press game. If you want them to publish items of news, etc., just mark your notes "private and confidential," and the press will give every word to the public at the earliest opportunity.

BY A TELEGRAM received here on the 24th of Feb., from San Francisco, the news is promulgated that Harris, the magician, had $1,977, in gold, for his two first performances in that city. 'Tis a good round sum, my masters.

FECHTER will probably not visit this country for the present, as he has refused, so it is alleged, £100 a night for two hundred nights; all hotel and traveling expenses for himself and two servants, and the salary of an actor from England to play the seconds to him. What a narrow escape from bankruptcy the lucky American manager has had. Are these European people worth half the terms they demand? We doubt it.

MISS NOTT NOT COMING.—Our London exchanges state that Miss Cicely Nott will not visit America before the close of the present year.

"SHYLOCK" is the Shakespearean revival that is in active preparation at Brougham's Theatre. It is a burlesque, and great preparation is being made for its production. Mr. Brougham will appear as Shylock.

LYDIA THOMPSON sang "The Blondes that Never Dye" for the first time on Saturday afternoon at Niblo's. It was written by Bobby Newcomb expressly for her.

THE FOUR HUNDREDTH performance of "Humpty Dumpty" takes place at the Olympic Theatre this evening. The success of this pantomime is one of the most remarkable dramatic triumphs of the age, and promises to exceed in its number of consecutive performances any piece yet witnessed in America. The business continues first-rate, there being only an occasional falling-off, and then on stormy nights.

"IN THE SIGNS OF THE BLONDES, OR 'TIS SWEET FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DYE," is the title of a most amusing sketch presented the past week by the San Francisco Minstrels, in which Birch, Backus, Bobby Newcomb, Corrister, Rice and Templeton appear as the blondes. They have the usual blowing locks, made of hemp, hanging down their backs nearly to their feet. Backus' take-off of some of the ladies in the Thompson troupe at Niblo's was immense. The winking at favored ones in the private box and others in the orchestra was good. Billy Birch makes one of the healthiest blondes we have ever met with. Bobby Newcomb's make-up for Lisa Weber is capital, and in his walk and singing he takes her off in Lisa's truly saucy, pleasing style. In addition to the blondes, Emmett, Cooper, Fields and Billy West appear in small canal boats and skirmish about the stage in a perfectly loose manner. Taken on the whole the sketch is one of the most laughable this company have yet produced, and being the last act on the programme sends the audience away in the best of good humor.

KATE REIGNOLDS opens an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on March 8th, in a new drama entitled "The Shadow of A Crime."

THE TROUBLES OF AN ACTRESS, ACTOR AND MANAGER.—In the Third District Civil Court, before Judge Smith, the case of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Pike—the lady professionally known as Millie Sackett—against W. H. Lingard, of the Theatre Comique, this city, was heard. It appears that the parties engaged with Lingard in September of last year for utility business at the Theatre Comique—it being understood that they were to play better business if required—until June, 1869, they to receive conjointly $50 per week. The present suit is brought by Mr. Pike in consequence of Lingard's alleged violation of contract in insisting upon Mrs. Pike playing parts which she had not agreed to (going on in the chorus), and the action is to recover $150 said to be due them in consequence of being discharged. The evidence was as follows:—

Mr. Pike stated that on the 14th of September, 1868, witness and his wife entered on the performance of the contract and remained until the 10th of October; Mrs. Pike played the walking lady, old woman or anything else she was cast for; on the 8th or 7th of October Mr. Lingard asked him to join in the chorus of an opera, and he consented to do so; he also asked him to allow his wife to do the same, and witness refused, saying that if Mr. Lingard gave her one line to speak he would allow her to go on, but not otherwise; Mr. Lingard then said:—"I do not want you or your wife any longer; you can leave me;" but I told him I did not stay nearly sold him he would not leave, but if he was discharged he would go; on the 10th of October he and his wife were both discharged by letter. Mrs. Pike testified that "I am a *soubrette* actress; I am no chorus singer, and never considered myself as professionally engaged at the Olympic Theatre at thirty dollars a week; did not endeavor to find employment after I was discharged by Mr Lingard; I was engaged by Mr. Lingard for utility, and better business if required; I had been in the habit of playing in the chorus when I was called to; Mr. Lingard there was nothing at all said about opera business; I was engaged for utility and better business; the play in which I was required to sing in chorus was an opera, I believe; I never was a one of the rehearsals; I never was in a small chorus as long as I have been an actress; I have been first *soubrette* six years.

Mr. Pike was here recalled and examined as to the technical meaning of the word "utility" in a theatrical sense. There are three terms used in theatrical nomenclature, generally, viz.: utility and responsible utility; general utility is the lowest grade; the high est is responsible utility; this does not include singing in chorus; opera and operetta is a business of itself; the play in which Mrs. Pike was required to sing in chorus was an operetta; I never saw the rules of the establishment agreed to signing the contract; the articles now shown me as governing the Theatre Comique are the rules of minstrel halls, and are not proper theatrical rules.

Owen Marlowe said—I am an actor engaged at the Waverley Theatre, and am acquainted with the technical terms of the dramatic profession tolerably well; there are various degrees of utility; there are general utility and respectable utility, as far as my experience goes; responsible utility is the same as respectable utility; I would not understand that a man engaging in chorus or operetta unless there was a part to play; if a man was cast for utility and better business he could be cast for Hamlet or Macbeth as well; actors that are cast for a lower grade of character cannot be employed in any "better business" unless by courtesy of the manager.

Cross examined—Utility and better business, I should take it, means respectable utility; under that contract, if I engaged in it, I should not understand that I was to play poor business; that is the manager required. I should play better business; when operas and operettas are performed in a theatre I do not know that I would be obliged to go into choruses under any agreement like that; if the word "utility" was in my contract I should understand that I was to make myself useful in performing parts; I have seen the words "general utility" and "respectable utility" put in a contract, but not the word "utility;" general utility would not require a person to do everything the manager might require; there is a lower term—"supers" they are called; I am in doubt whether under the term "general utility" the manager can compel an actor to go on without having a line to speak.

Belleville Ryan testified—I have been an actor for twenty-four years in England and America; an engagement entered into as this was I should consider to come under the head of "respectable" or "responsible utility," and that would not, in my experience, include singing in operatic choruses.

Cross examined—The rules in England are substantially the same as they are here in good theatres; I have seen such pieces as "Macbeth" and "Pizarro," a utility actor lead the music, but there are no exclamations in "Macbeth;" there is hardly a part in "Pizarro;" or "Macbeth" that a utility actor could refuse; but it is not an opera nor an operetta.

Wm. H. Lingard sworn—Mr. Pike applied to me for an engagement three times; on the third occasion I distinctly told him I had no line open in my utility, that he would go on with a line and his wife must make themselves generally useful; this was prior to the contract; but I said we are strangers to each other, and if an opportunity occurs I will give you better business; they asked sixty dollars a week and I said I would give them a month's trial at that, but they then preferred fifty dollars a week up to May; there are three classes of utility—utility, respectable utility and responsible utility; respectable and responsible have the same meaning; a utility man is a man that will go on with a line and that will go on with half a dozen exclamations, such as "Long life to the bride and bridegroom," "Health to the happy pair," and exclamations like these; responsible utility means a part with a dozen lines, or how can a man be called upon to play a leading part without having played a utility; for nearly ten weeks after Mr. Pike and his wife commenced their engagement with me they had the best of the business, but the first time I called upon him to play utility he objected because he had more money offered for his wife as the Olympic Theatre; they had low comedy, high comedy, eccentric parts and character parts; they fulfilled their contract up to the time of the operetta "Panchette;" Mr. Pike was cast for the Notary and I notified him that in this piece he would be called upon to make exclamations; nothing was said about singing; Mrs. Pike never came to rehearsals, so I could not say anything to her about it; I said to him, "Won't you let Mrs. Pike come and see what she has to do?" but she never came; I gave her a line to speak in the operetta, but a small part as a few exclamations; I reminded Mr. Pike about our conversation in which I stated it was a small theatre, and they would have to make themselves useful; of course this part called for some singing for her; I gave her a line; I said I don't know whether I stated to her husband that I wanted her to sing, but I expected her, like the rest, to join in the chorus; she sang at least a dozen times there before, but not in the general chorus; I would have been satisfied if she had sung in the general chorus; I never said to Mr. Pike, "You must fulfill the contract or there is an end of it;" he said, "I am very glad of it, for my wife can get $30 a week at the Olympic to-morrow, and I am sure I can get $20;" it was by mutual agreement that he then walked out of the theatre.

Testimony of Mary Wells—I am about nineteen years an actress; never knew there were any kinds of utility in our profession but two—that is, utility and responsible or respectable utility; as far as I understand the technical meaning of utility in our profession is to do everything and anything you are called upon to do; the word "utility" and "better business" in the agreement now shown me mean that the person on the stage performing under such an agreement can be made to say, "My lord the carriage waits," or to carry a letter on the stage if required; as I understand the word *soubrette* it means a singing lady.

Mr. B. Clark, theatrical manager, Mr. Charles E. Newton, a utility man, and several other witnesses were examined on behalf of the defence, and they all substantially concurred in the fact that by the terms of the contract, Mrs. Pike was bound to perform as required by Mr. Lingard.

Judge Smith said that the whole matter at issue depended on the words set forth in the contract—"utility" and "better business"—and whether Mrs. Pike, on being required to sing in the chorus, was asked to perform a line of character below that required by the engagement. The testimony was of a conflicting character. He exceedingly regretted that there were not more theatrical managers placed on the stand to testify. Mr. Pike, however, he would take a few days to look over the testimony, and should probably give a decision in the course of this week.

CARD.—*Pike and Pike (wife) vs. W. H. Lingard.*—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—I have read in to-day's *Herald* the report of the above case, and as I was somewhat similar case to the one mentioned, to tender you my mite of opinion, knowing how warm an advocate you are of "fair play" in all things. The point at issue in the matter, according to Judge Smith's ruling, is the sentence "utility and better business," for which Mrs. Pike says she was engaged, and which Mr. Lingard admits. There is mention made in the report of some "rules," which are not specified, but I suppose in some way bear upon, or set forth "utility" duties in the Theatre Comique. A few years ago I was engaged in a somewhat similar case to the above, and produced the rules and regulations of my theatre (Sadler's Wells, London) in evidence; it was then and there ruled by Baron Bramwell, before whom the case was tried, "that to make such rules good in law, they must be appended and affixed to each and every article of agreement prior to the signature of the parties therein interested and liable." I have little fault to find with any of the plaintiffs witnesses' evidence, save the *de haut en bas* of Mr. Samuel Drake, which deposed that he had never seen mention made in any contract of "responsible or respectable utility." I can conscientiously say that I never formed a stock company in the entire course of my management that did not comprise one or two "respectable or responsible" (the terms are *synonymous*) "utilities" and *many* "utilities." The difference between the preno minated an t the plain "utility," I take to be, first, "respectable or responsible utility," the performance of small or large speaking parts *without singing*, unless the words—"*To sing if required*" are in the contract. In my opinion, no one can be compelled to sing, unless specially engaged for *burlesque*, or (if a lady) as *soubrette*. Mr. Lingard seems strangely forgetful of the duties of "utility" when he says that they include carrying on a letter, or uttering an exclamation. "These are invariably the duties of a utility super." (I have no knowledge of a *theatre* where "no supers" are employed.) Miss Wells and Mr. White fall into the same error as Mr. L. To ask a person engaged for "utility" to carry on a band box would be simply to insult him or her. Words "better business," though I never saw or used them in any contract, certainly do not mean *inferior* business, but, in my opinion, immediately placed Mrs. Pike in the position of "respectable or responsible utility." "Utility" I have always understood to mean the performance of all parts, minor or otherwise (except singing), *with the sanne in the play bills and cast*. I conceive that any actor or actress engaged for utility is not obliged to attend rehearsal or performance, unless his or her name is in the "call," or if he is being, for a specified part, it may be worthy of notice that Mrs. Pike's salary was rather large for anything below my construing of the term "utility." In conclusion, permit me to say that I have been a regular manager of London and Provincial Theatres for over nine years, and well "posted" in theatrical matters for over twenty. I remain, dear sir, yours obediently, MORTON PRICE.

Brooklyn, Feb. 27th. 200 Washington street.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" continues the attraction at Booth's new Theatre on Twenty-third street. During the past week the attendance was very good every night, and on Saturday afternoon the house was densely crowded, nearly as much so as on the opening night. Such a display of ladies is seldom witnessed in a place of amusement, they equalling if not exceeding in number those of the male persuasion. Harry Langdon, who has been playing Tybalt, received his *congé* after the performance of Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20th, in consequence of his "continued *indisposition*," and the *role* has since been played by Frank Lawler. Mark Smith, having returned from his late domestic trouble, re-appears this evening as the Friar.

ZOE is in the third and last week of her engagement at the Broadway Theatre. The many friends she has appeared in "The Angel of Midnight," originally produced here by Kate Reignolds. The piece affords Zoe an opportunity of displaying her charms in a full strip dress, and she was applauded throughout. This week she appears in "The French Spy" and other pieces of the sensual order. Had Zoe been properly supported during her late engagement and proper attention paid to putting her pieces on the stage, her engagement might have proved a more profitable one than it has.

"GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT" remains on the bills at the Theatre Francais. Rose Eberle is to have had her benefit on Feb. 26th, but, being on the sick list, it was postponed.

BROUGHAM, at his bijou theatre on Feb. 22d, produced Fitzjames' capital comedy of "A Gentleman from Ireland," which was played in a very artistic manner. Brougham was in excellent spirits, and acted as we have not seen him before for a long time. The comedy was received with great applause, and the curtain had to be raised on the company at its close. The scenery was very handsome, the sets being quite tastily arranged. Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas" followed, but as it had been produced in a hurried manner, with only three rehearsals, and without the author introducing a single new song or any local gags, it did not pass off half as satisfactorily as in its earlier years. Eliza Newton looked and acted charmingly as Capt. John Smith, and Brougham gave all the old songs and gags that were fresh over ten years ago. Ella Germon did not do so well as Pocahontas as in most of her impersonations. Annie Firmin looked well. This evening Jenny Kimball, a young lady who has been traveling through the eastern cities with an English version of "The Duchess," opens in the farce of "Jenny Lind." "Pocahontas" will remain on the bills.

THE ELIZA HOLT TROUPE continue at the Waverly Theatre, where they have been holding forth to large audiences, the theatre on several evenings being too small to accomm

Naylor, Wm. Milson, Billy Foster, and Phil. Difenbach, Geo. Powers, J. C. Murphy, Geo. Huffiltek, Chub Crane, Robert Bkhart, Theodore Fris, Joe Comstony, Gus. Kisrog, John Blass, J. W. Fithian, Dan Fox, Sol Shane, and Mons Miller. Geo. Powers and Phil. Difenbach joined the company at Americus, Ga.; Tom Pensinger, J. C. Murphy, Wm. Milson, and Jimmey Williams joined at Milledgeville, Ga., on February 22d; Lake has at present one of the largest companies that was ever in the Southern country. Hi Marks and Little Minnie left at Milledgeville for Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILLIAM L. RICE, bare back rider, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement for himself and horse for the forthcoming circus season.

WILLIS COBB, clown and velocipedistical artist, with his trained canines, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement.

MRS. WARNER'S CIRCUS close their season in Philadelphia on the 6th instant.

DR. THAYER'S CIRCUS is in its last week at the Pittsburg Theatre.

GEO. HARRINGTON, an old man connected with the circus profession, was arrested in Philadelphia, on February 27th, on a charge of stealing $500 from Jacob J. Young, another circus man.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS.—Of the movements of this equestrian troupe, a correspondent, writing from Panama on Feb. 9th, says:—"After two successful seasons in San Francisco and a successful tour through California and Nevada, we boarded the S. S. Constitution on Jan. 22d, and set sail for this place with flying colors, leaving J. Wilson's circus there the balance of the season. Friend Wilson, thinking we had not left behind a sufficiency of talent for his well being, set up an imaginary claim on some of our people and tried to stop them at the eleventh hour, but it was all imagination on his part and vanished like a beautiful dream; so we left poor Wilson gazing, no doubt, with wild astonishment at our easy departure. Panama is the first stand on our oceanic tour, and we've nonplussed both natives and ourselves by the great success we've met with here, this being a noted bad circus stand. The company embarks to-morrow on the S. S. Chili for Lima, S. A., and the following places, viz.:—Valparaiso, Santiago, across the mountains to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, all the way by same line of steamers, the whole company traveling in first saloon! The consequence of not making more stands on the Pacific side is that we must be in Rio de Janeiro in the shortest possible time. From Pernambuco the same line takes us to Lisbon, Portugal, and from there we leave steamer and go to Madrid, Spain. Further deponent knoweth not, and truly I think that is far enough to look ahead. We have a brilliant company in all its effects, no expense having been spared for the fit out. The wardrobe is rich and consists of numerous suits of court and livery, once belonging to Maximillian, purchased by Chiarini when in Mexico. The horse trappings are of a superior order. The artistes are better dressed than in many of the winter companies of the east, and the properties are in elegant keeping, with an amazing quantity of them. The canvas is new (and another one has been sent for) and the inside is fitted up in style with boxes, chairs, pit and gallery. The horses and ponies are good. Chiarini is better off than ever, having many full blooded English and one pure Arabian horse. The company consists of the following artists:—Senoritas Laura Ruiz, T. Ruiz, V. Martenez, M'lle Adele, Katy Hollaway, Fanny Brown, Belen Cuba, Miss Rebecca, Miss Adams, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Dominguez, Geo. Ross, Wm. Carlo, El Nino Eddie, Hubert Meers, F. Sylvestre, J. Fisher, J. Barre, T. Dominguez, E. Ruiz, S. Hudson, Torres and Gordilla, clowns; R. Rivers, equestrian director; Sig. J. Agrati, local agent; P. E. Picard, advance agent, and G. Chiarini, proprietor and manager. The stud numbers thirty horses, ponies and mules."

J. WILSON, of the "World Circus," San Francisco, in consequence of being short of arenic talent, has made the purchase of four cub lions and intends starting a grand menagerie and circus with them next spring.

"REX" advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement as business agent for a first-class circus or star. We are given to understand that he is every way competent.

MISS MINNIE NOWEN, the "Child Wonder," and reputed to be attractive as an infantile equestrienne, and a star for the circus firmament, may be engaged through Hiram Marks, as per advertisement.

M'LLE ZANFRETTA and the Seagrist family advertise that they can be engaged for the coming season.

Music Halls.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa., under the stage management of George Edwards, is said to be doing a better business than it has done since the close of the war. The company is large and good, nearly all of them being new faces in that city. The following is a list of the company:—Mollie Fielding, M'lle Therese, Annie Elmore, Annie Jones, Julia Boyle, Tom Brown, George Murray, George Edwards, Frank Bell and Frank Richmond. Tom Brown is doing Lingard's style of business, and has made quite a hit, the stage manager having to ring the curtain down every night to stop the applause. George Edwards is pronounced one of the best comedians seen there for some time, and amuses the audience with real wit and not by old gags. Bell, on his clogs, has lots of room for improvement. Redmond, on the flying trapeze, is midding. M'lle Therese is thought to be one of the best performers in the "biz." Annie Elmore does a good Irish song, but her dancing is not so pleasing. Annie Jones put in her first appearance on Feb. 25.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., is reported to have done a good business during the week ending Feb. 20th. Our correspondent says:—"On Feb. 18 Johnny Reddon put in an appearance and met with an enthusiastic reception. His songs and dancing are good, especially 'Yaller Gal that Winked at Me,' 'Nell, the Belle' and 'Big Sunflower.' Just before his departure from Montgomery he was tendered a complimentary benefit, on which occasion he was presented with a gold Maltese cross and a fine diamond breast pin. Nellie Whitney also made her bow on the 18th in a budget of songs and dances, prominent among which was 'Active Girl.' Miss Whitney has a dashing, rolicksome way that will make her a favorite with an audience. Tommy Winnett does a rattling clog dance. Leon De Berge and John Rickaby sing well in their duetts. 'The Moorish Court,' 'How Many is Up 33!' and the olio, well interspersed with songs and dances, constituted the programme during the week."

EDWIN RUPERT made his first appearance at Deagle's Varieties, Chicago, Ill., on Feb. 22d, his specialty being the Lingard business. Our correspondent, Loiterer, says:—"He is very clever and dresses with taste and in good style. He has a handsome form and features, and sings well. He is decidedly the best of the kind we have seen here yet. The remainder of the company appear in favorite acts, the attendance ranking next to that of the Opera House."

GUSSIE LAMAREAUX took a benefit at the Gaities, Memphis, on Feb. 20th, and had a large house. She was to reopen there on Feb. 25th, after a short illness.

A NEW CONCERT ROOM, to be called the "National Opera House," will be opened on April 1st in Cleveland, Ohio, by Kaestle & Ritter, with Fred. McEvoy as stage manager...... The Theatre Comique has been enjoying a nice business through the past week. The management have advanced the price of admission to fifteen cents, including refreshment ticket.

THE METROPOLITAN, Washington, D. C., is being renovated and improved. The front part of the house is undergoing a much needed cleaning; the walls are being tastefully frescoed, and on the stage, in the way of scenery, many improvements are visible. Quite an avalanche of talent appeared on the evening of Washington's Birthday, the following people being added to the regular company:—Susie Summerfield, Julia Barton, Louisa Boshell, Millie Stacy, Mollie Russell, Billy Hart and N. C. DuMaille. In the minstrel scene fourteen of the company appear. The ends are occupied by Dick Clarke and Charlie Howard, and the position of interrogator is held by George L. Hall. Julia Barton, contralto; Melinda Nagle, soprano; Geo. L. Hall, baritone, and N. C. DuMaille, tenor, compose the quartet. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"'Linger in Blissful Repose,' was well sung by Mr. DuMaille; and 'Meet Me in the Lane,' by Miss Barton, and 'Write Me a Song of My Father,' by Miss Nagle, were so well rendered that an *encore* verse of both was given. The olio part of the bill is made up of a variety of acts, and the company now work harmoniously together. Susie Summerfield appears in new and pleasing dances and has already become a favorite. Miss Boshell in her performance on the slack wire is very entertaining and for a young artist performs very cleverly. Julia Barton as a balladist, is one of the best that has yet appeared at this establishment, and although her selection of ballads is not made up entirely of new compositions, her singing is excellent and is much enjoyed. Millie Stacy appeared in a dance called 'Cracovian,' and made a favorable impression. Nellie Edwards, in her comic gems, is still the reigning favorite. M'lle Olivia and Josephine Parker perform a double dance in an excellent manner. Ella Sheldon appears in new dances and meets with favor. Mons. Veaudemont and Aline La Favre have withdrawn from the troupe, and in the cancan Mr. Du Maille sustains the *role* of Mons. Le Doux, and Miss Stacy appears as M'lle Frailty ....The Canterbury flourishes, the attendance at each performance being good. The company is a strong one, and new performers are rapidly being added. Alf. Miles, song and dance performer, put in an appearance recently, and has given several dances. Annie Eldridge is also a new comer. M'lle E. gives a series of national dances in a clever manner, and in the *ballet* is quite an acquisition. May Scott in her gilt shoe clog is loudly applauded, and Clara Belmont and Miss Albertine in double dances are pleasing. Mons. Weithoff and the *premier*, M'lle Idelle, execute a *pas de deux* beautifully, and, in the new version of the cancan, appear in a variety of new dances. The pantomime called the 'Country Apothecary' is well presented. A benefit was given on the afternoon of Feb. 27th for the poor of the city, and the amount realized turned over to the Agent of the Provident Aid Society. Den Howe, the trapeze performer, while going through his performance a few nights since, fell to the floor, striking his head against the chairs and receiving a number of bruises. This is the second time Mr. Howe has fallen since this house opened."

AT THE COMIQUE, Indianapolis, E. D. Gooding had a benefit on Feb. 23d. The Dupont Brothers' (acrobats and gymnasts) engagement terminated on Feb. 26th, and they went to Columbus, Ohio. Frank Wilson and Johnny Shay hold the ends in the first part with Gooding as interlocutor. J. A. Hodges takes well. Minnie Clark's engagement terminated on Feb. 20th, and she left for Cincinnati. Leonora Creed, vocalist, *danseuse* and comedienne; Miss Ella Bertrand, *danseuse*, and Frank Carleton open March 1st. Managers Sam E. Dinnin and W. E. Lee contemplate taking the advantages of a tenting season with Harry Enochs, of Philadelphia.

J. H. CHILDERS, the Zouave drillist, has been playing at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., the past two weeks. He is in Philadelphia this week.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, Ohio, was to open March 1st as a variety theatre, under the management of Matthias & Co. The following people have been engaged:—Mlle. Marie Therese, Wimes and Roache, Steve Parker, the Dupont Bros., Miss Belle Thomas, Minnie Clarke, Ada Whiting, Nelly Sanford, Laura Langdon, Miss Minnie St. John, Signor Martinez, Johnny Henderson and Frank Fox.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL, Toledo, Ohio, the past week, Mdle. Maude De Teasco, late of the St. Joseph (Mo.) Opera House; Joe Engle, comedian, and Johnny Judge, Ethiopian comedian, appeared. Manager Ham proposes to open a variety entertainment this summer in connection with a "garden."

A SCORE OF DANSEUSES and a trio of cantatrices are wanted for the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., by Messrs. Head & Co. Application should be made to the stage manager, Geo. H. Snelville.

SHOOTING AFFAIR.—Billy Smythe, manager of the American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., was shot in the right thigh on the evening of Feb. 22d, by John Robinson. The particulars of the affair we understand to be as follows:—Robinson, who was intoxicated, went into the theatre, and during the performance conducted himself in a disorderly manner. Officer Keep attempted to eject him, when he resisted and showed fight. The officer obtained assistance, and succeeded in taking Robinson as far as the door, where a parley ensued. At this stage Manager Smythe appeared upon the scene and forcibly ejected Robinson from the room, closing the door. Some time after wards the audience were startled by the report of a pistol. Some friends of the manager rushed out and found that Mr. S. had been wounded as above described. It is stated that Robinson waited outside the door until Mr. Smythe made his appearance, when, with the remark, "You put me out, you son of a ——," he drew a revolver and fired, and immediately ran away. Mr. Smythe was taken to his residence, where he at once received medical attention. His wound is not considered to be of a dangerous character. Robinson was arrested at the Revere House the following day.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., the attractions in the olio have been posturing acts by the Lopez Family, flying rings by George Lopez, Marie Olive's champion jig, Sam Cole's banjo solo, challenge dance, and the *ballet* of "Sirenne." The after pieces the past week were, "Widow's Victim" and "The Lady of the Lyons," a burlesque. This week Alice Seidler, late of Tony Pastor's, makes her first appearance at this theatre.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., the dancing of Mlle. Augusta is said to be the principal attraction. Last week the ballet of "The Festival of the Flowers" was well brought out, with Augusta as *premiere*. The performance concluded with the patriotic drama of "The Spirit of Seventy-six."

HARRY JEFFERSON opened at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on Feb. 22d, and appeared on the tambourine end. Willie, clog and jiggist, opened on Feb. 25th. Harry Talbot manipulates the bones, while Charley Kane is interlocutor.

HARRY GURR mystifies the denizens of the "Empty City" as

to how he can remain under the water so long, during his performances at the American Theatre, in that city, where he continues this week. Mr. Tannehill has become stage manager. The Victorelli appear this week.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, continues to be one of the best patronized show shops in the "Hub." This week James Taylor, the London comic, appears, and Josh Hart shows up for the first time since his late sickness.

NAOMI PORTER, jig dancer, can be secured by Music Hall proprietors for brief engagements.

THE SIXTH STREET VARIETIES, in Cincinnati, collapsed last week, for want of patronage, and it seems doubtful whether it will re-open. Harry Alberts, stage manager, went to the Oxford, and Sullivan over the Rhine......The Race Street place did a swimming business, having several new performers. Charley Benedict, late of Sharpley's, Chicago, appeared on Tuesday. He and Ned Reed make a good team on the ends. Madame Louisa Payne Wray and her daughter, Ada Wray, and Johnny Murray, were the other new ones. Madame Wray made a good impression with her ballads and comic songs, and Aday Wray took things by storm with her banjo solos. She is young, pretty and artless, and would be a good card anywhere. Murray played end biz. part of the time, and also does a very fair clog. Billy Reed, a "kid" and brother of Ned's, made his *debut* on the stage in a song and dance. He only needs a little more ease, his singing and dancing being first rate. Celia Iferd sang Rickety Jack in jaunty male attire, and created a decided sensation. The hall has been thoroughly refitted, and presents a very neat appearance......At the Winter Garden, Sullivan, late of the Sixth Street, and Tom Clannon, late "bones" of Wood's Minstrels, together with Master Reed, song and dance boy, and Charley Davenport, contortionist, constitute the attraction......Oxford Music Hall continues to do a fair business. Harry Alberts has been added to the company as interlocutor, and the troupe is very complete.

THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE of Cleveland, O., is to be opened with a first class variety troupe on or about All Fools' Day, under the management of Fred McEvoy. See advertisement.

Miscellaneous.

THE HANLON BROS. appear this week in Augusta, Ga., commencing on the 1st inst., and go thence to Charleston, S. C., 8th, for one week.

WILSON'S silver banjos are manufactured by and can be had from W. H. Farnham, who advertises in another column.

PFAU, the gymnast, appeared at the Mobile Theatre the past week, and had one good house.

CONCERT HALL, Clarksville, Tenn., a new hall just erected, can be rented by traveling show managers. For full particulars see advertisement.

F. WIDDOWS, formerly agent of Parepa Rosa, has been organizing a series of concerts for Chicago. The initial performance was to take place on Feb. 25th. The talent is all local.

T. J. ALLYNE, the gift fakist, opened in Providence, R. I., on Feb. 27th, with his gift show, in conjunction with a gymnastic troupe.

FRED. LUBIN announces in a card elsewhere that he is about to open in Trenton and Paterson, N. J., with the Zanfretta Combination, and that he is prepared to negotiate with artists for their appearance with this party. He also states that he is preparing for a tour to Europe, and will attend to any business across the water for managers, in the way of securing artists.

MR. W. B. HARRISON, the humorist and extemporaneous singer, is with Norwood's Gift Entertainment, with whom he has been for five weeks.

RUFUS SOMERBY'S GIFT SHOW, with Fabin, the wizard, is billed for Upton, Mass., March 1st, 2d and 3d.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK CITY, combined with Spaulding's new scenic exhibition entitled the "Vecolipantheon, or Scenes in the Old World," is to be at East Saugus, Mass., March 3d; Danvers, 4th; Beverly, 5th; and Ipswich, 6th.

THE CONTINENTAL OLD FOLKS gave two entertainments at Harrisburg, Pa., on Feb. 25th and 26th.

BLIND TOM gave an entertainment at Harrisburg, Pa., on Feb. 27th.

HASELMAYER is announced for three nights at Harrisburg, Pa., commencing on the 1st of March.

AT KINGSTON, Jamaica, West Indies, Signor and Signora Bianchi have been giving a series of operatic concerts in costume, to very good audiences. These artists are favorably known in California, Australia, and South America, and our correspondent at Jamaica writes of them as follows:—"Signora Bianchi has a clear and sweet mezzo soprano voice of considerable range, but not very flexible. Signor Bianchi is a tenor of no ordinary merit, his voice is very powerful, and every note comes from the chest, but he does not go as high as is requisite for a tenor of the first position. These artists are assisted by Senor Hutz, a very good pianist, from Lima, and Senor Fuentez, a superior violinist, from Cuba. Kingston has been very lively during the last four months. A large accession to the higher class of society had taken place through the exodus from Cuba, and two or three balls take place every week. A very large ball had been given by the General and another by the leading merchants, &c."

PROF. NICHOLS, the glass blower, advertises a curiosity in this week's CLIPPER.

THE LEVY COMBINATION appeared in New Haven, Conn., to rather a slim house, on Feb. 25th.

LOGRENIA, with his trained cats and birds is announced to be in New Haven, Conn., for five nights, opening on March 2d.

J. F. TAYLOR AND ALF BURNETT'S COMBINATION performed in Hamilton, C. W., Feb. 22d, to a crowded house. Taylor and Burnett's impersonations, says a correspondent, "were excellent, especially Taylor's 'Sarah Walker' and 'Simple Simon.' Miss Helen Nash's recitation of the 'Moneyless Man' was well rendered. Prof. J. W. Sharpley's concertina solos received a well deserved *encore*; 'Mr. and Mrs. Caudle,' by Burnett and Miss Nash, was a clever piece of acting and kept the audience in roars of laughter."

THE SENYAHS AND YANKEE ROBINSON are at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., this week, and go thence to Cleveland, Ohio, on the 8th, and Louisville, Ky., 15th.

THE GREGORY FAMILY were announced to open in Baltimore, Md., on March 1st, at the Maryland Institute.

OLE BULL concertizes in Baltimore, Md., on March 2d.

HARRY SOMERVILLE, song and dance man, and Dutch comic singer, advertises that he can be engaged.

PROF. FRENCH, with his performing dogs, can be engaged for the tenting season. See advertisement in another column.

THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., is advertised to let for the month of March.

LIVING CURIOSITIES desiring engagements for one year are requested through an advertisement elsewhere, to address Maj. Burnell. Prof. Nichols, champion glass blower, is also requested to communicate with him.

ROBERT NICKLE, Prestidigitateur, now performing at the Tammany, advertises that he can be engaged.

WILGUS HALL, Ithaca, N. Y., has just been completed and fitted up with stage, foot, and border lights, and dressing rooms. It will seat about fifteen hundred, and is stocked with a full set of scenery. Parties wishing to rent the above hall will find an advertisement in another column.

A YOUNG MAN, capable of doing a drum solo, bone solo, and song and dance, advertises that he wishes to apprentice himself.

JOHN BOGAN, whose card will be found in another column, continues to attend to the wants of banjoists and other musical performers.

A CURIOSITY in the shape of a dog with two legs is on exhibition on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

JONES' OPERA HOUSE AND HOTEL, at Fairbury, Ill., is a new institution in that good amusement patronizing community. The building is well and comfortably fitted up, and would seem to be an inducement for show people to travel that way. The proprietor, J. T. Jones, advertises in another column.

THE MORRISANIA, (N. Y.), HARMONIC SOCIETY postponed their concert from the 26th ult. to the 1st inst., because of the snow storm.

C. C. CHASE advertises in another column for a position as business manager for a first-class company.

Amateur.

THE GARRISON AMATEURS, of Montreal, were to perform at the Theatre Royal in that city, on Feb. 22d, the comedy of "The Wonder," the burlesque of "Aladdin," and "Boots at the Swan," for the benefit of Kate Ranoe.

THE GERMAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Montgomery, Ala., gave their first performance on the 15th ult., at the theatre in that city. "Uncle Costa" was presented.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will give a performance at Dramatic Hall on the 2d March, when they will produce "Love's Sacrifice" and "Box and Cox." Messrs. Jas. H. Hart, P. J. Heally and John Brougham assume the leading *roles*.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT will shortly be given, wherein the respective talents of the New York Dramatic Constellation and the American Dramatic Association will be displayed in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

THE AMATEURS of Fort Jefferson, Fla., gave a performance in that place on February 10th of "The Old Guard" and "Family Failing."

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, produced "Everybody's Friend" and the "Rough Diamond" on Feb. 18th, Mr. Hulfish as De Boots, Mr. Conaway as Icebrook, and Mrs. Conaway as Mrs. Featherly, all deserving of commendation. Mrs. Conaway as Margery, in the afterpiece, was excellent......The Boothenian performed "Everybody's Friend" and "Spectre Bridegroom" on Feb. 18th......The Dramatic Union have presented "O hello" at their new hall for inspection, and the verdict is favorable. Messrs. Quigley and Francis of the Boothenian have joined the forces of the Union.

THE AMATEURS, of Rochester, N. Y., gave an entertainment at Corinthian Hall, on February 25th, consisting of the drama of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," followed by a ball.

THE WOODWARD CIRCLE, of Cincinnati, produces the "Victims" on Friday of this week......The Davenport Club, of the same burgh, gave "The School for Scandal" on the 26th, with Mr. Kennedy as Sir Peter, J. E. Sherwood as Joseph Surface; C. Churchill, as Charles, and Mr. Yorston as Sir Oliver, Miss Linn being the Lady Teazle......The Shakespeare Club is to present on Tuesday of this week, "A Morning Call," and "A Conjugal Lesson," with Messrs. Huston and Disney, a pair of lawyers, in the male parts, and Misses Allen and Bard in the female ones.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Notwithstanding the holidays have passed, several of the theatres in the metropolis continue their pantomimes, and show no signs of making any change in their programme for the present. No change whatever has occurred at the Haymarket, Princess', Adelphi, Olympic, Gaiety, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Holborn, Globe, Surrey, Victoria, Britannia, Grecian, or Alexandra Theatres, or at the Holborn Amphitheatre......The production of Palgrave Simpson's drama of "Marie Antoinette" at the Princess", was postponed until Feb. 15th, as was also the revival of "Paper Wings" at the Olympic till the same evening......A morning performance of "Whittington and his Cat" was to be given at the Royal Alfred Theatre on Feb. 12th, at which the boys of the Duke of York's School were to attend, accompanied by a band...... The new drama about to be produced at the Surrey Theatre and entitled "The Home Wreck," is a posthumous production of the late Mr. J. Stirling Coyne. Being incomplete at the time of the author's lamented death, it has been completed by his son, Mr. Denis Coyne......A discussion concerning the originality of Mr. Robertson's play of "School" has resulted in proving Mr. Robertson to have been not greatly indebted to his German predecessor......George J. Vining, lessee of the Princess' Theatre, has sent a letter to the Lord Chamberlain, in which he says:—"For some years I have neither produced pantomime nor burlesque at this theatre, and the class of entertainment I provide does not permit of those indecent exhibitions that your lordship, I think very properly, complains of; and as your lordship expresses your willingness to receive observations and suggestions, I venture to give my opinions, and I do so the more readily, as I feel that, to a certain extent, I stand on neutral ground, and I hope, therefore, I shall be acquitted of any charge of bias or self interest. Knowing how much the ideas of dress for the female portion of the English nation are taken from the French, and seeing a piece in Paris entitled "La Biche au Bois," I have been for some time anticipating that the paucity of costume therein displayed would find its way to the English stage, and I am glad your lordship has spoken in time before the entire exhibition disgraces our boards; for some of the females concerned in the tableaux of the "Biche au Bois" had no more attire than was adopted some time since by those who appeared as the Poses Plastiques. I fear that the statement that some keep away from the theatres in consequence of improper dressing will have but little weight with the managers who deal in this species of attraction, for, where one person is kept away, it may be fairly doubted whether a hundred be not drawn to the place. At the same time, I cannot but view it as unjust and unfair that they should be called upon to stop what they believe to be attractive, and throw the attraction to music halls and the Alhambra; and I crave to be permitted to say a few words on this subject, as it seems to me a fitting moment to bring the matter forward. It must be patent to any reasonable person that the above places, as well as many other entertainments, are to all intents and purposes theatrical, and as such I think they ought to be under your lordship's jurisdiction, or at least that there should be a censor for them as well as for theatres. Let there be a censor for every one or a censor for [illegible]

lic exhibition. I am aware that to draw the line is difficult, but I am of opinion there should be a censor to every entertainment in London of every description, from the highest art to the lowest buffoonery and acrobatic exertions. The various entertainments might be classified and various licences granted, but, 'tableaux vivants' and judge and jury societies ought not to be left to the mere superintendence of the police. At the same time, to prevent capricious or arbitrary control, I would suggest that there should be an appeal to another tribunal. I am also of opinion that this matter should not be taken in hand by the managers of theatres themselves, against whom, if they endeavor to take any steps, a cry is immediately raised of cupidity and desire for monopoly. But your lordship has ever espoused the cause of theatricals, and I am sure every manager in London feels indebted for your courtesy, kindness, and attention; and I venture to express a hope that you will cause this matter to be brought forward in the proper quarter. The amusements of London are now so amplified, and sometimes of such magnitude, carrying also such important interests, that I cannot but think fresh and special legislation is called for......The Christy minstrels, who performed by command before the Queen and Court at Balmoral Castle, announced their reappearance in London at St. George's Hall on February 11th. The company have been located in Liverpool for some time, their last appearance in London being in 1862......Henrietta Hodson took her benefit at the Queen's Theatre on February 4th, when she played Laura in "The Little Rebel."......"For Sale" is the title of a three act drama written by Mr. J. T. Douglass, and produced on February 3d at the Standard. The story, though very simple, is said to be by no means wanting in interest; but in more than one instance the bounds of probability are exceeded...... Mr. Toole, having found his last provincial tour so productive, has abandoned his intention of visiting America this year. At the close of his engagement at the Queen's, he starts on a provincial tour with new materials, Mr. Byron having written a new drama expressly for him, and Mr. Howard Paul a very funny interlude. Tom Hohler has returned to London from Paris. He has received several liberal offers to proceed to the United States, but it is his intention to return to Paris and pursue his studies under Wachtel, who gives great hopes of turning him out a great singer......"Red Hands" is the name of a new sensational melodrama produced at the St. James' on Feb. 6th......John S. Clarke, the American comedian, continues his performances of "A Widow Hunt" at the Strand Theatre. ......Annie Collinson died on Feb. 1st after a severe illness. ......W. Vincent, pantomimist of the Alhambra Palace, died on Jan. 30th......Robert Keeley, a popular comedian, died at Brompton Feb 3d. His last appearance in public was at the Dramatic College Fete, in 1867, where he officiated as money taker in association with the mimic "Richardson's Show." Since then he has been rarely encountered in society, although till within a recent period he discharged the very responsible duties incumbent on his office as Treasurer of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund. Mr. Robert Keeley was born in 1793, and had nearly attained his seventy-sixth year. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1813 at the Richmond Theatre. First appeared in London at the West London, now Prince of Wales Theatre. When Elliston opened Drury Lane, Oct. 3d, 1819, Robert Keeley went with him, and gradually rose into prominence. In 1821 Mr. Robert Keeley seceded from Drury and joined the Adelphi company, where he appeared in a small part called "Dash." Then, fortunately, was produced the famous "Tom and Jerry," in which Mr. Keeley was the original Jemmy Green, Wrench being Tom; Watkins Burroughs, Jerry, and Wilkinson, Bob Logic. The piece ran for two seasons; but although threatened with legal penalties, never to be exacted, Keeley and Walbourn, the original "Dusty Bob," left the Adelphi at the close of the first season, and went to Sadler's Wells, then under Egerton's management, and where Keeley played Jerry (April 8th, 1822), in Pierce Egan's own version of his "Life in London." His success attracted the attention of Charles Kemble, who immediately entered into negotiations with the young comedian, and on October 26th, 1822, Robert Keeley made his first appearance before a Covent Garden audience as Darby in "The Poor Soldier." During his engagement at Covent Garden Mr. Robert Keeley married Miss Goward, who had made her appearance (Saturday, July 21, 1825) as Rosina, at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Keeley visited America, in company with his wife, in 1836, and made their *debut* at the Park Theatre, New York, Sept. 19th, as Peter Spyke and Gertrude in "Loan of a Lover." First appeared in Philadelphia Oct. 15th, 1836, at the Chestnut, in the same piece. They then returned to England, and after a succession of provincial tours Mr. and Mrs. Keeley joined Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in the management of the Princess' Theatre, which opened under their direction September 28th, 1850, with "Twelfth Night." Mr. Robert Keeley made his last appearance on the stage, as fulfilling an engagement, in March 1857, in the comedy of "The Cure for the Heart Ache," Mr. Charles Mathews playing Young Rapid, Mr. Keeley Old Rapid and Mrs. Keeley the rustic youth, Frank Oatlands. On the occasion of the benefit for the Royal Dramatic College, at Covent Garden Theatre, in May 1861, Mr. Keeley emerged from his retirement to represent Touchstone in a scene from "As You Like It;" and for Mr. E. T. Smith's benefit, at Drury lane, March 22d, 1862, he played Euclid Facile, in the farce of "Twice Killed." ......Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will shortly appear at the Olympic Theatre......Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Hollingshead are said to be at work on a drama for the Gaiety, to take the place of "On the Cards," which will be withdrawn at Easter. ......The new drama of "Marie Antoinette" at the Princess' will be succeeded by an adaptation of the comedietta recently produced with so much success at Paris, "Une tasse de The." The leading characters in each will be sustained by Mdlle. Beatrice ......Wilson and Montague's Christy Minstrels opened in London on Feb 11th at St. George's Theatre. The theatre was crowded, and their campaign is said to have opened in a brilliantly successful manner. The *Era* says:—"The curtain rose and discovered some forty or more performers grouped upon the stage. The vocalists were supported by a full orchestra, and one peculiarity in the arrangement of the troupe would be noticed at once. There are two corner men—that is to say, a 'bones' and 'tambourine'—on each side. An overture of the usual irregular kind was first given. The song of 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' was the principal feature in the first part. The hit in the olio was Walter Howard's personation of 'I Wish I was a Geese,' with banjo accompaniment. Sullivan's bone solo is the best ever heard in London. The *encores* were so frequent that it was after twelve o'clock when the performance terminated."......The Siamese Twins are on exhibition in London......James Bollaert, actor, manager and costumer, died Feb. 3d, aged fifty-seven years.

DESTRUCTION OF A THEATRE BY FIRE.—The Theatre Royal, Hull, Eng., was discovered on fire on Feb. 5th, flames having been noticed in the gallery. An entrance was at once effected, but the fire soon drove the men back. A hose was kept on the premises, but no one knew how to affix it, and so the flames spread. The theatre was entirely destroyed, nothing being left but the bare walls. It was in the lesseeship of Mr. Chatterton, of Drury Lane; and Mr. E. Clinton Hall was the manager. Mr. Hall states that after the performance of the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" the place was locked up and apparently quite safe. About twelve o'clock, however, one of the actors saw a glare in the theatre and raised the alarm. The theatre, which was built only a little more than three years ago, on the site of the old Theatre Royal, which was destroyed by fire on 13th of October, 1859, was a very elegant structure and most luxuriously fitted.

MRS. CHARLES BARNARD, wife of the Rev. Charles Barnard, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Claribel," had acquired much popularity by her songs and ballads, died at Dover, Eng., on Jan. 30th, of typhoid fever.

MRS. STIRLING has been playing at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, before large audiences as Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces."

THE triumph of Mad. Marquise de Caux-Patti at St. Petersburg is known by the name of the "Patti Explosion."

HENRY MONTAGUE died in Sheffield, Eng., on February 1st. About twenty years ago an unfortunate circumstance occurred which all but closed his career on the stage; and, though it considerably lessened the lustre of his fame, it did not drive him from the stage altogether. He had been invited to a grand ball in the town of Bath, at which the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood were present. Early in the morning, having failed to procure a conveyance, he set out to walk home. Clad in his ball costume, and having only a pair of sandals on his feet, he was caught in a heavy shower of rain, which gave him a severe cold, and, rheumatism supervening, he was rendered a cripple for life. Having a good knowledge of the proprieties of the stage, he has since been useful in several of the principal theatres in England as acting manager.

SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET" has been translated by King John of Saxony, and he proposes to continue the translations, "Romeo and Juliet" to be the next in turn.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.—Three new pieces have been brought out on the same evening at the Bouffes Parisiens—"Madeleine," the first essay of the young composer, M. H. Potier, which is said to have achieved a fair success; an operetta in one act called "Gandolfo," the music by M. Lecoq, pronounced graceful and spirited; and lastly "L'Ecossais de Chaton," the music of which is sparkling and charming to the last degree. The composer is M. Leo Delibes, who is already looked upon as a successful rival to M. Offenbach......Madame Marie Cabel is about to make her *rentree* at the Opera Comique in Helevy's "Juagarita."......M. Offenbach has completely transformed the character of the *repertoire* of the Varieties. Nothing succeeds there but his musical farce. An attempt made, when Mdlle. Schneider left the theatre, to restore the old fashioned *vaudeville* has utterly failed, and two new pieces from the inexhaustible pen have already been put in rehearsal. At the Theatre Lyrique, Mdlle. Orgeni is to appear soon as Violetta, and Signor Verdi's opera is to be quickly followed by "Rienzi" and "La Fiancee."......"La Roulette," a new comedy by MM. Delacour and Ermy, has been produced at the Varieties. Plays on the subject of gambling are not uncommon at this house, which witnessed the first production of "Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur," and "Beverley d'Angouleme." "Don Giovanni" has been revived at the Theatre Lyrique, but has not been attended with the success that might have been expected. Performers and audience were alike cold and unsympathetic. In spite of these discouragements a young base singer, M. Bacquie, made a successful *debut* in the character of Leporello......Ilma di Murska has appeared at the Italiens as Linda......Mdlle. Sessi, from the Theatre Royal, Berlin, will shortly, it is said, make her *debut* in Paris at the Italiens.

AMUSEMENTS.

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FOURTEEN TALENTED ARTISTS.
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These popular artistes are now concluding a series of
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GREATEST DRAMATIC TRIUMPHS OF THE DAY
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MR. MARK SMITH, MR. D. W. WALLER and
MR. EDWIN ADAMS,
ROMEO AND JULIET MATINEE
ON SATURDAY NEXT, AT 1.
SATURDAY EVENING,
MR. EDWIN ADAMS as NARCISSE.
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